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TOM MOORE'S PROPHETIC ALMANACK FOR THE YEAR 1832.

[WE cannot resist a very natural temptation to afford the place of honour, in our New Year's number, to an article of such peculiar claims, as that with which the Poet of all circles, and the Prophet of ours, has so flatteringly favoured us. To look back at the close of a year, is one thing; to look forward, is another: to take a sort of Parthian glance at the panorama of the past, is within the reach of every matter-of-fact moralizer; but to dive into the mysteries of a year that has hardly yet dawned upon the world—to pluck the pearl from the oyster before a shell has been formed—to unravel the decrees of Destiny before she has made up her mind about them—and, in short, to tell all the news of the New Year before an event of it has happened—is to evince an ultra-rail-road, extra-steam-engine, and super-Osbaldiston sort of celerity, that will not fail, we trust, of due appreciation. Fudge and Francis Moore, physician, have had their day. We mean to have a Moore of our own; and having long had the profits on our side, we will see what is to be done in the way of prediction. Now if only one of these our predictions should come to pass, it will be sufficient to stamp our character as prophets of the first water; and place us at least a thousand miles higher on the steep of fame, than any foreteller of futurity that ever crossed a palm, or perpetrated a pamphlet. The only doubt we have as to the fulfilment of these prophecies, collectively and individually, is, that the world itself may come to an untimely end before the year arrives at a natural one. With that, however, we have nothing to do—nor, indeed, with the fulfilment of our predictions at all. The business of a true prophet is simply—to prophecy; fulfilment is an after-affair. To the public, who have been promised all possible and impossible things for the last fifty years, including an exemption from taxes and a millenium, we may say with the philosophic fortune-teller of Goldsmith—"What! only a lord and a squire for two shillings! Why, I'll promise you a prince and a nabob for half the money."]

## JANUARY.

Hail, January, hail!—Hail, rain, and snow—  
 As snow, rain, hail thou shalt on all below.  
 With thee comes Twelfth-night back. How changed the scene!  
 For none, save artists, now “draw King and Queen.”  
 The nation is no more a huge twelfth-cake,  
 For peers to slice, and panders to partake.  
 “’Tis ours,” the people shout, “divide it fair!”  
 Alas! fond fools, there’s nothing left to share.

1st. New year begins—expected to last till the 31st of December, twelve P.M., unless previously put an end to by the cholera or a comet. Clause introduced into Mr. O’Connell’s “Annual Parliament Bill,” directing that the year shall terminate once a quarter, or “oftener if need be.” Another clause, proposing to have septennial parliaments once a twelvemonth. Subject referred to an Irish Committee.

9th. Plough Monday. Hyde Park planted with potatoes, which the poor are permitted to dig up gratis. Kensington Gardens, and the squares at the west end, presented, by unanimous votes of both houses, to William Cobbett and his heirs for ever, for the growth and cultivation of Indian corn.

30th. King Charles’s Martyrdom. All the crowned heads in Europe, some of which had long been as loose as their morals, swept off by a magic touch of the great harlequin Intellect. Their majesties, however, look quite as dignified without them, and are found to govern just as wisely—the heads having been principally used to hang their crowns upon.

## FEBRUARY.

Now February comes with strife and storm,  
 And still it feeds the fever of reform.  
 To the new bill some nobles yet demur,  
 And then some shocking things of course occur.  
 Lord L. about this time will meet the loss  
 Of his coat-skirt in passing Charing Cross;  
 And the fierce mob, impetuous as a mouse,  
 Will break three panes of glass in Apsley House.

1st. Sun rises—so does the tide and the Monthly Magazine.

3d. Sundry atrocious and horrible outrages committed by the Reformers: a gouty gentleman, opposed to the bill, will have his toes barbarously trodden on by the mob; several hats will be demolished; two buttons torn violently from the coat of a policeman; and a little boy, just breeched, will fall into fits and the kennel at the same time.

14th. Meeting of the two-penny postmen of the metropolis to petition Parliament for the abolition of St. Valentine’s Day.

15th. Sir Walter Scott publishes another “last novel,” and promises a “positively last one” for every month in the year.

24th. Mr. Non-Alderman Scales claims the peerage, by reason of his descent from the warrior immortalized by Shakspeare—

“Lord Scales, lead on your forces towards Smithfield.”

Claim admitted; nine aldermen expire of envy and apoplexy; the rest become idiots; no observable change, however, takes place in their magisterial habits.

27th. Unprecedented attraction at Covent Garden. Classical exhibition between the pieces of the identical hackney-coach, No. 310, hired by the Burkers—Ghost of the Italian Boy to be played by Mr. Keeley—the music, of course, by Bishop.



## MARCH.

The cutting winds continue to destroy  
 The last low haunts of boroughmongering joy;  
 Hating the Whigs, the Earl of Eldon tears  
 His own, and runs about as mad as hares.  
 Now March sets marches moving, giving wings  
 To oats, and barley, mind, and such like things;  
 And London Bridge, disjointed arch by arch,  
 Seems onward moving in the general march.

4th. Inundation of the Thames Tunnel—Mr. St. John Long having rubbed against the brick-work.

7th. Ash Wednesday. General Fast Day. Mr. Perceval starves to death, to prove his sincerity. Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter sent to Bridewell, being detected with nineteen rolls and a ham-bone in his pocket. The bishops in danger of a similar sentence, for having fortified themselves with two dinners the day before.

12th. A "Court Guide to St. Giles's" will be published by Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield; being a complete Register of Roguery in all its branches, as practised in and out of Parliament at the present day—with a list of the professors and amateurs of the art of thieving and transferring property, and secret histories of the courts in which they flourish: the whole intended to shew that there is at present a surplus pickpocket-population, and that Newgate is the real London University of Useful Knowledge.

17th. St. Patrick's Day. Mr. O'Connell accepts a seat in the Cabinet, and a peerage, by the title of Earl of Shamrock and Viscount Shilalagh.

## APRIL.

Lo! April brings, as oft it blows and burns,  
 Umbrellas and umbrageousness by turns;  
 Bland as a blue, stern as a judge un-fee'd,  
 It shifts as often as a statesman's creed.  
 Angry and fierce as Mr. Alum Watts,  
 Yet soft as when he sings of babes in cots.  
 Like Sibthorpe thus it comes, defying rules,  
 And brings the yearly Festival of Fools.

1st. All Fool's Day. Mr. Watts publishes his Specimens of the Pap-spoon School of Poetry. Sir Charles Wetherell explains his explanation of the Bristol affair. Captain Sir Edward Parry sails for the North Pole. The Royal Society elects its officers, and a distinguished list of new Fellows: one of the candidates blackballed, by reason of his having new published a treatise not absolutely stupid the year before. Lord Londonderry rises to oppose the Bill after it has passed the second reading, having been asleep during the Duke of Cumberland's speech. The Patent Theatres commence their prosecution against the Minors, for the daring indecency of producing superior entertainments to their own. Mr. Irving appointed Professor of the Unknown Language in the University of Oxford; and Mr. Robert Taylor, Professor of the Vulgar Tongue, in that of Cambridge.

19th. Maundy Thursday. Mendicity Society presents a petition against the Reform Bill, on the ground that its operations will tend to fill the streets with mendicant marquises, and aristocratic cross-sweepers.

Same day, a Mendicity Society is formed, of which Mr. Hunt is appointed perpetual president—when absent, the association to be governed by his Vice.

## MAY.

"Next comes fair May," not "fairest maid on ground ;"  
 For still May-fair a tempest rises round :  
 Instead of flowers, the town is strewn with briars,  
 From Hyde Park corner down to Crutched Friars.  
 The people break no legislative bones ;  
 They raise their *flags*, but do not take up stones.  
 The House of Lords is now Pandora's box,  
 But Brougham is at the bottom, firm as rocks.

1st. The anti-reformers perform their antics among the chimney-sweepers, cutting up their robes, ribbons, and garters for disguises. Lord Eldon undertakes the office of "Jack in the Green." No reaction takes place, though an action does, between the real Broom-ites and the anti-Brougham-ites.

An eclipse of the sun, as usual, visible in every part of the metropolis, till the summer is over.

24th. Bill passed to legalize the stealing of dead bodies at any hour of the day or night. The editors and reporters of the London press wait on Sir Astley Cooper in a hundred and fifty-seven hackney coaches, to make a formal bequest of their remains, when they shall have no other use for them, for anatomical purposes. Sir Astley of opinion that the law of libel ought to be amended ; as the transportations for life that are likely to take place among the editorial classes, will render the donation valueless.

29th. The Restoration. Charles the Tenth and the Duke of Wellington exchange significant glances, and devoutly wish that Louis Philip and Lord Grey would pay a visit to Oliver Cromwell.

## JUNE.

Now Sol shines bravely, and King William too ;  
 The land looks green, but lords are looking blue ;  
 Shrubs, flowers, lift up their heads—dukes hang theirs down ;  
 All nature smiles, but fifty nobles frown.  
 The monarch-mariner now crowds all sail,  
 And, conquering scruples, flies before the gale ;  
 He, proud to call himself "the nation's Will,"  
 And we, his jury, finding "a true Bill."

The "glorious first of June." The Reform Question carried in the House of Lords by a majority that makes every hair of the Bishops' wigs stand on end. The society called the No-New-Peer Association dissolved immediately ; the king having threatened, that if the opposition continued obstinate, he would turn the beef-eaters into viscounts, or send to Deptford Dock-yard for some raw material for the peerage. The Duke of Cumberland swoons ; and on opening his eyes, at the end of nine weeks, tears his moustachios in despair : all Kew in convulsions.

21st. Longest day. Mr. Carus Wilson pays a visit to the Swiss giantess.

26th. King William's accession. Grand national festival, in celebration of the advent of Alfred the Second, of the dawn of enlightenment, and of the total eclipse of tyranny and exclusiveness.

30th. Parliament prorogued preparatory to its final dissolution in the approaching dog-days.

## JULY.

The Bill has passed ; and now, debating o'er,  
 The morning papers may be read once more ;  
 Reporters rush to bed—sweet sleep they get,  
 As if Sir Peel or Praed were speaking yet.  
 The “ representatives ” return in shoals  
 To those who sent them ;—some are poor lost souls ;  
 Others explain their votes, appear depressed,  
 And swear, of course, “ they did it for the best.”

4th. The Duke of Wellington expatriates himself, and retires to enjoy the delights of a grandee-ship at the Court of King Ferdinand ; amusing himself with a correspondence with the great Souchong Too-strong Teapot, Premier of China—in order, if possible, to arrange the terms of a war, between that empire and any state that may feel disposed to sacrifice itself to the genius of the greatest captain on the globe.

5th. Northumberland House converted into an hospital, on the plan of St. Luke's, for the accommodation of such of the anti-reformers as happen to have any wits to lose.

16th. Several members of the Committee of the Temperance Society fined five shillings, for being found, late at night, in a state of “ inebriation.”

27th. Sir Robert Peel starts for the Swan River, with the intention of committing some rash action therein—having made three Waterloo-Bridge experiments without sinking beneath the surface ; probably from forgetting to put one of his last speeches in his pocket, to give weight to the attempt.

## AUGUST.

Now new constituents know not whom to choose ;  
 Some they must have, and some they can't refuse.  
 Lambeth elects Ducrow, its first of stars ;  
 Thompson and Fearon stand for Holborn-bars :  
 The Tower “ Hamlets ” fix on Mr. Young ;  
 And Manchester is charmed by Cobbett's tongue ;  
 While each proclaims his own unrivalled powers,  
 And vows, howe'er he votes, to speak for hours.

3d. Mr. Hunt enters Preston in triumph—and a horsepond immediately afterwards. The inhabitants of Old Sarum offer to return him, upon condition that he obtains a repeal of the disfranchising schedule—which he readily takes his oath to do. Finally returned by the Tories for one of the Universities.

Hunt's new Latin Grammar, in imitation of Cobbett's English one, is published about this time by Mr. Murray—suited, the author observes, to the measure of his own understanding, or in other words, “ adapted to the meanest capacity.”

15th. Admission-fee to the Zoological Society's Gardens advanced from a shilling to eighteen-pence ; partly on the liberal and philosophic ground, that knowledge is cheap at any price, and partly on account of the withdrawal of the aristocracy, who are no longer in a capacity to pay their annual subscriptions. The Society proposes to send a bear and a baboon to Parliament to represent the collection.

## SEPTEMBER.

For five miles round, hark ! loud reports are heard ;  
 Lo ! fifty sportsmen (!) shooting at one bird.  
 Mantons are raised—yet old birds lose no legs,  
 Nor will the young ones be decoyed by Eggs.  
 Yet forward rush the troop—all sorts of game  
 In danger, save the things at which they aim ;  
 Their only boast, when night bids labour cease,  
 They shot a spaniel and a groom a-piece.

1st. The Reformed Parliament assembles. Bill introduced to make firing at partridges on the 1st of September a capital offence, it being a species of "cruelty to animals" of the most flagitious nature ; measure lost in consequence of an erroneous phrase in the bill, inasmuch as firing at, which is synonymous with "missing" partridges, cannot be called cruelty.

3d. Great excitement produced by the exhibitions at Bartholomew Fair. Among other attractions will be seen, a living Anti-reformer of the Londonderry species (supposed to be the last of the race), measuring five feet eleven inches from the top of the coronet to the end of the spur ; capable of walking erect, though accustomed to crawl in preference ; speaks much, yet says nothing ; amazingly powerful, yet now perfectly harmless. Another remarkable animal from Portugal, called the Miguel (the most rabid and ravenous specimen ever introduced into this country, though we have had many of the breed), will be exhibited in an iron cage, and fed every half hour with young princesses, imported at an immense expense.

## OCTOBER.

Pheasants and hares now call some people down  
 To country seats, while plays keep some in town !  
 A few—for though they've got what keepers call  
 "Lions," they're not such lions after all.  
 Does Polhill wish to fill the town with fun ?  
 Then let the lions sup on Mr. Bunn ;  
 The head snapped off at "full" price, and the "half"  
 Admitted at the end of the first calf.

7th. Theatrical monopolies demolished. Patent-theatre prosecutions against the minor houses, for acting rational pieces, thrown out. The "large" houses delivered over to the projectors of lion-dramas, pantomimes, Ducrowisms, Napoleontics, Stanfieldiana, phantasmagoria, and *diablerie* ; and the privilege of performing the tragedies of Shakspeare, and the comedies of Congreve and Farquhar extended to all theatres where seeing and hearing are not enjoyed through the medium of opera-glasses and ear-trumpets.

21st. Repeal of all taxes upon knowledge. Prospectuses of fifteen morning, three-and-twenty evening, and a hundred and seventy-seven weekly newspapers, issued immediately ; three of them actually appear, and survive for nearly a fortnight.

25th. Colonel Sibthorpe utters some sensible observation, which excites a great deal of astonishment.



## NOVEMBER.

Stern winter now the widowed year espouses,  
 And yellow fogs his icy chariot rouses.  
 All classes now their joys with death are crowning;  
 Those who can swim prefer attempts at drowning;  
 While some, completely penniless, grow placid,  
 By having asked the price of prussic acid.  
 The Guildhall guests as usual cram and clack,  
 And mourning coaches wait to take them back.

5th. The National Guy Fawkes Committee make their report, that the Guys of Great Britain are not now properly represented in Parliament—Sir Charles Wetherell having vacated his seat for Borough-bridge, or in other words, his seat having become too rotten to hold him. The committee, after considerable difficulty in selecting, where so many unobjectionable claims were preferred, come to a decision in favour of Sir Robert Inglis and Mr. Horace Twiss; at the same time requesting Lord Ellenborough to protect and preside over their interests in the Upper House.

9th. The Lord Mayor's "Annual," published at Guildhall, with numerous plates and cuts; the mottoes are, first, "one swallow makes not a summer—though it does a citizen;" and, secondly, a reversed reading of Wordsworth's line, "there were forty feeding like one," thus rendering it, "there was one feeding like forty." A copious Obituary concludes the work.

## DECEMBER.

The many-coloured year has reached its close,  
 And England hopes that with it ends her woes;  
 She proves to Scotia, Erin, Wales, a mother—  
 And King and people understand each other.  
 The bishops' "sees" are dwindled into rivers;  
 And lords, though wanting hearts, prove better livers.  
 While all the peasantry, from York to Cork,  
 Now eat their bacon with a silver fork.

Among other things there will be a new moon this month, high-water at London-bridge every day in the week, and a holiday on Christmas-day at all the public offices.

6th. Ladies are once more observed in the boxes of the Adelphi; Mr. John Reeve having transferred his indecencies to another establishment.

10th. The Garrick Club gains two more members, making a grand total of seventeen. A committee of six appointed to persuade the rest to pay their subscriptions.

16th. Parry's Narrative of the Discovery of the long-sought passage to the North Pole, published; the Thames Tunnel completed the same day.

20th. The Quarterly Review publishes a second edition of a curious paper, which proves, in the clearest manner, that "Junius" was not Judge Jefferies.

27th. A communication established between the earth and the moon, through the medium of a steam-rail-road-balloon, invented by the Royal Society. Mr. Irving consents to act as interpreter between the two planets.

31st. 12 p. m. The year 1832 dies; leaving all mankind happier and wiser than it found them. This, our last prediction—whether verified or not—is at least offered in cheerful faith, and true sincerity.

## THE "NEW BILL."

"*NOLUMUS leges Angliæ mutari*" is a popular maxim with a certain class; but if understood as a general objection to all change, it is also a very absurd one. It must sound more especially so to Englishmen—the history of whose country has been a continued series of changes—whose constitution has been framed and fortified by repeated alterations—whose greatest political blessing, indeed, is the yearly revision and alteration of its laws. How long has the English constitution been set above change and revision? Without dwelling on the Catholic emancipation, and the abolition of the Test and Corporation acts in the last reign, we may instance the Grenville act passed in 1770, and afterwards improved by Lord Grenville, which marked out afresh the limits of elective franchise. The Bill to change triennial to septennial parliaments passed in 1717, will be likewise admitted to be an important alteration. The plan for severing the bond between the monarch and the Upper House, by depriving the King of the privilege of creation, which passed the peers in the reign of George I., but was rejected by the Commons notwithstanding the wishes of the king, shews that the principle of change was not questioned. It is also an undeniable fact, that the very character of the constitution has a tendency to change, unless periodically regulated: revision is requisite to maintain the stability of its general principles. Some of its most important features have been insensibly moulded by circumstances, and not by statute; hence the present necessity of actual revision.

There is an objection of serious weight, in the opinion of anti-reformers, against Lord John Russell's motion, which is daily and nightly urged with proportionate vehemence in both houses of parliament, by the opponents of the Bill, namely, that during the present excitement it is not a fit time to weigh a matter of such importance with the calmness it demands. Sir R. Peel, in the debate of Monday Dec. 12, and in a very sophistical speech, if such clumsily conceived fallacies deserve such a title, advances this objection. After complimenting the government on their "deliberate conviction," he talks of "the hands of the operators trembling with the fever of unnatural excitement." The noble Lord (Russell), he continued, "has spoken of a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the question, as involving the welfare of all the interests in the state. But his argument was of a singular character—for it appeared that as extravagant demands grow with the agitation of the question, the only wise course was to grant those wild demands, and to agitate on." "Wild and extravagant demands," &c. are fine words, though not equally conclusive.—There is an opposite, though homely saying, relative to such imposing expressions, which the reader's imagination may probably suggest to him. It is worth a folio of argument—sophism and ambiguity are the characteristics of this orator; we will not therefore waste our time in discussing truisms with regard to him—but may merely remark, that ambiguity of principle is worse even than ambiguity of language. But what after all is the weight of the argument against legislating now? When have the most important changes in our constitution been made, but at the time when imperiously called for, and when the interest about them was at its maximum? What was the state of the country when *Magna Charta* was drawn up? What was the state of the country when the Bill of Rights passed? The Bill

can never be brought forward without exciting the deepest interest in the country ; and we trust the period never will arrive, when the people of England shall be so callous and careless of their constitution, as not to manifest the greatest anxiety in its changes. The agitation of the popular mind is not in England what it would be in other states: it is not the symptom of a profound and general discontent, and the forerunner of violent commotions. It animates all parts of the state, and is to be considered only as the beneficial vicissitude of the seasons. The governing power being dependant on the nation, is often thwarted ; but so long as it continues to deserve the affection of the people, it can never be endangered.\* Others again object to the "Bill" merely because it is a "concession to the people's demands," and fancy that if they grant reform, more will be demanded afterwards. *L'appetit vient en mangeant* seems the motto of the alarmists ; but if the appetite, when acquired, is not to be satiated by a moderate meal, surely a fast cannot decrease it. This however has always been the unmeaning cry against all changes ; and it is curious, that a similar cry was raised against the septennial parliaments when first established in 1717, viz. that they would encroach still farther.† We have not however in the present session heard the blustering and hectoring tirades against concession to the demands of the people—as if an act of justice was a proof of cowardice. It is a singular theory, that people must not have reform, because, convinced of its necessity, they ask for it. There is no doubt, however, that timely concession to the demands of a nation, is often the preventive of serious commotions ; thus Charles I., by conceding the Petition of Right, maintained his seat on the throne eleven years, and had he not given his subjects fresh provocation, would doubtless have retained it, and spared the country the horror of convulsion.

Having thus glanced at the preliminary objections, we may now proceed to examine the provisions of the Bill. "The two great pillars of the Bill," to use Lord John Russell's words, "are the disfranchisement clause of schedule A, and the 10<sup>l</sup>. qualification clause." The number of boroughs in schedule A is 56, as before, but some change has been made in the places. Schedule C now comprehends 22 members, instead of 12 ; and schedule D, of the towns which are now to return two members, instead of one, contains 11 towns. The number of members remains the same as at present.

The disfranchisement called forth from Sir R. Inglis, on Saturday night, some of his usual lamentations on the "wrongs of the freemen." Supposing they have had the right from the first period of legal memory, to the reign of Richard I., and that in consequence, they can claim their suffrage as a common-law right, they forget that the power of issuing or withholding writs for elections, was vested in the monarch‡, till the time of Charles II., 1676, when the last instance of the exercise of that power occurred in granting Newark the right of two representatives. Public opinion has prevented even the mention of such another stretch

\* De Lolme on the Constitution.

† Parl. Hist. 7: 292.

‡ In the 23rd of Edward I. there were 74 knights and nearly 260 deputies, but the number varied. Henry VIII. added 33 ; Edward VI. created 14 boroughs, and restored 10 ; Mary added 21 members, Elizabeth, 60, and James, 27. Many towns resigned the right, on account of having to support their members.



of authority in the king ; but though the power has passed from his hands, it has not passed from the constitution, and a temporary discontinuance does not imply a cession of the right. Never was there a more forcible example of the fatal effects of small bodies of electors, than under the Roman republic. The citizens, during a considerable period, gave their votes by centuries, and so great influence did the patricians obtain over these minute bodies, that the Roman elections never escaped from their yoke. The change in the Swedish government may be traced to a similar agency ; the Swedes had formerly great political privileges, and deputed persons to represent them, but the nobles obtained an ascendancy in their power, and all the form of a liberal government vanished.

The argument of Lord Mahon, (see speech on the second reading,) against the destruction of nomination boroughs, is somewhat singular. "It is very easy to say where the nomination begins, but who shall say where it ends ? Nomination began with Old Sarum and Gatton, but where did it end ? The city of Chester had known the influence of nomination. Was there no county in which nomination existed ?" This only renders the measure the more necessary ; and besides, we might whisper in Lord Mahon's ear, that, if the extent and facility of bribery and nomination are so great as to influence cities and counties, the disfranchisement of a few boroughs will not seriously affect the nominators.

The transfer of the franchise to larger boroughs, is consonant both with ancient custom\* and the principle of the statute, *de tallagio non concedendo*. The anti-reformers still complain that the transfer of the franchise to boroughs, where the aristocracy have no influence, gives a fatal preponderance to the commercial interest, and that the landed interest is not competently represented. We must beg leave to remind them of their position, that the boroughs without representatives, were virtually represented by the other members—such as those for nomination boroughs, and certainly, in the present case, the members for large towns newly enfranchised, will prove as good protectors of the landed interest as the nomination members were before of the commercial interests. The landed interest also, it should be remembered, is much involved in the commercial interest, and has in a great measure kept pace with it. "The greatest and most important branch of the commerce of every nation," says Adam Smith, "is that which is carried on between the inhabitants of the town and those of the country. Whatever tends to diminish in any country the number of artificers and manufacturers, tends to diminish the home market, the most important of all markets for the rude produce of the land, and thereby still further discourages agriculture." Again, the nomination system, though at present favourable to the aristocracy, will not necessarily remain so ; but boroughs will naturally fall, with other property, into the hands of commercial men. The system has evidently had that tendency ever since its open commencement in the elections of 1747 and 1754, and the time may come when these boroughs may pass into the power of persons much less favourable than the middle commercial interest to them. It is a new principle, and its effect has not yet been experienced fully.

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\* Vide Hallam's Constitutional Hist. vol. 3.



The other qualification is stated as follows. Every person occupying a house of the value of 10*l.* a year shall possess a vote provided he be rated for poors' rates, and every person occupying such house can demand to be rated. The elective franchise acquired by birth or servitude, under the present system, is to remain untouched, excepting as regard out-voters living at the distance of more than seven miles from the borough. We know that the class of present freemen in the generality of boroughs will not be degraded by the admission of the 10*l.* householders, and consequently that the principle of their election will be equally sound. The qualification for the county does not destroy the rights of the present 40*s.* freeholders, but enacts that no person shall be entitled to vote in respect of any freehold lands or tenements whereof he may be seised for his own life or other lives, unless the same shall be worth 10*l.* a year above all rents and charges. Every lessee for the period of 60 years of tenement worth 10*l.* a year beside rent, &c., or for 20 years of 50*l.* value, is qualified to vote for knights of the shire. The object of the change in the qualification for counties is obvious.

The test of the importance of the borough is now, the number of houses coupled with the rent at which they rated for assessed taxes for the year ending April before last.

Such is the bill which the enemies of reform aver, will render the government democratical. Let us admit the utmost that the most unbending anti-reformists can require, that the people by the proposed bill be enabled, if they please, to return a democratical House of Commons. We deny that even this would bear out their opposition. Experience shews us (not to mention the qualification requisite for representatives), that public opinion in all countries has never been arranged against the property and talent of a nation but in extreme cases. In proof of this, we might instance examples of all ages and all countries; but we content ourselves with looking at home, and we find that even in the most unbiassed elections, competent wealth or talent have always marked out the successful candidate. Still we do not deny that in an extreme case of oppression, the people could and would assert their right. And who can deny but that they have the power, and very justly so;—it is a reserve force requisite to preserve the constitution when all other means have failed. There are many reserved powers of the constitution which are discretionary; but must not be called into action except in extreme cases: we allude to the King's power of creation of peers, and general pardon of criminals; which would be subversive of all order, were it exerted to the full extent,—the prerogative of both houses to put the veto on any measure, is one that would be exceedingly pernicious if wantonly exerted. In fact, no power can be entrusted, whether executive or legislative, without making it discretionary, and all discretionary power may be liable to abuses in extreme, but generally improbable cases.

Lord Porchester took the lead in opposition to the second reading on Friday, Dec. 16, and prefaced his amendment (that the bill should be read this day six months,) with a tissue of inconsistencies alike worthy of the orator and his subject. According to Lord Porchester, the principle of the bill is, the total sacrifice of the landed interest to the "democratical;" but he shrewdly intimates that it is probable that it may prove a failure,—that so diabolical an end may not be answered, or in other words, that the bill may not prove what he actually affirms it

to be. In spite of Lord Porchester's opinion, that "it is impossible for the middling classes, while in pursuance of their daily avocation, to investigate the political scheme of government, which must be doubtful even to the wisest," we much doubt whether the generality of "unkempt" artisans of the unions would argue so incorrectly.

Sir E. Sugden delivered himself of a long incongruous series of complaints against the measure, and wound it up by lamenting that a dissolution of the present parliament must be one of the consequences of passing the Bill. Sir Edward speaks feelingly, and seems to have taken the example of ladies who tell their minds in the postscript of their letters; we may easily infer the main cause of his opposition.

Lord Mahon compared the English Constitution, after the proposed improvement, to that of Poland. In the reports, he is made to say the constitution of 1765. This we conceive to be a mistake; for at that time the population was many times more than that stated by Lord Mahon. This error, however, is not greater than his view of the Polish constitution, and we should recommend Lord Mahon to read Polish history a little more carefully before he next holds forth, for the edification of the Commons. We suppose the noble Lord was thinking of the constitution of 1791; but, if such be the case, he is equally misinformed. The number of electors was very different from 100,000; and the change, so far from entrusting the elective franchise to one class, threw it open to other classes for the first time. Lord Mahon talks of the working of the Polish constitution; but we can tell his Lordship that the constitution was not allowed time to work; and so far was the subsequent partition a consequence of it, that the enemy were on their march before it was completely framed. So much for Lord Mahon: and if such be a specimen of the arguments with which he treats the Commons, we think he need not feel proud of sitting in that assembly, or at any rate that assembly has no great reason to be proud of him.

Mr. Croker says, "none of the obnoxious clauses" of the last Bill have been abandoned, and immediately afterwards boasts that "nearly every one of the amendments, upon which the opposition had divided, were now adopted in the Bill." We leave those who so loudly cheered the remark, about opening the gates of the citadel, to find out its point. Mr. C. then turns (and his speech contains a good many such turnings) to the Ministry, and taunts them with not being able to protect their dignity, and *prevent* the burnings at Bristol. Mr. C. then proceeds, after a few equally sensible remarks, to impute all the late disturbances to the Bill; and inquires, if it has caused such trouble before passing, what will it do when it has? Sapient legislator; "a Daniel come to judgment." Supposing a man with a sharpened hunger sits down to a piece of roast beef, what a voracious appetite (*vide Croker!*) must he have by the time he has finished it! It is like founding an argument against the Christian creed, on the troubles caused by its propagation. Our opinion of Mr. Croker is very different from that of his fulsome reviewer in the Quarterly. Lord Althorpe might well express his doubt as to the subject of his speech.

Colonel Sibthorpe said he gave a proof of his own integrity by voting against the Bill; and added, that if schedule A passed, schedule B might as well be cut up; but as he did not condescend to assign his reason, we cannot tell our readers why.

Mr. Baring Wall referred, in imitation of Croker, to the revolution in Charles the First's time; and Sir C. Wetherell, as usual, treated the House with a few of his oldest jokes. Sir R. Peel defended his conduct on the Catholic question, for the hundredth time, we believe, and again served up the old objection, that the people would not be satisfied, but would require further concession. But in spite of Sir R. Peel, Mr. Croker, &c., the Bill has passed with a majority of 162!

Even had we inclination to descant on the probable changes in committee, we have not space; nor, for the same reason, can we speculate as to its reception in the Lords. Creation of peers for a political object should only be resorted to in an extreme case, under which circumstances we have a precedent in the history of 1783. In conclusion, we will quote the words of an eminent French political writer, for their Lordships' admonition:—"Il est necessaire assurement que la volonté du Roi et le voeu du peuple, quand ils s'accordent ne soient pas desoliers: et lorsqu'une chose necessaire ne peut s'operer par la constitution, elle s'opere malgré la constitution!"\*

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#### BREVITIES.

Fortunate are they who can tranquilly walk the mazes of life, as the elephant those of the forest—too gentle to do injury, and too powerful to fear it.

The extravagant praises of a private circle often operate to a man's prejudice, not only by making him ridiculous, but more seriously by leading him into capital mistakes of conduct which lead to disappointment, distress, and ruin. If we do any thing decidedly excellent, we shall be pretty sure to hear of it from the public; and it is both dangerous and puerile to rely on any reputation which has not received the stamp of that impartial tribunal.

A long speech is no more objectionable than a large plum-pudding, provided the sense in one case, and the plums in the other, be in proper proportion. Overseers and orators, however, alike generally condemn their victims to a very digestible quantity of fruit.

Liking is often given in inverse proportion to the worth of its object; amiability is often obtained by the want or the sacrifice of higher qualities. Ardent emotions, however generous, will not always make a man so popular as a calm, elegant selfishness—a smiling acquiescence in every crime or folly, public or private, that falls under his observation.

Wherever there are large gettings there should be liberal expenditure, both in charity and minor matters. Such conduct is by no means inconsistent with prudence; but prudence is a relative term, and should no more be noticeable in the conduct of a prosperous man, than prudery in the demeanour of a virtuous woman. It moves one's spleen to hear it said of a thriving hunk—young or old—"Aye, he does quite right to look out for a rainy day." Yes—and Fortune does quite right when she takes such worthies (as she often does) by the head and shoulders, and shoves them into the thick of the shower. In spite of all the sophistry that has been expended in defence of close-fistedness, the common feeling is correct—that a miser is both a rogue and a fool.

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\* Reflexions sur les Constitutions, par B. De Constant.—p. 20.

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

OUR last Number contained a brief memoir of the distinguished individual whose portrait is here presented ; distinguished, in many senses, by genius and by worth. Mr. Roscoe was one of the few who, by the intuitive impulse of the "inspiration that works within," step at once out of the ranks of life, and take their station in the front. Unaided by friends or education, he carved out his own fortune, and became philosopher, poet, and historian. It was his rare and happy destiny to acquire and retain, during a long life, the good-will of all who knew him. It has been said of him, "he was everywhere, at home and abroad, loved and admired ; and he died, as he lived, without an enemy."

In a beautiful volume of prints, which has just made its appearance, we find "a view of the house in which Mr. Roscoe was born." The view, which is as pretty and picturesque a representation of "an English farm-house roof" as can be imagined, comes recommended to us by a poetical illustration, by L. E. L. It opens by dwelling upon the train of thought to which similar humble habitations give rise, and terminates with a ramble over the fairy scenes of Italy—identified as they are with Mr. Roscoe's name :—

" Yet here the mind's-eye pictures other scenes ;  
A fair Italian city in a vale,  
The sanctuary of summer, where the air  
Grows sweet in passing over myrtle groves ;  
Glides the blue Arno, in whose tide are glassed  
Armed palaces with marble battlements.  
Forth ride a band of princely chivalry,  
And at their head a gallant chieftain—he  
Lorenzo, the magnificent.  
Within this house was thy historian born,  
Florence, thou pictured city ; and his name  
Calls up thy rich romance of history ;  
And this calm English dwelling fills the mind  
With memories of Medici."

To this we subjoin a Sonnet from a correspondent :—

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM ROSCOE.

Noble among the best ! and of the few  
On whom bright Truth smiles gracious at their birth  
One of the chief—thy nobleness and worth  
Were clear as summer skies—thy thoughts as dew  
From which the morning in its freshness springs.  
Good man and great ! the spirit of earlier days  
Lived in thy heart, and in thy eloquent lays  
Spoke of all moving and all glorious things.  
Humanity and Freedom gave thee themes,  
Unclasping for thy use their golden tomes ;  
And ever, in thy vows and waking dreams,  
They made upon the bettered earth their homes.  
Farewell ! farewell ! *thy* epitaph may be,  
That England hath no worthier son than thee !





WILLIAM ROSCOE ESQ

Printed by J. G. ...

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WILLIAM ROSCOE ESQ<sup>R</sup>

*Drawn by M. Haughton from a Medallion by J. Gibson.*

*Engraved by C. Hulmandel.*

It has been well established in a historical sense, that the United States have been a nation of immigrants. The first settlers were the Pilgrims, who came to the Massachusetts coast in 1620. They were followed by the Puritans, who came to the Massachusetts coast in 1630. The United States have been a nation of immigrants ever since.

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## DR. FRANCIA, THE DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

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L'état c'est moi.—NAPOLÉON.

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It has been well remarked by a philosophical historian of our own island, that our estimate of personal merit is relative to the common faculties of mankind. The aspiring efforts of genius and virtue, either in active or speculative life, are measured not so much by their real elevation, as by the height to which they ascend above the level of their age and country.

Of the various distinguished characters whom the South American revolution has dragged forth from the bosom of obscurity, to enact a splendid part in the great drama of their country's independence, none so appositely illustrates the profound observation of Gibbon as the subject of this paper—Dr. Jose Gaspard Rodriguez de Francia, the present ruler of Paraguay.

While the attention of the European world has been fixed with concentrated gaze on the splendid deeds of a Bolivar—on the melancholy fate of an Iturbide—or, more recently, on the contemptible career of a Pedro—it has remained in singular ignorance of the history of this extraordinary man. The faint glimmerings of light that have, from time to time, broken through the impenetrable veil of more than Chinese policy with which he has enshrouded his empire, have been treated as the amplifications of travellers, or the wild fictions of romance. The scepticism of Europe, however, ought not to excite surprise, when we consider that, in South America itself—in those countries even situated on the very threshold of his dominions—the most contradictory and conflicting notions are entertained relative to this mysterious personage. To some he is looked upon as a philosopher, who, anxious to guard his few countrymen from the miseries of revolution, and to introduce civilization among them, had resolved on this system of isolation as the only effectual means of preserving them from the civil war to which all the neighbouring states have been successively a prey:—others, again, regarded him as an usurper, whose object was to aggrandize himself by the ruin of his country:—a third party, remembering the revival of the order of Loyola in Europe—the name of which is so intimately connected with that of Paraguay—thought that they discovered in Francia an agent of the Jesuits;—while the enemies of South American independence were pleased at the prospect of finding in the dictator a supporter of the fallen power, and a vindicator of its disasters. At one time he was holding the government in the name of the queen-dowager of Portugal; and, at another, negotiating with Don Pedro, with a view to the coalition of Paraguay with Brazils. In fact, the days of Prester John and the Old Man of the Mountain were revived again in South America.

Amid this host of fabulous and contradictory reports, the work of MM. Reugger and Lonchamp appeared. They are the first Europeans who have revealed the secrets of this mysterious country, described the actual condition of this new China, and lifted the veil that has so long enshrouded the modern Dionysius. Confined for several years within the lair of the dictator, they had ample opportunities of studying the

character and habits of an animal, of more interest than any that the natural history of Paraguay presented; and the best security that can be offered of the truth and fidelity of the colouring of the picture, is simply the statement, that it might have cost them their heads to have suffered themselves to be deceived as to the character of Dr. Francia. "It is thus," says M. Reugger, "that self-preservation obliges one who traverses the wilds of vast continents to study, even though they be not naturalists, the habits of the tiger and the jaguar."

The history of the revolution of Paraguay is so intimately identified with this extraordinary man, that it will be necessary, in order to fully understand it, to briefly advert to his previous life and character.—Francia was born in the year 1763; his father was a Frenchman, who, after residing several years at Lisbon, finally emigrated to Paraguay, where he married a creole lady, by whom he had several children. The only professions open to the native youth of South America, previous to the revolution, were the church and the law. Francia was destined by his father for the former; and he accordingly received the first rudiments of education at a monkish seminary at Assumption. He subsequently repaired to the university of Cordova de Tucuman, the Salamanca of the New World, where he studied with considerable success, and was admitted a doctor of theology; but his application to the canon law having given him a taste for jurisprudence, he resolved not to take the tonsure, and became an advocate.

On his return to his own country from the university, he entered with ardour on his profession, and distinguished himself by an extraordinary combination of moral courage and integrity. Never did he sully his function by undertaking an unjust cause. He readily defended the weak against the strong—the poor against the rich. He exacted large fees from those only who could pay, and especially from those who were disposed to litigation; but he was extremely disinterested in dealing with those clients who were either in humble circumstances, or were reluctantly forced into the courts by the injustice of others. His patrimony was moderate, and he was not ambitious of increasing it. The half of a town-house, and a small estancia in the country, constituted his whole fortune; and so singular was his temper, that finding himself possessed of 800 dollars—a sum too great, in his opinion, for a single individual—he immediately proceeded to the gaming-table, and at one throw lost the whole.

Unsocial in his disposition, passionately fond of study, and a professed libertine, he was never known to yield to either the soft emotions of love, or the more chastened pleasures of friendship. Surrounded by ignorance, destitute of literary resources, his knowledge of the world was of the most circumscribed order. He had, farther, the misfortune to be subject to fits of hypochondria—an hereditary disease in his family; for his father was a man remarkable for his eccentricities—his brother and sister, lunatics. Francia became successively member of the *Cabildo*, and an *Alcalde*. In this capacity he displayed the same fearless integrity that had distinguished him as an advocate. Devoted to one object—the protection of his native country from the tyrannical pretensions of Spain—his conduct won him the attachment and esteem of all classes of his countrymen.

In the year 1811 the people of Paraguay, impelled by the example of the neighbouring states, and by the remembrance of former wrongs,

declared their political independence. A congress was immediately assembled, who deposed the Spanish governor, erecting in his stead a junta, composed of a president, two assessors, and a secretary with a deliberative voice: De Jose Gaspard Rodriguez de Francia was appointed to the latter office. This appointment was the stepping-stone to his future greatness; and he, in a very short time, became the soul of the new government. Even at this early period of his career, he appears to have conceived his great plan of isolation, which he has since so effectually accomplished; for he not only broke off all communications with the Argentine Republic, but he refused to furnish a single soldier to the armies struggling against the tyranny of Spain, or to send a deputy to any of the congresses assembled, at different intervals of time, during the revolutionary contest. The character of his colleagues were, it must be confessed, admirably calculated to facilitate his ambitious projects. Men, the maximum of whose acquirements consisted in breaking in a wild horse, or in throwing the *lasso*, gave themselves up totally to pleasure and dissipation, while the whole country had become a theatre of misrule, insubordination, and violence. Francia essayed in vain to stem this torrent. On several occasions he feigned to despair of the state, and retired to his country seat; but so necessary was his presence to the march of the government, that his colleagues made every concession to induce him to return to the capital.

The necessity of an immediate change in the government was now felt by all parties. The junta was dissolved, and a new congress assembled: yet such was the ignorance of the leaders of the revolutionary movements, that not one among them had the most distant idea of the machinery of a republic. In this dilemma, they resolved to consult Rollin's *Ancient History*—the first good book that had, perhaps, been received in the country; and, becoming suddenly enamoured of a consular government, they abolished the senate, and substituted, for one year only, two consuls—Don Fulgencio Yegros, the ex-president, and Dr. Francia. Accustomed to the despotic sway of a captain-general, whose will was law, the Paraguayans, in their simplicity, took no pains either to define the power of the consuls, or to limit their authority. At the instalment of the two consuls, a circumstance occurred which announced plainly enough the aspiring views of Francia.

Two curule chairs were prepared, bearing the names of Cæsar and Pompey. Francia, without hesitation, took possession of the former, leaving the other to his colleague, who, in the distribution of the power, was no better treated than his historical prototype. Francia was not a man who could brook to divide his power with any one, much less with an individual whom he despised, and whose party he suspected. His ambition soon betrayed itself; for, in 1812, the congress assembled to renew the government. In order to get rid of his adversary, he induced the assembly to confide, in imitation of the neighbouring states, the direction of the republic to a single magistrate; and he proposed, as an only alternative to save the country from the dangers which menaced it, to follow the example of the Romans, and create a dictator.

Observing, on the first two days, when the congress had assembled for this purpose, that a majority of the votes were for Don Fulgencio Yegros, he had the address to suspend the ballot. At last, on the third day, the deputies understood the motive for having adjourned the election; and tired of living at great expence in the capital, and weary of



attending a congress in which they felt very little interest, and, more especially, alarmed by the presence of a strong body of troops devoted to Francia, he was appointed dictator for three years, by an immense majority of the votes; while, at the moment, there was probably not twenty individuals in all Paraguay who understood the precise nature of the title of dictator, assigning no other meaning to it but that of governor.

The congress assigned to Francia the title of "Excellency," with an allowance of 9,000 dollars; of which sum he consented to receive only a third, observing, that the state stood more in need of money than he did—an example of moderation worthy of imitation, and one from which he has never since departed.

His elevation to the head of affairs wrought a complete revolution in his own life. Women and play were for ever abandoned; and his moral conduct was marked by more than monkish austerity. The morning was devoted to business—the evening to reading, especially such French authors as he was able to procure, having studied that language a short time previous to the revolution. Belles-lettres, history, geography, and mathematics, were particularly the objects of his application. The medical science being but little understood in Paraguay, he read Buchan and Tissot, and made an experiment of their prescriptions upon his own person. But it was to the military science that his attention was principally directed, fully sensible that upon the effective organization of his army depended the existence of his country and the duration of his authority. His first care was, therefore, to officer it by creatures of his own, and to enforce the most rigid discipline; and, as he felt his power increased in strength, changes were gradually brought about both in the civil and ecclesiastical administrations. The three years of his dictatorship were on the eve of expiring, and a new congress was assembled in 1817, in which he so effectually intrigued that they finally chose him dictator for life. Having now attained the summit of his ambition, Francia boldly threw off the mask, and signalized the commencement of his career by acts of the most atrocious despotism. Whenever he rode out, he was attended by a strong escort of cavalry, to whom were given orders to cut down all those who should appear in the streets through which he passed. The most trivial offences were visited by imprisonment and fetters. Two Spanish friars were treated very unceremoniously: the dictator threw them into a dungeon, having first ordered them to be dressed in yellow jackets, and their heads shaved, "to prepare them," as he said, "for their crown of glory."

Another Spaniard, Don Jose Caussimo, was treated in a manner still more cruel. The chains which he wore absolutely lacerated his flesh; and when Francia was informed of the circumstance, he replied, "If he wants other chains, he must get them himself;" and, in fact, the wife of the unfortunate prisoner had the sad office to perform of procuring other irons, with which her husband was to be manacled.

It was at this period that our Swiss travellers reached Assumption; and the particulars of their first audience with the dictator are extremely interesting.—"He is a man," says Reugger, "with regular features, and those fine dark eyes which so eminently characterize the creoles of South America. The expression of his countenance was singular, combining shrewdness with distrust. He was dressed in the embroidered uniform of a Spanish general officer, and, although in the sixty-second



year of his age, did not appear to be more than fifty. He addressed me at first with studious hauteur ; but finding me unembarrassed, he soon changed his tone. On opening my portfolio to take out some papers which I had to present to him, he perceived a portrait of Buonaparte, which I, knowing his admiration of the original, had designedly placed there. He took it up, and examined it with great interest on my telling him whose likeness it was. He then entered into a familiar conversation on the political state of Europe, and surprised me with the extent of his information. He demanded the news from Spain, for which country he professed the most profound contempt. The constitutional charter of Louis the Eighteenth was not to his taste: he admired much more the military government and conquests of Napoleon, whose downfall he deplored ; and, in speaking of his reign, I remarked he loved to dwell on those passages which were in some degree analogous to his own situation. He reproached us Swiss with the melancholy campaign of 1815, comparing it to the kick bestowed upon the dying lion in the fable. But the principal topic of his conversation turned upon the monks. He accused them of pride, depravity, and intrigue, bitterly inveighing against the tendency which the clergy in general evinced to throw off the authority of government. ' If the sovereign pontiff,' said he, ' were to come to Paraguay, I would make him only my almoner.' Foreseeing for Europe the return of fanaticism and superstition, he insisted on the necessity of crushing the monastic spirit in America. He declared his devotion to the cause of South American independence ; and his ideas on the mode of government for the new states appeared to be just, although in opposition to our own. He shewed us his library, the only one in Paraguay : it was small, but well composed. By the side of the best Spanish writers we found the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Rollin, and La Place. He had also some mathematical instruments, globes, and charts. These simple people, when they beheld the dictator employing the celestial globe, were impressed with the idea that he could read the stars. But Francia's aim has always been rather to enlighten than deceive his countrymen. On dismissing us, he addressed us as follows : ' You may do here whatever you please—profess whatever religion you like ; but do not meddle with my government.' "

At this period the dictator increased the troops of the line, and placed the country in a posture of defence. The new levies were quartered in the Convent of St. Francis, a circumstance which greatly exasperated a Spaniard, who had the imprudence to say openly—" The Franciscans, it is true, are extinct, but Francia's turn will come next." This language was reported to him, and he sent for the Spaniard, and addressed him as follows :—" As to when I shall go, I am really ignorant ; but this I know, that you shall precede me." And the unfortunate wretch was shot on the following day, and his property confiscated. The reign of terror had now dawned. The unfortunate Spaniards were shot under circumstances of aggravated cruelty. So great was his economy of ammunition, that only three soldiers were allowed for an execution, so that they were often obliged to dispatch their victims with their bayonets, Francia contemplating in perfect composure these bloody scenes from the windows of his residence. But amidst these scenes of horror, the dictator's attention to the welfare of his country was unremitting. Immense swarms of locusts destroyed the crops, and produced a general panic ; Francia, with admirable presence

of mind, gave orders to sow a second time, and, to the astonishment of every one, the attempt was crowned with exuberant plenty.

But the darling project, the ruling passion of the mind of this singular man, was to render Paraguay independent of the rest of the world; his whole course of policy has, in fact, hinged on this point; and the absolute government produced one good result—a complete revolution in the whole system of rural economy, which had hitherto been completely neglected. The suspension of intercourse with the neighbouring countries curbed the migratory spirit of the Paraguayans, and chained their attention to agriculture. Vegetables, hitherto unknown in the country, began now to cover the plains; the manufacturing industry, from the operation of the same cause, was actively developed. The dictator had recourse to terror to call forth the latent energies of his people; he erected a gibbet, and threatened to hang up a poor shoemaker because he had blundered in making some belts; and, on another occasion, he condemned, to hard labour, a smith, for having improperly fixed the sight of a cannon.

A deep laid conspiracy against the power of the dictator, which had been secretly organized for nearly two years, was destroyed in the bud by an accidental disclosure. The effect it produced on his mind was terrible. He became difficult of access, and saw in all who sought his presence traitors and conspirators. His horse taking fright one day at an old cask, he arrested the master of the house before which it was standing. Being informed that it was the intention of the conspirators to assassinate him in the streets, which, from their narrowness and gloom, would have greatly facilitated the enterprise, he conceived the project of destroying the city, a measure which he shortly after executed. Meanwhile, the unfortunate conspirators were exposed to the unmitigated barbarity and relentless cruelty of the exasperated Francia; they were compelled to go through a strict examination, and if the questions that were put to the wretched prisoner were not satisfactorily answered, he was transferred to the place of torture, barbarously named the Chamber of Truth, where the victim was scourged till pain had elicited from him the wished-for replies; led out to the place of execution, they were shot in groups of four and five, and died with a courage worthy of a happier destiny, several of them in the agonies of death exclaiming, "*Viva la patria.*"

"*Et dulcis moriens remeniscitur Argos.*"

This system of despotic cruelty wrought an extraordinary change in the character of the Paraguayans. Fear, suspicion, and mistrust, gave place to their former frankness and gaiety of character; their tertulias were deserted; the guitar hung silent on the walls of their desolate dwellings; the alameda no longer resounded with lively sallies of the dark eyed daughters of the land. When once an individual fell into disgrace, his whole family was involved in his ruin. The system of terror which reigned in the capital was practised with tenfold severity in the provinces. To counteract, in some degree, the unpopular effects of the system, Francia declared, as an atonement to the feelings of the natives, a crusade against the Old Spaniards. Accordingly, in June, 1821, he gave orders that all the Spaniards resident in Assumption should assemble at the government-house within three hours. These wretched beings, to the number of 300, were then conducted to prison, where

they were confined by fifties, in rooms which had but one general door and one window for them all. The reasons alleged for this arbitrary treatment was, that they had sought to obstruct the march of the government—an accusation than which nothing could be more unfounded. They were, after an incarceration of some time, finally liberated, on condition of paying, within three days, 150,000 Spanish dollars. Francia's object was to ruin the Spanish families, who had always formed the most influential class of society. The Paraguayans, with a generosity that did them honour, forgot their national antipathies, and rendered them all the aid in their power, in defiance of the indignation of the dictator.

During the progress of the unrelenting cruelty of Francia, foreigners were the only persons to whom he extended the slightest indulgence. Of this class there were about forty persons, the major part consisting of merchants, attracted there by the prospects of commercial gain. There was, however, one among them in whose fate the whole scientific world cannot but feel deeply interested—the traveller Bonpland, the friend and companion of the celebrated Humboldt. Bonpland had formed an establishment in the ruined missions of Entre Rios, to prepare the Yerva Maté. This gave great umbrage to Francia, who, under the pretext that it was injurious to the trade of his dominions, sent a troop of soldiers, who, after massacring a party of Indians, inflicted a sabre wound on Bonpland, plundered his property, and, without regard to his sufferings, loaded him with chains, and conducted him to Santa Maria, on the left bank of the Parana. Francia, on being apprised of the treatment he had received, ordered his irons to be removed, his property to be restored, and assigned him a residence in a place called the Cerrito, between Santa Maria and Santa Rosa. Here he resided till the moment of his release from his long captivity, devoting himself to agriculture, beloved and respected by the inhabitants of the district, to whom, from his general knowledge and medical skill, he has proved himself a benefactor. But separated as he was from all the objects of his affections, often in want of the commonest necessities of life, unable to pursue his favourite studies, his situation was truly lamentable. The more interest that was exerted for his liberation, the more Francia rejoiced in having him in his power. Having received a letter from our consul at Buenos Ayres demanding his liberation, he merely changed the envelope of the letter and returned it, addressed, simply, to "Parish, English Consul at Buenos Ayres." Through the interference of the Ex-Emperor Don Pedro did this celebrated traveller at last obtain his liberation; and Europe looks forward with impatience to his arrival, for enlarged information on the natural history of Paraguay, and on the character and views of its singular ruler.

Francia now determined to execute a project that had been long slumbering in his mind—this was nothing less than the total destruction of the city of Assumption, with the view of rebuilding it on a more improved plan. In the accomplishment of this project the dictator presided in person, tracing with his own hand the plan of the new elevations. All the houses that stood in the way of the new streets were raised; still so many difficulties presented themselves in the way of the work, that its operation was but gradual. After a lapse of four years, the capital presented the aspect of a city that had suffered a long siege. Yet so despotic was his authority, that he experienced no difficulty in



completing the work. All classes were obliged to labour on this grand operation; and a city at last rose upon the ruins of the old one, more beautiful and salubrious than the one it had replaced, and worthy, in every respect, of becoming at some future period the capital of a mighty republic, founded by the hand of a tyrant.

Thus finding himself unopposed from any quarter, a change came over his tyrannical spirit, and a gleam of sunshine broke on the horizon of his oppressed country. The death of his favourite secretary, by suicide, sensibly affected him, and in some degree wrought a favourable change on his mind. But however softened might have become his general severity, an excess of his constitutional malady every now and then awoke new terrors. In one of his fits, he ordered the centinel on guard to shoot any one who should fix his eyes upon the house he inhabited. "If you miss," said he, in giving this ruthless order, "I shall not miss you," presenting at the astonished sentinel a loaded fire-lock. This order spread consternation through the city; and those who were obliged to pass his residence, walked with their eyes fixed on the ground.

Imagination can scarcely conceive the horrors of the prisons of Assumption at this period. In these abodes of human wretchedness were seen mingled in one undistinguished mass, Indians and mulattoes, blacks and whites—no distinction of rank, no gradation of crime was observed. The condemned and the accused, the bandit and the patriot, the debtor and the murderer, were all linked together in the same fetters. The female prisoners were separated from the others by a slight railing—and here the picture assumes, if possible, a darker shade. Young women of rank, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, were associated with the most abandoned females of the capital, exposed to the insults of the other sex, and loaded with irons as well as the men; even pregnancy brought no mitigation to the horrors of their situation. But comparatively happy was the fate of these miserable beings to that of the *state prisoners*, the especial objects of the dictator's hate. The limits of this paper do not admit of our giving a general idea of the present government of Paraguay, and of the machinery of its organization, contenting ourselves with observing, that the police, of which the system of passports forms the most marked feature, is perhaps the most perfect of its kind in the world—one from which the celebrated Fouché might have taken a lesson. We shall finish our portrait of this extraordinary man, by rapidly presenting to the reader the most striking details of his private life, accompanied by a few singular traits of feeling and character.

Francia occupies one of the largest edifices in Assumption, erected by the jesuits a short time previous to their expulsion. This structure he repaired and embellished, and detached it from the surrounding houses. Here he lives in complete solitude, with four slaves—a negro, one male and two female mulattoes—whom he treats with great mildness. The dawn of day rarely finds him on his couch. As soon as he rises the negro brings him a chafing dish, and an earthen pitcher of water, which is heated in his presence; he then prepares with his own hand the *matté*; after which he walks in a gallery, smoking a *segar*, taking the precaution to previously unroll it, lest it might contain something deleterious—a precaution he does not neglect, even though the *segar* should be manufactured by the hands of his own sister. At six o'clock the barber



arrives—a dirty, ragged, drunken mulatto, with whom, if the dictator is in a good humour, he loves to chat. When the operation of shaving is over, Francia, dressed in a robe de chambre, shews himself in the outer gallery that surrounds the edifice, and gives audience to the various functionaries. At seven he retires again to his cabinet, where he remains till nine. From eleven to twelve he is occupied in dictating to his secretary, at which time all the officers retire, when he sits down to a frugal dinner, which he always makes a point of ordering himself. When the cook returns from the market, she places at her master's door all she has purchased, who selects what he wishes for his own use. After dinner he takes his siesta, drinks matté, and smokes; he is then engaged until four in the afternoon, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives; while the horse is saddling the barber dresses his hair; he then visits the public works. In these excursions, although surrounded by a strong escort, he is armed not only with a sabre, but also a double-barrelled pair of pistols. Returning about dusk, he employs himself in study until nine o'clock, when he takes a light supper, and, if the weather is fine, he again promenades in the outer gallery. At ten he generally gives the countersign, and, retiring, barricades with his own hand every door in the house.

During several months in the year he takes up his residence in the cavalry barracks, varying occasionally his monotonous existence with the pleasures of the chase. Arms are always placed within his reach—pistols and naked swords are seen in every corner of his apartment. When any one is admitted to an audience, he must not approach within a certain distance until motioned by him to advance. The arms must then be extended along the body, and the hands open and hanging down. None of his officers must enter his presence armed. Reugger mentions, that, in his first audience, being ignorant of this custom, he omitted carrying his arms in the prescribed form, which drew from the dictator the question, "If he intended drawing a dagger from his pocket?" On another occasion he asked him, "If through his skill in anatomy he could discover if the people of Paraguay had an extra bone in the neck, which prevented them holding their heads erect and speaking loud?" In conversation the dictator always aims at intimidation; if, however, his first attack is sustained with firmness, his manner insensibly softens, and he converses with the greatest affability. It is on these occasions that his great talents develop themselves; his mind grasps with facility every variety of topic, and displays an extent of knowledge very astonishing for one who has never moved beyond the confines of Paraguay. Above the prejudices of his countrymen, he frequently makes them a subject of pleasantry, and launches furious diatribes against the priests. "You see" said he to M. Reugger, "the tendency of these priests and their religion; it is to make mankind worship a devil instead of God." Still, at the commencement of his career, he regularly heard mass, but in the year 1820, he dismissed his chaplain, and since that year he has evinced the most marked contempt for the established religion. To a military officer, who asked him for the image of a saint to put in a newly constructed fortress, he answered—"O, people of Paraguay, how long will you remain idiots! When I was a Catholic I thought as you do; but now, I know that the best saints you can have on the frontiers are cannon balls."

When the dictator is attacked by an excess of hypochondria, he

retires for several days from public affairs, shuts himself up, or vents his ill humour on all around him. In such seasons arrests are frequent, punishments severe, and human life, in his estimation, a thing of no importance. The temperature is observed to exercise a great influence on his disposition; during the prevalence of the sirocco winds his attacks are more frequent; while, on the contrary, during a south-west wind, which is dry and bracing, Francia is in high spirits, and sings and chats in the most cheerful manner with every body around him. But none are all evil. Wayward as may be his temper, it is redeemed by some fine qualities—generous and disinterested to a fault, he is as lavish of his private purse, as careful of the public treasure. His elevation to the supreme power has in no way improved his private fortune; he has never accepted a present, and his salary is always considerably in arrear. Neither is gratitude a stranger to his bosom—having learnt that the son of a family with whom in his youth he had been on terms of intimacy at Cordova, was at that time in Assumption in great distress, he relieved his wants, and appointed him his secretary. But in the exercise of his authority he acknowledges no tie. At the period of the revolution he removed two of his nephews from their military commands, lest they should presume on their connection. Even his sister, the only being for whom he appeared to have any attachment, was removed from the management of his estancia, merely because she had employed an agent of the police to chastise a runaway slave.

Jealous to excess of his authority, seeking no confidence, winning no sympathy, isolated like the country he governs, should the fate reserved for all tyrants finally overtake him, Francia will fall as he has lived—nobly, and alone.

In contemplating the career of this wonderful man, we are struck with the power of a single mind in overcoming obstacles when inflexibly applied to the pursuit of a single object. Francia presents the singular spectacle of a man who, invested with sovereign power, lives without any of the pomp and circumstance of his elevated station, and poor, with the whole revenues of the country at his command. Struck with the anarchy of the neighbouring states, which his sagacious mind traced to its right cause—their infant political education—he sought, by isolation, to preserve his countrymen from a similar fate. With this view, in imitation of the Athenian legislator, his elements of reform were terror and violence; but then his object was to reform the morals of his people, to eradicate their besotted prejudices, to elevate them in the scale of civilized man. Let us pause ere we sweepingly condemn his character. Let us recollect that, if he has destroyed foreign commerce, he has promoted agriculture, constructed roads, rebuilt the capital, created an army, subdued the Indians, secured respect from abroad, tranquillity at home. By his tyranny he has prepared his fellow-citizens for future independence; thus making his principle of action that of his predecessors the jesuits—“*The end justifies the means.*”

## OYSTER-DAY IN LONDON.

BY A NATIVE.

It is, it is, it is our *opening* day.—JOANNA BAILLIE.Open! open!—*Shelley*.

THE anniversaries of great events are fruitful subjects for the employment of the pen. It would be curious to see a collection of all the histories, narratives, accounts, tales, anecdotes, and inventions, besides poems, odes, lyrics, stanzas, sonnets, and epigrams, which have been written in commemoration of the important victory of Waterloo. No one possessing these, would have to complain of the insignificance of his library. A poet of the last century commenced an epic on the annual opening of parliament. It is no mean subject that embraces the interests of a mighty kingdom; but a humbler theme is better suited to my capacity—the annual opening of oysters! It is in an oyster, as will be seen by my story, that my reminiscences of the year 1831 are centred. The Reform Bill affected me not—the cholera passed by me as the idle wind—the other gigantic events of the twelvemonth are diminished to dwarfs in my estimation—but the “fourth of August” is an epoch in my life.

The ancients were much more alive to the merits of this, the most valuable of the shelly tribe, than we are. The immortal Tully did not deem it unworthy of his pen. In his correspondence he speaks in the most rapturous terms of the oyster-eating at his marine villa at Baiæ, and dwells with peculiar satisfaction on those of the Lucrine lake, which he scruples not to affirm were neither equalled, nor ever could be, by any in the world. Cicero spoke of them “like a native.” Milton has left nothing but his name in favour of them—but that is much. The Italian poet, Sannazarius, has likewise employed his talents on this subject. In one of his odes, he introduces a spirited eulogium on the oysters of Cape Misenum; and, doubtless, they deserved it. He dwells in such glowing terms on their general excellence, dilates on their size, and lingers over their delicacy and flavour; in fact, his remarks are in such excellent taste, that it is quite impossible to read them aloud—one’s mouth waters so.

I have often warmed with the subject myself, and have studied attentively all that has ever been written on oysters, from the days of Cicero and Heliogabalus down to those of Dr. Kitchiner and Bishop Sprat. My conclusion is, that, notwithstanding the merits of former writers, much more remains to be said. The reputation, however, likely to accrue to the historian of oysters, I fear is not reserved for me. I made the attempt; but whether—being an exceedingly nervous and timid individual—the importance of the subject confounded me, or that I was bewildered by my voluminous references, I have hardly patience to inquire; but when I courted ideas upon the subject, none would flow. I conjured the genius of my pen; it was as insensible to my call as though laid in the Red Sea. All day did I suffer from this disappointment, until, as the evening drew on, I was worked into a state of extreme nervous excitement. As I looked round my apartment in the twilight, every thing seemed distorted or changed. My pen seemed to be a bunch of sea-weed; my inkstand, an oyster-shell; my tea-tray, a tub of natives. The very atmosphere of my room appeared saline; a coppery taste was in my



mouth; and, as I cast my eyes around, I beheld certain devils, in blue mother-o'-pearl, threatening me with most malignant aspect, and all armed with oyster-knives! It was too much. I rushed from the house, loathing oysters, and every thing pertaining to them.

To a man in such a frame of mind, every shadow seems a spectre; the slightest inconvenience is magnified by his morbid senses into real misfortune; and it will not, therefore, seem surprising that the circumstances which appear so trivial to one of calmer temperament, are, to his excited imagination, as unendurable calamities. Such was the state of my mind, as I seized my hat and umbrella, and sought, in the bustle of the open street, a relief from the extraordinary oppression under which I laboured.

I had proceeded some few hundred yards, striding along, as though anxious to escape from myself, when my career was checked as suddenly, as though an apparition had stood before me. It was nothing less than an immense oyster-shell thrust in my path by a squalid urchin, who enforced the appeal by screaming, "Please to remember the grotto, sir—only once a year." Had the bottomless pit opened before me, my feelings would not have undergone a greater revulsion than at the sight of that abhorred sign. My first idea was to escape; but the intensity of my repugnance made me ashamed of myself; and snatching a half-penny from my pocket, I threw it from me with all the vehemence of disgust; and had the satisfaction of witnessing a scramble, and a fight—in the confusion of which the grotto was entirely demolished. Had I been of a malicious turn, this would have been a prodigious comfort to me; as it was, I cannot say it was disagreeable to see that fortune, in persecuting me, had not been a whit less scurvy to my tormentors. Feeling as I then did, I could not have selected an evening more *mal-à-propos* for my perambulation. It was the 4th of August; and every street, lane, and alley was crowded with these insignia of my aversion—I may almost say, at that moment, horror. To retreat to my chamber would be to encounter solitary misery. Mustering, therefore, my stock of halfpence with all the resolution I was master of, I pursued my route, and sought to regain my equanimity by calling on a friend. I strode on, scattering halfpence and dissension in my path, and demolished more grottos, by such insidious means, than Oliver Cromwell did castles, until my coin and patience were alike exhausted. I was now like one in a state of siege, without a grain of ammunition. Fresh persecutors started from every corner. In vain I endeavoured to escape, by rapidity and length of stride; there was one pertinacious urchin, with red hair and brimless hat, who dogged me like a familiar. At every turn, he was at my heels; and whichever way I looked, there was his eternal oyster-shell. Eagerly I sought my pockets over for a copper talisman that would rid me of this pest; and fortunately I found a solitary piece of coin, snugly intrenched in one corner. Never did I bestow a trifle with such satisfaction; when, just as the dusky palm of the raggamuffin was clutching his prize, I discovered, by the silvery hue of my donation, that I had given him, not a half-penny, but a half-crown. He dived down an alley before I could recover my breath; and if an irreverend exclamation arose on my lips, I hope it will be pardoned, when I say that the description of coin was, at that moment, particularly scarce with me: in fact, it was the last specimen I possessed. My mortification is not to be "described"—so I must leave it to be "conceived."



In a moment I was surrounded by half the vagabond boys of the parish, who had witnessed this apparently princely munificence. A thousand obtruders of oyster-shells flitted like apparitions before my sight; and a yell arose on my ears, like a chorus of infernal spirits. In every key and variety that the demon of discord could invent, was shouted and shrieked the cry of, "Remember the grotto!" There was no need of such urgent appeal to remembrance. Eager to free myself, and to escape, I snatched the fur cap from the head of the foremost urchin, and hurled it vehemently into the middle of the street. Alas! by the same action I threw from me a new pair of kid gloves, which I had taken off the moment before to search for the halfpenny; and, at the same time, dropped my umbrella into the mire! The shriek of delight, sent forth from that pigmy, though demoniacal multitude, would have startled a stoic. One scampered off with my gloves; another pounced on my umbrella, which I fortunately rescued; and the rest amused themselves by hooting and shouting the most diabolical chorus that ear was ever regaled with. In a sort of phrenzy, I made my way through the crowd, and sought refuge at the first house of public entertainment that presented its invitingly open door. I threw myself into one of the boxes, in a back-room or parlour up a short flight of stairs, and covering my face with my handkerchief, endeavoured to collect my scattered senses.

Many, in reviewing this succession of miseries of the minor kind, will smile in contempt at what they may consider the absurdity of allowing trifles to discompose me to the effect I have described; but those who cannot sympathize with my feelings under such circumstances, can form no idea of the sensations of a nervous man. He can never have fancied himself a tea-pot, as I have; and, placing one arm a-kimbo for the handle, thrust the other forward as the spout. He could never have believed himself a pane of glass, and shut himself up for fear of being broken; or a big black mouse, and ordered all the feline inhabitants of the house to be destroyed, for fear of being devoured! But, as I said, it was some few minutes before I could compose myself. The shout of the urchins still rung in my ears; their oyster-shells still glittered before my eyes: but the impression was becoming fainter, when, casting my eyes from their concealment, I ventured to look around. If I had ever believed in the diabolical agency of the great enemy of mankind in individual affairs, at that moment I think my belief would have been justified. The first glance told me I had taken refuge in an oyster-shop! During my momentary aberration, the cloth had been laid; knife, fork, plate, bread and butter, were before me; and within a foot of me stood a fiend, with an oyster-knife, and a tub of natives! A fit of loathing came over me; my stomach—I might almost say my head—"turned" at the sight. Instantly, resuming my former attitude, I motioned to the person to be gone; and, by the same movement, swept the cloth, with all its accompaniments, on the floor. This burst in some degree restored me. I was like a person in a trance—aware of my situation, without the power of assisting myself. I was sensible of the apparent absurdity of my conduct, without the power of controlling my feelings. I summoned reason to my aid; and my efforts towards returning sanity were materially assisted by the recollection of certain damage to be answered for with very uncertain means. My thoughts were thus recalled into another, though not a whit more agreeable channel, until my reverie on the subject of settlement was interrupted by the entrance of one or two indivi-

duals, who began to inquire eagerly about the quality and price of the commodity of which they came in search. The appearance of one interested me. The expression of his countenance was mild and amiable, with a certain quickness and intelligence in his eye. He wore powder, and was extremely well dressed. The master of the shop attended upon him, and addressed him as an old customer, at the same time honouring him with the title of "Doctor." The doctor spoke to him in the language of patronage. He inquired into the appearance of business, the state of the market—and then entered into a dissertation on the introduction of oysters, as an article of food—the method of rearing and fattening—the various sorts—their peculiarities—and their different modes of preparation for the table. I wished I had met him in the morning—he would have saved me a world of anxiety and pain. My old idea of becoming the Hume and Smollett of oysters began to return. My disgust began sensibly to subside. I thought I had been hasty, and wished of all things to make the doctor's acquaintance.—"Mr. Crackclaw," said he, "I believe this is the fifth fourth of August that I have eaten oysters at your house; and I must say, nowhere do I eat them in such perfection." Mr. Crackclaw bowed, and begged to know to what he could have the honour of serving him, at the same time hinting that the doctor looked fatigued.—"Why, we have had some heavy business before us to-day," returned the dignitary: "I have presided at the meeting of our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Some atrocious cases—one particularly barbarous: a monster of a butcher was convicted in the fact of—would you believe it?—of slaughtering lambs in the presence of each other! Conceive, in a humane and civilized country, anything so barbarous! The poor victims were proved to have actually trembled with horror at the sight of the frightful operation on their companions, and to have offered the most violent resistance as each was dragged forth in its turn. I think I never heard a more wanton and aggravated case. The fellow had a good deal to say—not a word of which, of course, could we pay attention to. In consideration of his having a character for industry, honesty, and for supporting a wife and sixteen children creditably, I was satisfied with his being sent for two months only to the tread-mill!"—"Very kind of you, sir, to take care of poor dumb animals," said the master of the shop.—"In the cause of humanity, Mr. Crackclaw," said this benevolent and sensitive gentleman, "I consider nothing too great a sacrifice. Put me down a couple of dozen of your finest fish between the bars to roast." The order was quickly executed; and the hissing and spirting of these victims of humanity were magnified in my mind into shrieks and groans.—"Bless me!" quoth the doctor, "those are fine, lively fish, indeed! Some prefer stewing their oysters; in which case, Mr. Crackclaw, never allow your liquor to boil; and ever while you live, beard your fish."—"Beard your grandmother!" cried a voice at his elbow, proceeding from a tall, thin personage, with a mouth like an half-open oyster, who had just before entered, and seated himself in the next box. The doctor had not time to resent, or even express surprise at, this unceremonious remark; for the gentleman, without the slightest apology or hesitation, proceeded.—"Give me oysters in *puris naturalibus*, as we say at Cambridge; none of your stews, or roasts, or kickshaws; and as to bearding them, that be —! Here, Crackclaw, send me up three dozen for a whet, and some bread and butter."

An altercation now ensued between the humane and Howard-like roaster of oysters, and the more savage and cannibal-like admirer of them in *puris naturalibus*, that, in point of noise, rivalled the vociferations of my juvenile street-persecutors, from whom I had so recently escaped. I forget the name of the traveller who expresses himself disappointed with the Falls of Niagara, and asserts, "that you cannot see anything for the noise." But I can very easily understand what he means; for, in the midst of the asseverations and contradictions, that seemed to me the ravings of two persons afflicted with oyster-phobia, a dimness came over my eyes, and rendered the orators as invisible to me as their arguments were to each other. In my confusion, not knowing what I did, I swallowed a dozen of the unfortunate fish, with some accompanying delicacies, which, in my delirium, I suppose I must have called for. Immediately after, whether lulled by the perfect stillness which ensued upon the retreat of one of the disputants, whose appetite and arguments I presume came to an end together, I know not; but a sweet sleep stole over me. I say sweet, because the word is poetical; but my repose was much of the same nature as that of an alderman after a November feast. Visions of the preceding bliss float before his senses. By some ingenious process, his corpulent dame appears to him like "green fat;" his two daughters, as "calipash and calipee;" and the cranium of his hopeful son, as the empty shell!

It is natural to suppose that the subject with which the imagination has been most excited during our waking hours, should resume its influence during our slumber. Objects, by this means, not unfrequently become ludicrously distorted, and mixed up with each other into a heterogeneous compound, each particle perfectly distinct in itself—but forming a whole perfectly indefinable. Sometimes, however, there is method in such madness—as there was in my case. Reclining against the corner of the box, apparently insensible to objects around, my imagination transported me to an oyster-bed by the sea-shore, where, being wearied, I laid myself down to repose. My pillow was a huge bunch of sea-weed; but finding, somehow or other, that the *bed* I had chosen was not one of roses, I endeavoured to change sides; when what was my dismay, to find myself jammed in an immense oyster-shell! The idea, however, of size or proportion was entirely lost to me. I could neither move nor speak; but laid there, as it seemed, flat on my back in my pearly dungeon. My thoughts at that time I cannot precisely define: self-preservation was uppermost. The return of the tide I knew would overwhelm me, unless I partook of the nature of an oyster, which I could hardly promise myself. Escape, and the means of making my situation known, were denied me. The "ancient Pistol," I think, exclaims, "Why, then, the world's mine oyster!" But my condition, at that moment, was exactly the reverse of his: an oyster was my world—my place of banishment for life; a sort of supernatural Court of Chancery, where, being once in, the idea of getting out seemed perfectly romantic.

In this situation I remained, as it seemed to me, for many hours; when, to my great relief, I heard the sound of human voices. I found it proceeded from a party of oyster-eaters, who had sought the bed whereon I lay, for the purpose, as they supposed, of enjoying their favourite food in greater perfection. Instantly my hopes of relief were drowned in the horrible idea that I might be selected, and immolated on the altar of their barbarous appetites. They seemed to approach the



very spot which I occupied—and then I plainly distinguished the voice of the doctor. Never did the practice of eating oysters appear to me in so barbarous a light. Already, in imagination, I felt the murderous knife entering my side ; and my very blood ran *warm* with the idea of the sympathetic doctor taking me home, and thrusting my head between the bars of his grate, or sousing me in scalding butter, having first taken off my beard.

I was not long allowed to indulge in these fantasies—for the dreadful reality approached me. I was soon espied by the keen eye of the oyster-roaster ; and I suddenly felt myself jerked from the bed. An ejaculation of delight escaped him as he called for the knife. Terror superseded every other faculty—as I found his murderous jaws already open to receive me. Speech and movement were alike denied me, and with a gasping sensation of horror, I heard the knife grate against the edge of my shell. In another instant I should feel it in my throat ; and, in that moment of mental agony, I groaned aloud. The doctor instantly let me fall. Encased in my armour of proof, I sustained no damage ; and immediately there arose a sudden exclamation of surprise from all around. A disputation was held as to the best means of opening me without injury from the knife ; and I was handed about for their inspection. I breathed again. The amiable doctor suggested, with his usual benevolence, that I should be placed alive in an iron stew-pan, and held over a fierce charcoal fire, which he affirmed would certainly make me open my shell. I thought of the bull of Phalaris ; and cordially wished this advocate for humanity might be obliged to prove his infernal scheme in his own person. Another worthy man proposed the quicker method of suffocating me in steams of sulphur ; and, in short, each in his turn seemed to exert his most deadly ingenuity for my preservation. At length, I heard a loud, confident voice, expressing a certainty of accomplishing the object by a peculiar mode, known only to himself. It sounded to me much after the manner of a “quack,” when he is allowed his kill-or-cure practice, after the retirement of the “regular men.” I soon began to feel the effects of this gentleman’s secret system. A burning sensation shot through my frame—a strange noise sounded in my ears. It seemed as though a certain powerful friction was in process on my outer shell. An inconceivable alarm took possession of me. I fancied some hellish contrivance to murder me. Insensibly, my shell grew thinner and thinner. The process seemed to be carried on with a vigour truly marvellous, and a new danger began to threaten me. It seemed that, as the grinding was proceeding with more pertinacity than judgment, I stood a chance of being crushed in my shell. It now became as thin as a wafer ; my heart was in my mouth ; I felt like one who was only escaping from a burning house to be smothered by its falling walls. Objects became now almost visible ; when, seizing a momentary cessation in the process, with an incredible effort I burst my shell and my spell together, and found myself seated in the identical box at the oyster-shop, with my arms extended, like an escaped maniac. Beside me was the doctor, discoursing with some persons around on the singularity of an oyster he had just met with ; and (*hinc illæ lachrymæ*) who should be seated opposite—gazing at me with a look, as I thought, expressive of a wish to try an experiment on me—but Mr. St. John Long himself!



## AN ATTACK UPON THE CLUBS!

What a damned Epicurean rascal is this !—SHAKSPEARE.

The greatest part of these men are such as prefer their own private good before all things—even that good which is sensual, before whatsoever is most divine.—HOOKER.

THESE fashionable clubs, springing up, like poisonous toadstools, from the rank soil of luxury, idleness, and sensuality, until they darken the whole metropolis with their pestiferous shade, constitute a positive nuisance, that "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Not only do I deny their utility, both abstractedly and relatively, but I maintain them to be fraught with all sorts of mischief. In a state of semi-civilization and partial knowledge, where the surface of society is broken up into incongruous masses, men of refined manners and cultivated minds may excusably secure themselves, by the companionship of clubs, against the annoyances of vulgarity and ignorance: but in the present state of the metropolis, when education and polished demeanour are so generally diffused, that no person, moving in decent circles, is likely to sit down at table with idiots and blackguards, there can be no valid reason for pushing the system of luxury and exclusiveness—always the besetting sin of the English—to that degree of proud and sullen absurdity by which it is now characterized. What is the ostensible ground for establishing these lay, and much worse than monkish, convents?—Sociableness. Frivolous and false pretext! Nothing on earth can be so pointedly, so thoroughly, so unequivocally unsocial. An enlightened individual, fond of intelligent society, and anxious that his symposium may combine "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," will invite to it as great a variety of talent as he can command, selecting his company from the different professions, from men of literature, from one or other of the legislative bodies, from the court, the camp, the city; in order that the conversation may be varied, lively, and delightful, and that each individual, acquiring while he contributes knowledge, may at least have a chance of learning from his neighbour something with which he was previously unacquainted. Who that has mingled in the world—who that has tasted the "*noctes cœnas que divûm*"—has not felt the ineffable charm resulting from this collision of differently-stored minds? Who has not found that intellectual honey, like that of the bee's, is always the sweetest when it is gathered from many flowers of varying growth, odour, and character?

In proportion as this principle is good, must that upon which our clubs are formed be bad; for it is diametrically opposite. We have military, naval, literary, law, theatrical, travellers', and half a score more, fundamentally exclusive, and confined to a particular class; the manifest tendency of all which is to divide society as much as possible into *castes*, not by any means dissimilar from those of the Hindoos, and not by any means unlikely to terminate in an analogous, though less-marked sluggishness of mind, and inaptitude for social advancement. Corporations and companies, established in the first instance for the protection of particular trades and callings, are intelligible in their origin, although they may have degenerated into styes of swinish gormandizing; but what shall be said to professional clubs, which, never having been able to adduce any basis of utility, begin where the others have ended—with

this notable exception—that they do not appropriate one pound, one shilling—nay, not one farthing of their surplus revenues to charitable purposes? When, in our rides and drives around London, we behold the numerous and munificent endowments of the City-companies for the support of the poor and aged, we willingly overlook the waste and was-sailing in the hall: but what benevolent foundations—what doles to the poor—what assistance to any one portion of the whole human race, except French cooks and pampered menials, emanate from the palaces of club-gluttony at the west end of the town; or what single good of any sort can be urged, as a set-off against their manifest and manifold evils? I pause for a reply.

Would the individual who refused to associate with any but the partners of his own establishment, or the brethren of his own guild, be deemed a polite companionable person—or a shy, sullen, reserved, unamiable churl? Certainly the latter; and as a modern professional or exclusive club is but a collection of such individuals, it must of course deserve a similar character. Its union of one class is a separation from all others; the junction of its members is a dismemberment from the general body of citizens; it is dissocial in its very association. It is a cabal, a caste, a *clique*, a coterie, a junto, a conspiracy, a knot, a pack, a tiche, a gang; any thing, in short, that is close, sullen, selfish, disjunctive, and inhospitable: but if there be in such narrow fellowship, any single element of sociability, why then the monks who planted their convents in the desert of the Thebaid, were sociable beings, and useful members of society. Goldsmith very properly condemns the man of talent,

—————“ who narrowed his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.”

But as a profession is still narrower than a party, so is it still more culpable to withdraw from our fellow-creatures, in order to sequester with so paltry a band. There may be an *esprit de corps* in such herding; but there is no spirit of philanthropy—no spirit of humanism. He who sympathizes with the community at large, rather than with a particular class, must surely be the most valuable member of society—the most useful subject—the best-informed and pleasantest companion—the most in accordance with the general spirit of the age, which points with a steady and resolute hand at the abolition of all invidious distinctions and classifications; whereas these hateful clubs tend to perpetuate separations, and to establish the most odious and contemptible of all aristocracies—that of the purse and of the stomach. Degradation of head and heart must be the inevitable result of this gastronomical mockery. The *esprit de corps* or corporate attachment that it produces, is not so much the love of one body of men, as the hatred of all others. What collision, what comparison, what enlargement of mind can be expected from the intercourse of persons, all of whom have been similarly educated, and from their youth upwards have been devoted to the same pursuit? If the constant inter-communion of those “whose talk is of bullocks” stamps them with a character of indelible rusticity; if the vulgarisms, confined to the narrow civic circle, wear a notorious brand of cockneyism, how can we expect that a convent of fellow-professors shall escape without a congenial stigma of shallow pedantry, technicality, and clubbism? No—they will only confirm one another in all the little paltry prejudices and peculiarities; there will be no beneficial friction with the world at large to rub off the angles and asperities of character; and as

the bachelor becomes odd, old-fashioned, and churlish, for want of the polishing influences of female society, so will the seclusion from general male companionship entail similar vices upon the professional clubbist. So much for his chances of mental improvement!

And will his heart fare any better than his head? Let us see. It is flagrant that a corporation, or company of any sort, is always ten times more narrow-minded and illiberal than an individual. That which a member, in his personal capacity, would blush to propose, he scruples not to advocate on behalf of his guild. In this respect, corporate morality is about as pure as state policy; names and numbers are presumed to sanction every thing; but can any one become an agent in such dirty work without eventual contamination? Can the individual lend himself to the little cabals, intrigues, and sordid interests of the club, without distorting his own views of right and wrong, and becoming personally, as well as corporately, selfish. A regular clubbist, if he have a friend low down upon the list for admission, will not hesitate, as I am credibly informed, to black-ball all those above him, however unobjectionable, or even unknown, in order to give precedence and immediate election to the favoured party. Is it honourable, is it honest, thus to fix an unmerited stigma upon strangers, from a motive which, however it may be disguised under the veil of friendship, cannot be termed other than corrupt? It may be club-law, and common law—but it ought not to be the law of gentlemen. These, and the thousand other tortuous finesses and manœuvrings, which the member is accustomed to practise, either for the interest of himself or his brotherhood—together with the gossiping, whispering, and backbiting to which such a system must inevitably give rise—can hardly exercise any very beneficial influence upon the heart of the participants.

“But what say you,” methinks I hear the reader exclaim, “to the great social advantage to be derived from these assemblages?” I say there is no such advantage—none whatever. If a man can enrol himself in a club of twelve or fifteen hundred members for the sake of society, he may, with as good a chance of succeeding in that object, enlist in the army. No individual pretends to an acquaintance with the whole mob of his ballotted brethren, nor with a half, nor even with a tithe. He knows, or desires to see, but a few; and these few, dining at various hours or different tables, and frequenting the club on uncertain days, he can only hope to meet by some rare and fortunate coincidence. But even if he knew them all, so far as the professional and exclusive clubs are concerned (and they are all, more or less, so), his chances of pleasant companionship would only be diminished by the enlargement of his acquaintance; not because the *bores* of all sorts, who stand no chance of invitations in general society, invariably take refuge by whole droves in the different clubs—but that, by the very constitution of every such guild, its brethren must necessarily be centrifugal, rather than centripetal. If faith be due to the vulgar adage, that two of a trade can never agree, the dictum must be equally true of a thousand more, especially when thus thrown together to compare in their own minds their respective merits and advancement in their common profession. The success of the few can only have been obtained at the expense of the many; and the rivalry and envy, the heartburning and bitterness, which might have slumbered in the absence of the objects by which those feelings have been provoked, are here awakened and inflamed by their perpetual pre-



sence. It is unnecessary, however, to multiply reasons for the unsociableness of these associations, when the fact is susceptible of ocular demonstration. Let the reader cast a passing glance at any of the clubs, about the hour of dinner. He will see a very handsome hotel, and, at various separate tables, he will behold solitary feeders, or small detached parties, discussing their viands and their wines with a becoming gravity and earnestness; but he will find little companionship, little conversation, little intellectual hilarity, or none that might not have been enjoyed just as well, though not perhaps so cheaply, at a tavern. We are speaking of sociableness—not of economy. I admit the latter, but I deny the former.

If the division of the male community into grades and classes be a confessed evil, what shall we say to the wide separation of the sexes which this club-mania is daily and rapidly effecting. As this is unquestionably the most mischievous and monstrous evil of the whole system, I have reserved its exposure for the last. It will be admitted that man and woman were meant for one another, collectively as well as separately. Socially speaking, they are as naturally married to each other, in the aggregate, as are the individual husband and wife; and “whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.” The beneficial, the civilizing influences, which the sexes mutually impart and receive in society, are best to be appreciated by the deep and instant degradation which Nature, who never suffers her laws to be violated with impunity, has invariably entailed upon their disjunction. For evidence of this fact, it will be only necessary to refer to the monasteries and convents. In the society of man, the softer sex, discarding some portion of its frivolity and inherent weakness, acquires mental corroboration, and is imperceptibly imbued with the best and finest emanations of masculine character. In female society, the lord of the creation, losing the ruggedness, arrogance, and licentious coarseness of his nature, becomes softened, courteous, and refined, chastening himself with feminine graces, while he loses not a fraction of his proper manliness and dignity. Polish is the result of collision, both morally and physically; and man’s iron nature is not injured, or unduly nullified, but made more useful and attractive, by coming in contact with the magnet of beauty. Acting at once as a stimulant and a restraint, the social intercourse of the two sexes draws forth and invigorates all the purifying, exalting, and delightful qualities of our common nature; while it tends to suppress, and, not seldom, to eradicate those of an opposite character. From this unrestricted communion flow the graces, the affections, the charms, the sanctities, the charities of life; and as benignant Nature ever blesses the individual who contributes to the advancement of his species, from the same source is derived our purest, most exquisite, and most enduring happiness.

From all this, our epicurean monasteries—I beg pardon—I mean our clubs—are as far removed as the nadir from the zenith. If the bachelor and the misogynist chooses to hide and wallow in these Circean dens of luxury, where

“The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her first being”—

he may perhaps assert his independence, and claim a right to follow what pursuits he pleases; though this plea I might deny, for no man is.



altogether independent of others—no man belongs to himself alone, but to the community. Let the uncowed bachelor-brethren, nevertheless, betake themselves to their club—let them drink—let them indulge in gross and licentious ribaldry—let them laugh at all the decencies and respectabilities of life, and more especially at marriage—let them wrangle over their sullen game of whist—let them adjourn to the gaming-table, or to the haunts of secret infamy;—all this injures and degrades themselves alone. But I lay it down as a broad, incontrovertible axiom, that no married man has a right to belong to a club, and to become an habitual absentee from his home, indulging in hoggish epicurism, while his wife and family are perhaps keeping Lent that he may afford to feast. What hath he sworn to in his marriage-oath? Merely to maintain his wife, and to make her the mother of his children? No such thing; he hath sworn to forsake all others, and to keep only unto her, until death shall part them. Is it consistent either with the letter or the spirit of this vow that he should deprive her of his society, and make a sort of concubine of his club? Is a virtuous, honourable, and accomplished wife to be treated like an impure Dalilah, into whose house her paramour sneaks in the dark, and skulks away again in the early morning? The little occasional bickerings, from which few married couples are totally exempt, not unfrequently prove, under the soothing influences of children, and the pleasures of the domestic meal, a renewal and confirmation of love; but *now*, the sullen husband escapes to his still more sullen club; he becomes embittered by feeding upon his own angry heart; a reconciliation is rendered every day more difficult; he begins to hate his home; and his occasional absence is soon made habitual. Meanwhile, the children lose the benefit of the father's presence and example; the father, whose loss is of still more mischievous import, is deprived of all the heart-hallowing influences of his offspring; and the neglected wife, thinking herself justified in seeking from others that society which is denied to her by her husband, is exposed to temptations and dangers, from which she cannot always escape without contamination. To over-rate the conjugal and domestic misery now in actual progress, and all springing from this prolific source, would, I believe, be utterly impossible. How many married couples are there in the middling classes of society, the course of whose alienation and unhappiness might be traced out in the following order?—

**HUSBAND.** The club—a taste for French cooks, expensive wines, and sensual luxuries—fastidious epicurism—a dislike of the plain meals which he finds at home, although the only ones adapted to his fortune and his station—confirmed absenteeism and clubbism—hatred of the wife who reproaches him for his selfish desertion—late hours—estrangement—profligacy—misery!

**WIFE.** Natural resentment of neglect—reproaches—altercations—diminution of conjugal affection—dissipation, as a resource against the dullness of home—expensive habits—embarrassment—total alienation of heart—dangerous connections—infidelity—misery! Of this account-current, the items may vary either in quality or sequence, but the alpha and omega will ever be the same. It will begin with the club, and end with misery.

But is it possible, I shall perhaps be asked, that these institutions should spring up and multiply so rapidly, unless they supplied some manifest desideratum in our social system, and were adapted to some prevalent want of our common nature? Certainly not; these foundations are

laid in the feelings, or rather in the vices of mankind ; but let us put the saddle upon the right horse ; let us not attribute them to sociableness, to a love of intellectual improvement, or to professional sympathies, with which they have no relation whatever. The clubs are, simply and solely, founded upon two of the ruling passions of the present day—*videlicet*, selfishness and sensuality—selfishness, the most heartless and intense ; sensuality, the most ignoble and grovelling. What are their leading objects ? Epicurism, in the least elevated acceptation of that misunderstood word—to place the greatest possible luxury, but more especially the pleasures of the palate, within reach of the lowest possible sum—to combine exclusiveness with voluptuousness—to foster, at the same moment, the love of self and the alienation from others—to remove men from their proper and natural mode of living—to enable five hundred a-year to command the state, style, and splendour of five thousand—to destroy the taste for simple and domestic pleasures—and to substitute a longing for all the expensive and sensual enjoyments that might have gratified an ancient Sybarite. Our injurious and absurd law of primogeniture, which, in the upper classes, limits the privilege, or at least the ability, of maintaining an establishment to one son, together with our costly habits of married life, have imposed upon a large portion of society a compulsory celibacy, with all its demoralizing and heart-withering effects. This, which was already the predominant evil of our social system, the club-mania will immeasurably aggravate and enlarge. Formerly, a young man of moderate income, revolted by the annoyances of bachelorship and a tavern life, took refuge in the comforts of marriage, aspiring, in that state, to nothing beyond a plain, decent, respectable establishment. A modern Sir Epicure Mammon of the clubs, even if he have one or two thousand a-year, exclaims, with the true calculating selfishness of his order—“ Zooks ! I should be a loser by marrying, and having a house of my own ; *here* I have splendid saloons, gorgeous furniture, numerous livery servants, French cooks, rare wines, a handsome library, all the newspapers and periodicals, none of which I could command if I were to commit matrimony, and settle out of reach of my club !” If an heiress offers, indeed—*à la bonne heure* ; the same selfishness that has hitherto kept him a bachelor makes him a Benedict ; but the code of the club-spoilt Sybarites allows not any alternative between celibacy and a splendid marriage.

The same conviction of their objectionable tendency, which has made me uniformly and sturdily reject all applications to become a member of these societies, has prompted me to record my opinion of them with a sincerity which may savour perhaps of harshness. That they may offer some trivial advantage, I will not pretend to deny ; but that these are incalculably outweighed by their evils, I hold to be incontrovertible. Their predominance in the capital, their diffusion in the provinces, constitutes one of the very worst features of the times, so far as social manners, domestic happiness, and general morality are concerned. All abuses, however, have, luckily, a disposition to correct themselves. From the multiplication of these clubs, there is a hope that the exclusiveness will out-number the excluded, when, according to the English standard of gentility, they must, of course, become vulgar. Formerly, it was deemed a distinction to belong to a club ; the time is rapidly approaching when it will be held a mark of superiority and good breeding to have kept carefully aloof from them.

## NEW YEAR'S HINTS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE MAGAZINE.

IN A PRIVATE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

WHEN you parted from me on the steps of the Albion in Aldersgate Street, to attend the splendid dinner given by Mr. Alaric Watts on his being appointed sub-editor of your justly-admired, widely-circulated, &c. magazine,\* you reiterated a request you had before made, that I would send you something lively for your January number, adding, that you were fortunate enough to possess the assistance of more than twenty contributors, who were of great weight in the literary world. Of the weight of the papers with which these gentlemen may favour you, I entertain not the least doubt; for my own part, I am too busily engaged at present in the composition of my *Lives of the Pick-pockets*, for the Library of Useful Knowledge, to be able to devote much time to your assistance; but I cannot allow the opportunity to escape me of offering you a few hints for the management of your magazine, which an experience of some years has particularly suggested to me. You may remember the *Hints from a Veteran Contributor*, that appeared some years ago in a periodical which has been long gathered to its fathers: they did not, however, at all touch upon that branch of the subject to which I propose most especially to call your attention. For the better understanding of these hints, it may be advisable to arrange them under six distinct heads; and, in the first place, I would say a few words respecting your conduct as editor.

*Hint the First.*—In lifting “the banner of a new periodical,” to borrow Mr. Dilke’s phrase in the *Athenæum*, or in commencing a new year with an established one, you will, of course, perceive the imperative necessity of exerting those conciliatory manners for which, among your friends, you are so celebrated. Enemies, of course, you will meet with in abundance, but your chief perils will arise from your friends. Magazine friendship is nothing but a species of coin current in the literary world, and given in exchange for a bank note, or a draft on Drummond’s.

But this subject will be treated of under the head of *Contributors*.

I have not seen your prospectus, and am not certain if you intend issuing one; it is, however, a matter of much import, and deserving of your serious consideration. Mr. Taylor, the lamented Editor of the London Magazine, was the most graceful writer of an address to the public I ever remember. Whatever the staple of your prospectus may be, you must on no account omit the reiteration of two things, viz. that you are “perfectly unbiassed by any bookselling influence,” and that “your work has been established solely with a view of promoting the interests and well-being of literature.” I never yet heard of an editor (and I have known many) who admitted the image of “dirty lucre” to come between him and his patriotism, at least in public. The public has ever been, and continues to be, as you are, I doubt not, well aware, remarkable for the willing ear it turns to every kind of pleasantly-conveyed deception. You will find the press, generally, a very serviceable ally; and this leads me to

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\* Our friend and contributor has committed some strange mistake—however, we have no time for alterations. Mr. Watts is not the sub-editor of this journal; on the contrary, our coadjutor happens to be a gentleman universally esteemed, and quite remarkable for his equanimity of temper.—[Ed.]



*Hint the Second, which treats of Advertisements.*—I shall make no separate mention of puffs, as distinguished from advertisements, because a little tact, which may be easily acquired, will enable you to make the latter answer all the purposes of the former, and at a considerably less expense. The plan is very simple, and has been put in practice with much success. Print all the notices you can obtain, varying in terms of praise, from the comparative to the superlative degree, on a separate sheet, and take care to place them conspicuously in the ensuing number of the magazine. It may not be amiss, occasionally, to blend with these one or two reviews, of a less favourable character, from the London journals; by so doing, you will attain a reputation for honesty and integrity, which you will not cherish the less, because you know it to be undeserved. The composition of an advertisement, though less complex than a prospectus, requires no small talent to bring it to perfection. Some of the most perfect specimens I have seen are those of Mr. Bull, of Holles Street—you may refer to them with advantage as models of art. Your efforts should be directed to the throwing a sort of mystery over the several papers and their authors. I should advise you (provided the experiment be attended by no extraordinary disbursement—expense must be avoided like the plague), to get two or three first-rate performers for your earlier numbers; in the event of your being unable to obtain their own *contributions*, a small donation will procure their *signatures*, which you can affix to articles by unknown writers, whose pay you will abridge, in order to meet these extra charges. I think you will find your account in adopting this plan; for it will afford you an opportunity of exhibiting the names of the Author of —! or the Authoress of —!! as the case may be, and so induce a belief among some persons in the assertion, with which you will conclude, that your magazine is supported by “all the leading talent of the day, and by physical and scientific writers of distinguished ability.” A period like this leaves a very agreeable sensation upon the ear. I had nearly forgot to mention another mode of notification which may be also employed—I allude to *walking advertisements*. I do not mean those very respectable individuals who bear the placards of the Divan and Pantechnicon, but I refer to those correspondents (and with proper care you will find plenty) who, upon the insertion of a Sonnet, or a few Stanzas to —! which can easily be hooked on to the tail of a page, will make a point of lauding the magazine in every company, with a passing reference to the beautiful poetry which illuminates the current number.

*Hint the third relates to Contributors.*—It would decidedly be desirable to conduct a magazine without any contributors at all, if it were possible—and for two reasons: first, because the trouble of reading the *MSS.* would be avoided; and, secondly, because the editor and proprietor would be able to divide the profits—share and share alike—without interference or molestation. But I see no prospect of this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation; and I do not, therefore, offer any apology for troubling you with a few *confidential* remarks. The principal obstacle to the formation of a lasting friendship between the editor and his contributors, is the unfortunate practice of pecuniary compensation. The first writer in ancient days who wrote for money was Protagoras of Abdera, the copyright of whose elaborate “Memoirs of his own Life and Times” was purchased by Paulo Meopolo, the prin-



principal Athenian publisher, at the immense price of 150 *minas*, or more than £600. of our money. His example was soon followed; but I have been unable to discover, after much painful research, the precise scale of prices usually paid for the periodical literature of Athens. Your rate of payment, I think you informed me, is from £10. to £16. per sheet. I suppose you mean this to refer to your *nominal* remuneration. Actual payment ought never to exceed £8. per sheet: you may mention guineas—it sounds better; but the odd shillings need not be given, unless particularly demanded. I have heard that the profligate old Chartres was wont to employ persons to “wait in the waggons” from the country, in order to trepan the unwary for his licentious purposes. God forbid that I should advise you to any action in the smallest degree derogatory to your character as a man and a Christian; I would merely direct your attention to those highly-favoured individuals who have “fine eyes” and a “taste for poetry.” I have found some of these fellows with mettle in them occasionally, which may be extracted with trifling difficulty. You will, however, take care that they do not procure a settlement—in the magazine I mean, not in the parish—that, of course, you leave to the overseer. It would not be inexpedient to hint generally, in your notices to correspondents, that any young gentlemen or ladies who may be induced, by the love of literature, &c., to submit their papers to your judgment, will be treated with every attention. I have seen this done with advantage, as sometimes you may get clever papers for nothing. Do not, however, omit to add, that “all letters must be post paid;” and it would save you much trouble if duplicates were kept of all short pieces, as it must be easier for writers to keep copies than for you to write five hundred letters every month: this will help to impress the public with an idea of the magnitude of your correspondence.

With respect to the length of a contribution, opinions differ. I believe you are an advocate for *compression*. I should prefer papers not exceeding eight or nine pages, and should immediately reject any story, however interesting, which stretched its legs into another number.

I was about sketching a list of persons from whom it would be prudent *not* to receive articles; but as it might seem ill-natured, I leave the matter to your own judgment.

*Hint the fourth—as to the time of payment*—may be dispatched in a few words. I need not, I am sure, urge upon you the folly of paying until you are asked—or, indeed, *at all*, if you can help it. At any rate, protract the payment as long as possible. You will find no time so convenient as your *own time*. The Empress Maud used frequently to say to her son, King Henry II., “Be hasty in nothing; hawkes are made more serviceable when ye make faire shewes of offering meate often, and yet withhold it the longer.” This mode of feeding, though unsavoury to your contributors, may not be without its good influences—particularly if you could afford to place a half-pay captain on the establishment—which might be done for a mere trifle—to bully refractory contributors; or you might publish every month a fictitious list of your killed and wounded correspondents, which would have the effect of making literary gentlemen with weak nerves exceedingly cautious.

*Hint the fifth—Poetry and Poets.*—At the head of your list of poets should be an “uneducated” one, male or female—a prodigious genius, discovered under peculiar circumstances, expressly for *your* magazine.

If you can find one that can neither read nor write, the better. In the hints from a Veteran Contributor, to which I have already alluded, a distinction is made between contributors who are *paid*, and contributors who ought to *pay*. This, however paradoxical it may sound at first, is perfectly true in logic. For instance, if Mr. Robert Montgomery wishes one of his poems to appear in your pages, you will, of course, require that the letter containing the contribution shall be accompanied by an order upon a house in London for a sum equivalent to the risk you run by its publication—two guineas per page, at the least; and even with this surety you would probably be losers. The less poetry you have the better; or, if you insert any, let it smack of that rich, aromatic flavour, which one of the fathers of our church meant to praise when he christened poetry the *devil's wine*.

*Hint the sixth; how to judge an Article.*—A great deal of trouble may be saved by a careful examination of the physiognomy of a contribution. You cannot devote too much attention to this branch of study. One rule may be followed without any exception—*viz.* to reject every article written upon gilt-edged post, or note-paper with a flowered border. It is said of Haydn the composer, that he never felt master of his intellects unless he had his diamond ring upon his finger, and always refused to write his music on any but the finest satin paper. But you are not likely to meet with a literary Haydn about "THE MONTHLY;" and I would advise you, therefore, to enforce your regulation strictly. It may be well to be cautious of all *enveloped letters*, ending with "I have the honour to be," &c. &c.; it shews a desire to propitiate your good will, and such communications must be treated circumspectly. Should any contributor, however, attempt to bribe you with a present of game at any time, there is no imperative necessity for returning it with the article.\*

My letter has already reached to a considerable length, and I must hasten to conclude; for my fire is almost out, and Mrs. Morgan is complaining of the spasms, to which she is subject. So good bye! Let me hear from you when convenient; and if any of my "Hints" should be of advantage to you, it will gratify

Your's, very sincerely,

MARK O'GORMAN MORGAN.

14, Ormond-street, Queen-square,  
December 15th, 1831.

P.S. Will you come and dine with us on Christmas Day? I have an *Essay on Horsewhipping*, and a series of *Chalk Farm Sketches*, which you should investigate forthwith, as they may be useful to you in more ways than one.

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\* We shall be particularly careful in acting upon this suggestion, and confidently invite our contributor and others to try us. We know an editor who used to give splendid dinners and desserts, by throwing out weekly hints to his correspondents after this fashion—"We thank A Constant Reader for his pheasants"—or, "The nectarines from Windsor," &c.—[Ed.]

## WAR SONG,

FOR THE ARMY TO BE SENT AGAINST THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

COME, tie on your bonnet, your shawl, and your boa !  
 Each proud virgin amazon, onward with me !  
 Come, rouse for the fight, all ye maids, who adore\*  
 The flavour of Twankay, Souchong, or Bohea!

Come, clatter the tea-cups, and brandish each spoon,  
 Beat loudly the tea-tray, the kettle, and urn ;  
 No more for the lover or sweet honey-moon,  
 But for Twankay and war, let your soft bosoms burn !

Shall a petticoat savage—the horrible bore !  
 Infringe on our rights, and deny us our tea ?  
 No, no ! by the gown which my grandmother wore,  
 We'll smother the wretch in a chest of Bohea !

Come, launch, my brave maidens, each tea-chest canoe,  
 And spread out your large Canton crapes to the air ;  
 The kettle sings muster-call—hark ! the cat's mew !  
 " Young Hyson " 's the word, " the delight of the fair ! "

Great Twining a tea-wreath shall twine for us all—  
 The fairest of females looks far more divine at tea ;  
 If we conquer, we'll drink twenty cups—if we fall,  
 Why—" *nec possum vivere cum te, nec sine te.* "

Twenty cups ! think of Johnson, when kind Mrs. Thrale  
 Filled him fifty at least, and he wished they were bowls ;  
 With ardour like his, which among ye can fail ?  
 Come, Doctor, and kindle your thirst in our souls !

Then onward, brave maidens, push off from the coast,  
 For such brogueless tyrants we care not a pin ;  
 But do not forget, my fair tea-drinking host,  
 A stout Witney blanket, to toss the wretch in !

Oh ! the plunder of Pekin ! what silks and what shawls ;—  
 The Chinese, in spite of themselves, shall be free ;  
 For we'll bombard the city with hot force-meat balls,  
 And blow up their warriors with gunpowder tea !

Then tie on your bonnet, your shawl, and your boa,  
 And with war-cry of " Hyson-dust ! " onward with me ;  
 Come, brandish your tea-spoons, ye maids, who adore  
 The flavour of Twankay, Souchong, or Bohea !

J. F.

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\* We are aware that this rhyme is rather unusual ; but we may parody the maxim of *Sir Lucius*—" When patriotism guides the pen, he must be a brute that would find fault with the rhyme."

## WYSOCKI'S NARRATIVE OF THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

THE fall of Warsaw, three months ago, put an end to one of the most heroic struggles that modern times have witnessed, and shewed that—for a while only let us hope—even the highest moral courage must give way before the lengthened training, and the concentrated energies of a despotic power, which for more than a century has been gradually nerving itself through these means against all struggles for freedom and liberty on the part of its wretched provinces.

The following account, written by Peter Wysocki, will, nevertheless, be read with interest, though it describes the dawning of a revolution that has been unsuccessful. Ordinary readers will derive from it that interest which attends the relation "of hairbreadth 'scapes" and "moving accidents;" but the lovers of liberty will do more—they will imbibe from it the spirit that inspires the honest heart, when it awakens and finds itself within the thrall of tyranny. It is not necessary here to detail who Wysocki was, as his own narrative sufficiently points out the considerable part that he acted in directing the insurrection of the military academy of Warsaw, and in discovering those ardent spirits that lay concealed under the gloom that despotism imposed, but were still ready to start into action the instant that the whisper of freedom reached their ear.

The world already knows what was the fate of the unfortunate Poles who had presumed to plan the independence of their country in 1825. The imprisonment of Soltyk, Krzyzanowski, Albert Grzymala, A. Plichta, and others, the long persecution of Adolphus Cichowsky, and the remembrance of the services rendered by Niemojewski, had inspired the hearts of the young ensigns with feelings of the noblest patriotism; and the taunts of our enemies, who mocked the unhappy sufferers, first inspired our minds with the thought of avenging them. At this period, however, the general state of Europe, the character of the men who composed the French ministry, the misunderstandings that existed even among the most upright Poles, together with the mistrust occasioned by numerous instances of treachery, seemed to us invincible obstacles to our plan; yet we did not lose courage. At length Russia declared war on Turkey—this circumstance cast a consoling ray of hope on the Polish patriots.

Nothing decisive, however, had as yet been resolved in the military academy. It was not till the 15th of December, 1828, when several fellow-students were accidentally assembled at my lodgings, viz. C. Paszkiewicz, J. Dobrowski, Karl Karsnicki, Alex. Laski, and Josh. Gorowski, that we began to consult freely on the political state of Europe, on the necessity of liberating our countrymen from the yoke that oppressed them, and on the measures to be taken in order to restore the privileges of the constitutional chart, which the monarch and the nation had both sworn to maintain. The following day I communicated the conversation that had passed to several of the ensigns, whose way of thinking was perfectly known to me. My interview with these young men fully convinced me that their efforts would be such as at once to decide the fate of our country. We agreed upon a form of oath, which ran, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words:—

"We swear before God and our oppressed country, deprived of its



constitutional rights—1st. In case of incarceration, not to betray any member of the society, even though we should be subjected to the most cruel torture.—2dly. To unite all our endeavours towards one object, and even to sacrifice our lives, if necessity require it, in defence of the constitutional chart, which is daily violated.—3dly. To use the utmost precaution in the admission of new members, and never to take this step without due notice to the society; and most especially to admit no drunkard, gamester, or other individual whose conduct is not wholly immaculate."

From this moment we promised to devote our whole and unceasing attention to effect our purpose.

It was difficult to introduce officers and others into a society consisting of so few members, because those lately introduced feared exposing themselves to danger; I was therefore alone authorized to accept new members, without informing my colleagues; I was also allowed to invite each member of the original society to receive such individuals as I should point out. In consequence of this authority I went to Paszkiewicz, captain of the grenadiers of the guards, and having represented to him the state of Europe, I declared to him that we had formed a secret association, the object of which was to change the government of Poland. This gallant officer listened to me with signs of the most lively satisfaction; he promised to support our views, as well as to assist their propagation among his friends, and the members of other societies. I name him without authority, persuaded that Polish history will one day be proud of his name.

Encouraged by the success of my first step to obtain adherents among the officers of the Polish army, I hastened to the battalion of miners; I calculated on the patriotism that had always distinguished them, and my expectations were not disappointed. Having received into our society Albert Przedpelski, second lieutenant of the battalion, I obtained an introduction to Felix Nowosielski, a man greatly beloved by his soldiery, and in high esteem among his fellow-officers. The result was, that Nowosielski answered on his honour for most of the officers in the battalion of miners.

By the assistance of Karsnicki, I made acquaintance with Koszicki, an officer of the select company of the first light regiment, who assured me that most of the officers of this corps were agreed as to the necessity of a change of government. In respect to the other regiments, all the officers, the moment they were let into our secret, promised their most zealous efforts in inducing the whole army to participate our views. The officers admitted into the secret society now required I should enter into negotiations with the inhabitants, in order to ascertain if they approved the inclination of the soldiery, and would support their efforts when the decisive moment arrived. I therefore dispatched Ensign Paszkiewicz to Mr. J. U. Niemcewicz, a man who had rendered the utmost service to his country, to request he would be pleased to assist us with the wisdom of his counsels. This noble and aged Pole fully approved our design; he praised our zealous ardour, but strongly recommended that the execution of the project should be postponed. "It is not yet time," said Niemcewicz, "but, depend upon it, the happy moment will yet arrive!"

The encouraging expressions of Niemcewicz filled us with activity and enthusiasm. We all saw in him the organ of the wishes and hopes

of the nation. About this time, Ensign Gorowski made me acquainted with his brother Adam, who, in the name of his fellow-citizens, on whom he bestowed unbounded praise, assured me of the success of the undertaking. Shortly after, I was introduced into the house of the deputy Zwierkowski, where I had sufficient opportunity of convincing myself that the citizens were fully prepared to second the efforts of the troops.

A certain number of deputies, convened, at my suggestion, by Gustavus Malachowski, decided, after mature consideration, that the moment for a general revolt could not yet be fixed, but that, in expectation of a more favourable instant, every endeavour was to be made to animate the troops, and to disseminate a patriotic feeling among them.

Captain Paszkiewicz having expressed a desire to be introduced to some of these gentlemen, they were apprized of a meeting that was to take place at my apartment. At this consultation it was agreed, that, provided the war with Turkey was commenced immediately, it might prove extremely advantageous to our enterprise; it was nevertheless resolved to await the assembling of the Diet, which, it was said, would take place by the end of April. I inquired of the gentlemen present what was to be done if the Diet should not assemble at all, or in case the war should be favourable to the Russians; all, however, were of opinion that no decisive stroke could be struck before the meeting of the Diet. From this moment all our operations, which had commenced on the 15th of December, 1828, and had continued till the beginning of April, were postponed.

During this interruption I had an understanding with Urbanski, a lieutenant of the grenadier guard, whom I informed of our secret association, and who promised, in case of need, to supply us with some thousand cartridges, which he faithfully performed. From that instant this officer, impressed with the noblest feelings of patriotism, was incessant in his exertions for the national cause; he always acted with vigour and caution, and it is to him that we are perhaps most indebted for the success of our efforts.

A report was now spread of the expected coronation and the assembly of the Diet, which enlivened our hearts with fresh hopes; towards the 10th of May, 1829, we accordingly recommenced operations with new ardour. Several landholders came to be present at the coronation. The deputies Przeinski and Zwierkowski soon after waited on me, and declared, that the longed-for hour of taking up arms for our independence, under the eyes of the representatives of the nation, was already at hand. "We will carry our petitions," said these deputies, "to the foot of the throne. We will require that the sittings of the Diet shall be public, that the freedom of the press shall be guaranteed, that the committee of examination, &c. &c. shall be abolished; and if our requests are refused, especially if the deputies are imprisoned, then you must support our demands by force of arms."

I communicated this declaration, with all its particulars, to the society; it was heard with the warmest enthusiasm, and not a doubt was entertained that the nation would approve the justice of the plan now carrying on by the army. The above-mentioned petition was attended by no favourable result; yet the deputies, in consideration of the state of political circumstances, did not yet authorize our having recourse to arms. Dissatisfied with the answer we received on the subject, we

again applied to the deputies, to know whether we should not make use of the means at our disposal to accelerate the grand work, viz. the reconquest of our constitutional independence? They replied, "it was not yet time, and so much the less, as the Russians had but shortly before obtained great advantages in the Turkish war."

All the persons I saw concurred in our opinions; there was no longer any hesitation except as to time; whatever delay ensued was only occasioned by the political state of the moment; the Diet, which took place the same year, left us little hopes, and several of the deputies already began to regret not having seized the opportunity offered by the Turkish war. The dead stillness of all Europe, and especially the French ministry, partly damped the warmth of our ardour.

At length the French revolution summoned every nation of Europe, with a voice of thunder, to throw off the yoke of power, wherever it had passed the bounds of legality, and assumed a tyrannical shape. We now entertained the brightest hopes; and as at this time the same sanguine feeling had spread through the army encamped near Warsaw, I was convinced of the harmony that reigned amongst almost all the officers. Nothing was spoken of but the French revolution, the smallest details of which were over and over again discussed. As for ourselves, we now began to see our way more clearly, and even to act with less precaution, but yet with more zeal than ever, in daily expectation of the favourable moment for flying to arms, the instant we had a leader willing to accept the supreme command of the army. Though more than 200 officers were already initiated in the secret, yet the society, which was to begin and complete the work of the revolution on the plan previously concerted, could not immediately receive its fixed and ultimate organization; it was not till they had quitted the camp, and had returned to Warsaw, that we took the appropriate and direct measures to attain our end. We still doubted whether the undertaking of the army might not be disapproved by the nation; this doubt, however, was soon dispelled by my friend Boleslaus Ostrowski, who assured us that the army could not question the patriotism and devotion of the nation; that it was the highest injustice to suppose that the long state of servitude it had suffered, had either impaired its love of independence, or effaced the memory of its former fame and dignity.

To Urbanski, paymaster of the guard, I represented the necessity of speedily establishing societies similar to our own in every regiment, in order that on a fixed day, at a fixed hour, the officers might lead the soldiers to an appointed post. Zaliwski, who happened to be present, and whose ideas and talents were perfectly known to me, was also of this opinion. We accordingly distributed among us the different divisions of troops then lying as garrison in the capital. I promised to gain over the officers of the grenadier and sharp-shooter companies, while Urbanski did the same by those of the guard. Borkiewicz, second lieutenant of the 7th regiment, having assembled those officers who belonged to the society, we declared to them they must instantly bind themselves to lead on their soldiers, and to choose a representative to whom the direction of the corps was to be confided; Zaliwski was accordingly chosen, without hesitation; and he and Urbanski ever since continued their most strenuous support. On account of the absence of several officers, the organization of societies and the choice of a representative in the sharp-shooter companies could not be effected till some-



what later. A few days previously, a Polish pamphlet had accidentally fallen into my hands, the title and first leaves of which had been torn away; it seemed to contain the means of rescuing Poland, at the time of its third dismemberment. This pamphlet had great influence on the members of our society, as well as the reflections of Kilinski, which we had already perused, and which had been sent to us out of Posen as a pledge of fraternal sympathy, and as a token of zeal in our mutual welfare, not inferior to our own.

Towards the end of September, and in the first days of October, bills were stuck up at the corners of many of the streets in Warsaw, summoning the Poles to revolution, and containing menaces against the Grand Duke, with even a notice that, from the next new year, the Belvedere Palace would be to be let. We had no knowledge of all this. Reports were spread in every direction that a new revolution was about to break out; one even went so far as to fix the day—it was to be the 10th, 15th, and 20th of October. These rumours induced the old government to stand more on its guard.

As I had no opportunity of seeing J. B. Ostrowski, I begged Louis Nabelak to go to Lazienski,\* and enjoined him to inform Ostrowski, that after the 18th of October we were daily prepared to take up arms. I recommended Ensign Fraszkowski to Nabelak, and begged he would concert with him the measures to be taken, in order, from the very beginning, to act in union with the inhabitants, either in the Saxon Square or at the Belvedere; this plan, however, could not be executed, as the officers had not yet been able to come to an understanding on the point. At length Fraszkowski, seconded by Nabelak and other officers, made the request that I would fix the 18th of October for the commencement of our enterprise; yet on condition that I was still to hold a final consultation with Zaliwski and Urbanski. At this consultation it was, however, decided to delay the affair for some time longer, which occasioned considerable dissatisfaction and enmity towards me. The reproaches I had to undergo, and the calumnies with which I was loaded, did not in the least slacken my zeal. The society divided itself into parties; and J. B. Ostrowski, dreading the vigilance of spies, especially after the apprehension of several students of the university, discontinued his support. Misunderstandings likewise arose in the corps, which also withdrew their assistance. This wretched state of discord lasted till the next consultation with Xaverius Bronikowski. I redoubled my efforts to assemble all the officers; having effected this, they required to be convinced in what light the Chamber of Deputies would consider our projects, in consequence of which, I and Zaliwski undertook to ascertain the genuine feeling of the inhabitants, and to fix the day when the struggle for the national cause was at last to begin. The execution of our design was, however, again postponed, by the imprisonment of several individuals, by order of the Grand Duke, as well as by the general apprehension evinced in the capital. Urbanski was seized; and I myself, by order of the Duke, was examined by Olendzki. Precautionary measures were taken at the Belvedere, and all proceedings at the military academy were watched with tenfold suspicion. Geznez was also thrown into confinement, and underwent a rigorous examination; while all communication between us and the city

\* A small village near Warsaw.



was strictly forbidden by the Duke. Makrott was instantly at the heels of every individual who absented himself from the barracks; and the direction of the academy was confided to General Trembicki.

During this interval of terror and disorder, Xaverius Bronikowski declared his irrevocable determination of withdrawing from the society, and of refusing all future assistance;\* he accordingly abandoned his usual occupations, resigned the editorship of the Polish Courier to Mr. L. Zukowski, and changed his residence. On the 21st of November, Zaliwski, Bronikowski, and myself, repaired to the library of the "Learned Society," under the pretext of visiting its cabinet of curiosities, but in fact to meet Lelewel,† to whom Xaverius Bronikowski and Maurice Mochmacki had already communicated the existence of a secret military club. When Lelewel entered, I took the word, and spoke pretty nearly as follows:—

"A report has been circulated, that the Polish army openly approves the principles of the present government—that it is inseparably and unconditionally attached to the Grand Duke—that it boldly justifies the abuses daily committed by the miserable slaves and spies that surround it—and that living at enmity with the nation, it only serves to oppress and enchain her. In consequence of these rumours, I now declare to you, most respected citizen, in the name of this so hatefully accused and calumniated army, that we, indeed, have sworn fidelity to our king, but he has also sworn fidelity to the nation. As the king has violated his oath, he has absolved us from ours. We are now prepared to blend our exertions with those of the nation, and fly to arms in defence of those rights which were guaranteed us by the constitutional chart. You need but speak; your arguments and talents will serve as our guides. You see in us present the organs of a vast number of officers who share the same sentiments."

Lelewel answered, that nobody imagined the army favoured an unjust government, that the nation participated the views of the army, and all good Poles thought as we did. "Though several military conspiracies," said he, "have had an unfortunate issue, still I doubt not your efforts will be crowned with a happy result. Forty thousand men under arms, who share the same opinions, and express the same wish, cannot fail of bearing the national feeling along with them." In compliance with the opinion of Lelewel, it was determined at this interview, that the Sunday evening following, viz. 28th of November, should be the day fixed for a general rising. After a subsequent interview with Lelewel, we declared the revolt irrevocably fixed, even though it should necessarily be delayed till Monday.

*Thursday, 25th November.*—After the departure of Lelewel, Urbanski, Zaliwski, and myself, held an important deliberation, in which we came to the following resolutions:—

"1st. That the representatives of the society, viz. the officers of all the

\* We translate this passage exactly as it stands in Wysocki's deposition, notwithstanding the obscurity to which it gives rise, as Bronikowski is found immediately afterwards in closest intimacy with the society. Perhaps the present declaration was made as a momentary blind to his enemies, in which case, some allusion might have been expected in order to clear up the incongruity.

† Lelewel is the name of the celebrated professor, so active in fanning the flame of revolt among the students of the university. He is a man of most distinguished talent, and has since been called to the cabinet.

regiments lying in garrison at Warsaw, must be immediately assembled.—2dly. That it be clearly intimated to them, that they were understood to approve our undertaking, and would be expected effectually to second the enterprise.—3dly. That on Sunday, towards evening, the plan of military operations should be read to them.”

On Sunday, the 28th November, about seven o'clock in the evening, the representatives accordingly repaired to the barracks of the guards, and assembled at the apartments of Borkiewicz. During the night from Sunday to Monday we fixed our plan of military operations. The following were the main articles:—

“1st. To make sure of the person of the Grand Duke.—2dly. To force the Russian cavalry to lay down their arms.—3dly. To take possession of the arsenal, and distribute arms among the people.—4thly. To disarm the regiments of the Russian, Volhynian, and Lithuanian guard, under the command of Generals Essakow and Engelmann.”

The result of this plan is now known to every one. Some of the most remarkable details may however still be interesting. At six o'clock in the evening, the signal of revolt was given by setting fire to the brewery on the Solec, close to the barracks of the Russian cavalry, but by some chance or other the fire was extinguished. The Polish troops left the barracks to repair to their appointed posts; at the same instant, a division, consisting of several students of the university, hastened, under command of two ensigns of the academy, to insure the person of the Grand Duke, who, amidst the confusion, might have run a risk of being sacrificed. This business was confided to the two Ensigns Fraszkowski and Kobylanski; the names of the others were, Louis Nabelak, Sewerin Goszczynski, Karl Paszkiewicz, Stanislaus Poninski, Zenon Niemojewski, Louis Orpiszewski, Rochus and Nicodemus Rupniewski, Valentine Nosiorowski, Louis Jankowski, Edward Trzcinski, Leonard Rettel, Antony Kosinski, Alexander Swientoslawski, Valentine Krosniewski, and Rottermund, all either teachers or pupils of the university, and men of upright character, wholly devoted to the cause.

Four light companies, and two of the sixth regiment of the line, who were dispatched to assist the ensigns, and to prevent the Russian cavalry from forcing their way into the city, were foiled in their mission by General Stanislaus Potocki, who met them on their way, and took them as prisoners of war to the Russians. The four cannons, which were to have taken possession of the posts between the *rural coffee house*\* and the Radziwil barracks, as well as of the passages leading to the Belvedere, and which were only intended to fire for the sake of the moral influence this would have on the troops, were seized by a Polish regiment, which I shall purposely avoid mentioning, lest its reputation should be for ever branded with infamy. At the moment the small detachment sent to the Belvedere disappeared from the little wood at Lazienki, I hurried away to the barracks of the Ensigns' Academy, accompanied by Lieutenant Schlegel, who brought us cartridges from the camp, and by Joseph Dobrowolski. We found the young men busily engaged at their theoretical studies; the two above-mentioned gallant officers instantly disarmed the Russian.

On entering the school, I exclaimed to these valiant youths—“Poles! the hour of vengeance has struck; this day we must either conquer or

\* The Polish expression is *wiejska kawa*, which means a rural, or country coffee-house. It is difficult to hit the exact signification without being thoroughly acquainted with the localities.

die. Follow me ; and may your breasts prove a Thermopylæ against the enemies of our freedom !” At the same moment the hall rung with unanimous cries of—“To arms ! To arms !” These noble young fellows loaded their muskets and rushed after their leader, to the number of about one hundred and sixty ; we took the road to the barracks of the three Russian cavalry regiments. Convinced that the select companies were hastening to join us, I gave orders to fire, partly to alarm the Russians, and partly as a signal to the companies that the struggle had already begun.

After this signal, we forced our way into the middle of the barracks of lancers, where our enemies, thus provoked, immediately assembled, about 300 men strong, and drew themselves up in a column before us. We fired upon them ; they at first fell into disorder, but afterwards closed their ranks, and again returned to the attack. We received them with a fresh charge, and redoubled cries of exultation, then rushing on them with the bayonet, broke their column, which dispersed in all directions, leaving us masters of the ground, bestrewed with corpses. At this instant I received news that the cuirassier and hussar regiments were hastening from their barracks to surround us, and cut off our way to the city. The Polish columns that were to have come to our assistance did not make their appearance, and as our cartridges were beginning to fail us, we were, involuntarily, compelled to retreat. The regiment of lancers which we had first attacked, and wholly dispersed, allowed us a free passage over the bridge of Sobieski, where we formed a junction with the division that came from the Belvedere.

Under the idea that the select companies were only waiting orders to join us, I dispatched Camillo Mochnacki with instructions to have them march up as speedily as possible ; he, however, soon returned, with notice that the troops were nowhere to be found, and that the cuirassiers were ranging themselves in order of battle, to cut us off at every possible point on our way back to the city. Having advanced a few paces, I came in sight of a file of cuirassiers, whom, without hesitation, I ordered to be attacked. Our intrepid youths instantly rushed upon them, and soon forced the enemy to withdraw towards the Belvedere.

We now collected our forces, and proceeded towards the rural coffee-house. On reaching the square, between this coffee-house and the Radziwil barracks, we again met the cuirassiers, preparing to attack us anew, and at the same time perceived a group of hussars coming towards us from the alleys of trees. In this imminent danger, our only resource was a rapid march to the left, in order to gain the Radziwil barracks ; we luckily succeeded in reaching this spot, from whence we destroyed a number of the enemy, who seemed on the point of besieging us. Shortly afterwards, finding it impossible to restrain the impetuous ardour of the valiant ensigns, we rushed out of the barracks, burst upon the Russians, and having put a considerable number of them *hors de combat*, forced the rest to retreat. We then proceeded towards the city, the way to which now remained perfectly free.

Near the church of St. Alexander we met with General Stanislaus Potocki, the ensigns stopped him, and implored him almost on their knees to join the national cause. I united my entreaties to those of the gallant youths—“General,” said I, “we conjure you, in the name of your country, of the fetters of Igelstræm, in which you so long languished, place yourself at our head ; do not suppose it is only the military academy that has risen ; all the troops are for us, and are already



in possession of the posts we will point out to you." As I however saw that our remonstrances were vain, and we had no time to lose, I ordered him to be set at liberty. A few hours afterwards, he fell by other hands; his obstinate resistance, and his want of confidence in the valour and resolution of the Polish soldiery, brought him to an untimely grave.

I here finish my recital. It would be useless to describe the scenes of horror and bloodshed I witnessed between the church of St. Alexander and the arsenal. Providence led our steps; God assisted our beginning; the God of our forefathers, and of our beloved Poland, has blessed our exertions, and will one day restore to our country its former limits and its ancient fame. According to our previous arrangement, Xaverius Bronikowski sent various persons into the different quarters of the town, to serve as leaders of the people. Anastasius Dunin, Wladimir Kormanski, Louis Zukowski, Maurice Mochnacki, Michael Dembinski, and Joseph Koslowski, according to the directions of Bronikowski, began operations in the Altstadt.

The military academy is under everlasting obligation to Lieutenant Schlegel, who on this remarkable night quitted his corps to fight in extremest peril at the head of our noble ensigns. The academy is also deeply indebted to the intrepidity of Dobrowolski, whose wounds, received in this memorable conflict, will honour him to the last hour of his life. I have omitted many names well worthy of being mentioned. It belongs to history to conserve them in its public records, and deliver them down to the gratitude of their fellow-countrymen.

Written at Warsaw, the 9th December, 1830.

(Signed)

PETER WYSOCKI.

Under-Lieutenant in the Polish Army.

#### THE CAMBRIDGE "FRESHMAN."

SEE a stripling alighting from the Cambridge "Fly" at Crisford's Hotel, Trumpington-street. It is a day or two before the commencement of the October term, and a small cluster of gownsmen are gathered round to make their several recognitions of returning friends, in spite of shawls, cloaks, petershams, patent gambroons, and wrap-rascals, in which they are enveloped; while our fresh-comer's attention is divided between their sable "curtains" and solicitude for his bags and portmanteau. If his pale cheek and lack-lustre eye could speak but for a moment, like Balaam's ass, what painful truths would they discover! what weary watchings over the midnight taper would they describe! If those fingers, which are now as white as windsor-soap can make them, could complain of their wrongs, what contaminations with dusty Ainsworths and Scapulas would they enumerate! if his brain were to reveal its labours, what labyrinths of prose and verse, in which it has been bewildered when it had no clue of a friendly translation, or Clavis to conduct it through the wanderings, would it disclose! what permutations and combinations of commas, what elisions and additions of letters, what copious annotations on a word, an accent, or a stop, parallelizing a passage of Plato with one of Anacreon, one of Xenophon with one of Lycophron, or referring the juvenile reader to a manuscript in the Vatican,—what inexplicable explanations would it anathematize!



The youth calls on a friend, and if "gay" is inveigled into a "wet night," and rolls back to the hotel at two in the morning *Bacchi plenus*, whereas the "steady man" regales himself with sober Bohea, talks of Newton and Simeon, resolves to read mathematics with Burkitt, go to chapel fourteen times a week, and never miss Trinity Church\* on Thursday evenings. The next day he asks the porter of his college where the tutor lives; the key-bearing Peter laughs in his face, and tells him where he *keeps*; he reaches the tutor's rooms, finds the door *sported*, and knocks till his knuckles bleed. He talks of Newton to his tutor, and his tutor thinks him a fool. He sallies forth from Law's (the tailor's) for the first time in the academical toga and trencher, marches most majestically across the grass-plot in the quadrangle of his college, is summoned before the master, who had caught sight of him from the lodge-windows, and reprimanded. His gown is a spick-and-span new one, of orthodox length, and without a single rent; he caps every Master of Arts he meets; besides a few Bachelors, and gets into the gutter to give them the wall. He comes into chapel in his surplice, and sees it is not surplice-morning, runs back to his rooms for his gown, and on his return finds the second lesson over. He has a tremendous larum at his bed's head, and turns out every day at five o'clock in imitation of Paley. He is in the lecture-room the very moment the clock has struck eight, and takes down every word the tutor says. He buys "Hints to Freshmen," reads it right through, and resolves to eject his sofa from his rooms.† He talks of the roof of King's chapel, walks through the market-place to look at Hobson's conduit, and quotes Milton's sonnet on that famous carrier. He proceeds to Peter House to see Gray's fire-escape, and to Christ's to steal a bit of Milton's mulberry tree. He borrows all the mathematical MSS. he can procure, and stocks himself with scribbling paper enough for the whole college. He goes to a wine-party, toasts the university officers, sings sentiments, asks for tongs to sugar his coffee, finds his cap and gown stolen and old ones left in their place. He never misses St. Mary's (the University Church) on Sundays, is on his legs directly the psalmody begins, and is laughed at by the other gownsmen. He reads twelve or thirteen hours a day, and talks of being a wrangler. He is never on the wrong side of the gates after ten, and his buttry bills are not wound up with a single penny of fines. He leaves the rooms of a friend in college, rather late perhaps, and after ascending an Atlas-height of stairs, and hugging himself with the anticipation of crawling instantaneously to bed, finds his door broken down, his books in the coal-scuttle and grate, his papers covered with more curves than Newton or Descartes could determine, his bed in the middle of the room, and his surplice, on whose original purity he had so prided himself, drenched with ink. If he is matriculated he laughs at the *beasts* (those who are not matriculated), and mangles slang: *wranglers, fops, and medalists* become quite "household words" to him. He walks to Trumpington every day before *hall* to get an appetite for dinner, and never misses grace. He speaks reverently of masters and tutors, and does not curse even the proctors; he is merciful to his wine-bin, which is chiefly saw-dust, pays his bills, and owes nobody a guinea—he is a Freshman!

J. F.

\* Mr. Simeon's. None of our well-beloved readers, we presume, are so fresh as not to know this gentleman's name.

† One of the sage and momentous injunctions of this pastoral charge.



#### ODE TO COLONEL JONES.

[The cut here given (a gem our artist owns)  
 Begins a series meant to grace this journal,  
 Than Hood's more comic, caustic more than Hone's.  
 Whom to select provoked debates diurnal;  
 When just as we had fixed on Colonel Jones,  
 His "head" was offered by the gallant Colonel.  
 He, for the wood that forms it, is our creditor;  
 When "worked," the block shall be returned him.—*Editor.*]

#### I.

DEAR Colonel Jones, descendant of a race  
 That hath the Brown and Thompson-tribes surpassed  
 In numbers; and that, shooting up apace,  
 Hath into fits good Mr. Malthus cast—

It multiplies so fast;

Whose matrons, too compliant,  
 Produce at every second birth a giant!  
 Witness the many-tongued Sir William Jones,  
 Who spoke all languages that e'er were spoken  
 (And at his fingers' ends quite perfect had 'em,  
 Including Irving's latest) since the tones  
 Of Eve first touched the tympanum of Adam.  
 Or shall we snatch from fiction's page a token,

And take Tom Jones?

A fellow with more flesh upon his bones,  
 Than all the fops and fools of modern novels,  
 That play the deuce with heroines in hovels.

Then there's Mercutio Jones,  
 Who quits the stage (ungenerous Jones!) for ever,  
 To manufacture orators from drones,

And make the clergy clever.

But still the list is not yet barren:  
 Who was the star last season?—why, John Jones,  
 One of the precious stones  
 Set in the crown of the great farce-king, Farren.

Last—but, oh! far from least—forgive the whim—  
     There's Davy Jones!  
 Renowned Welch wonder—king of whales and sharks—  
 Upsetter of armadas, and of arks—  
     Terror of chimney-corner crones,  
 Whose absent husbands never learnt to swim!  
 And here, dear Colonel, though mankind are brothers,  
 Exists the difference 'twixt thee and others;  
 For thou—while all are doomed when life is ended,  
 Monarchs and mayors, to descend to him—  
     Thou art from him descended.

## II.

Oh! Colonel Jones,  
 Let me, ere yet I touch on the calamity  
     That wakes these moans,  
 Reflect, in admiration and in amity,  
 On the full radiance of thy rare career  
     From year to year.  
 I speak not of thy fame among the fighters;  
 For thou hast been for better things designed—  
 A colonel of the marching hosts of mind;  
     Thy sole ambition  
 To rank among the orators and writers,  
 And to excite thy parish to petition.  
 Full many a patriot speech, and many a swarm  
 Of resolutions, hast thou put together,  
     In Palace-yard, or Lincoln's-inn—  
 Collecting crowds unchecked by Whigs or weather;  
 Long ere the people had a chance to win—  
 Ere yet had risen, o'er the Tory storm,  
     The rainbow of Reform!  
 Though not, it seems, at present an M.P.,  
     Thou hast been, and shalt be.  
 Pancras and Finsbury shall plead in vain,  
 And Holborn fail to grasp thee for its member;  
     For thou, oh! Jones,  
     Art Mary-le-bone's,  
 Before the thirty-first of next December.  
 Thy many-column'd letters in the "Times,"  
 Crowning the glories of thy useful reign,  
 Paint the results of perished courtiers' crimes;  
 And shew how ministers may live again  
 In brothers, mothers, uncles, cousins, sisters,  
     And other blisters.  
 And can it be, that after all these labours,  
     You've formed the dire intention,  
 Which twenty papers every morning mention,  
 Of giving up your body for dissection,  
 That you and usefulness may still be neighbours?  
 Of leaving for the use of Mr. Hume,  
 The glory (gratis) of a public tomb,  
 And all the sweets of muffled drums and tabors!  
 Your skeleton denying to St. Paul,  
 To hang, in horrid honours, on the wall  
 (Oh! for some fifty notes of interjection!)  
     Of Surgeons' Hall!

## III.

Too generous and disinterested Colonel!  
     Why, all this foolish nation  
 Deemed thee successor to thy Sea-relation,  
 The heir-apparent of the great Infernal—

And fancied you would intercede with Davy  
 To spare our navy!  
 We thought, oh! Jones,  
 That you in time would mount his thousand thrones,  
 If not as king,  
 As president, or some such thing,  
 To govern those Low Countries—by the year.  
 But you, alas! prefer remaining here;  
 And though the nation for your likeness grieved  
 (We, as we should,  
 Have, like the Tory aldermen, conceived  
 Designs on Wood),  
 Not satisfied with one expressive “cut,”  
 You wish with fifty to be slaughtered;  
 Though “drawn” already, not contented, but  
 Determined also to be quartered.  
 Upon my word,  
 ’Tis strange how some folks hate to be interred.  
 Consider, Colonel, what you are resigning;  
 You’ll have no funeral—no blazoned hearse,  
 Save in this verse;  
 No “nice gilt nails,” no shroud, no plumes declining;  
 No flambeaux and no friends, no feathers fine;  
 No cake, no cambric-handkerchief, no wine—  
 No coffin, and no curate—not a tear  
 To trickle down,  
 And spoil the sable velvet of the bier,  
 Making the mutes and men in mourning frown;  
 Nothing that sets one longing to be dead,  
 And puts one out of temper with this life;  
 But, ah! instead,  
 (I would not shock you, but I shudder, Jones!)  
 Sir Astley with his knife  
 Picking your bones!

## IV.

Yes, so it is; already Mr. Green  
 Regards you as a treasure in his net;  
 Sir Astley sends his scalpel to be set;  
 Relentless Bransby glares with happier mien;  
 Wild Wakley pants, as if your eyes were pearls,  
 And Earle is happier far than other earls.  
 The veteran Brookes  
 Fixes upon you his most longing looks,  
 And wishes they were hooks.  
 Short Mr. Croft of Surgeons’ Hall  
 Feels tall!  
 The “University” is all alive,  
 And spite of Council-orders, hopes to thrive;  
 The new Strand-College  
 Totters beforehand with its weight of knowledge;  
 And all the faculty, lost Colonel Jones,  
 Grows fat upon your bones!  
 Meantime a grateful nation fondly moans—  
 Both lords with windows boarded, lads with stones;  
 Their sense of right the generous gift disowns,  
 And deems such sacrifices fit for thrones.  
 Oh! leave such loans  
 To dukes and drones!  
 Thine be a cenotaph—say one of Soane’s;  
 Where crowds shall gather with despairing groans,  
 The marble echoing back, in hollow tones—  
 “JONES!”



## GOETHE'S VISIT TO BEIREIS.

(FROM GOETHE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.)

\* \* \* DR. GALL had left us, and gone to Göttingen. We now became attracted by a new adventure. The strange—in many senses, long-known and problematical—personage, Hofrath Beireis, in Helmstadt, had been often named to me. His environment, his remarkable possessions, his singular conduct, and, still more, the mystery that brooded over all this, had for a great while worked with disquieting influence on my friends, as well as on me. We could not but reproach ourselves that so peculiar an individual, pointing as he did to earlier, almost bygone times, had never been actually seen by us—that we had never, by personal intercourse, investigated him a little. Professor Wolf was in the same predicament: we two, therefore, knowing the man to be at home, determined on a drive to this Beireis, who, like some mysterious gryphon, sat watching over treasures, extraordinary and scarce imaginable. My banter-loving friend willingly permitted August, my son, now of some fourteen years, to go along with us—an arrangement which yielded mirth enough; for while the sound-hearted man and scholar made it his business incessantly to tease the boy, this latter felt entitled to use the right of self-defence, which, if it is to prosper, must act offensively also; and thus often, as the assailant, to overstep the limits; whereby their verbal rallyings rose at times into ticklings and romps, favourable to the general cheerfulness, though in the carriage somewhat inconvenient. We halted in Bernburg, where my worthy friend manifested some specialties he had in buying and bargaining: these the young rogue, lurking in wait to catch his adversary, failed not to bring to light, and in all ways make merry with.

The no less excellent than eccentric man had, for one thing, cast a most decisive hatred on all manner of custom-house officers; even when they acted quietly and with indulgence: nay, on that very account, he could not let them go unscoffed; out of which habit disagreeable adventures were sometimes like to rise.

As such aversions and peculiarities of his kept us, while in Magdeburg, from waiting upon certain meritorious men, I busied myself chiefly with the antiquities of the cathedral; surveyed the statuary monuments, especially the tombstones. I mention only three bronze ones, erected for three archbishops of Magdeburg: Adelbert II., posterior to 1403, stiff and cold, yet careful, in some degree natural, under the living size; Frederick, 1464, above the living size, more natural, more artist-like; Ernst, of the year 1499, an invaluable memorial of Peter Vischer, to which few are comparable. With these I could not enough delight myself; for whoso has once been busied with the progress of art, its decline, deviation to a side, return into the right way, with the domination of a main epoch, the influence of individualities; whoso has cultivated eye and sense on these things, will find no dialogue more instructive than the mute one in a series of such monuments. I wrote down my remarks, as well for practice as for remembrance; and still, with satisfaction, find these notes among my papers: yet, at that time, I wished nothing so much as that some accurate copy, especially of that glorious Vischer monument, could be procured; which service has since then been laudably performed.

Town, fortress, and, from the walls outward, the environs were attentively and pleasurably viewed; especially my eye dwelt long on the large

clump of trees, which, at no great distance, rose venerable; decorating the plain. It overshadowed Kloster Bergen; a spot that called up many recollections. There had Wieland, in all the concentrated enthusiasm of young feelings, taken up his abode, and laid the foundation of higher literary culture; there laboured the Abbot Steinmetz, in pious spirit, narrow, perhaps, yet honest and strong; and doubtless the world, in its narrow impiety, requires such light-and-heat fountains, if it is not, in its egoistic labyrinth of error, wholly to languish and freeze.

On repeated visits to the cathedral, we observed a lively Frenchman, in clerical garb, who, as the sacristan led him round, conversed aloud with his companions; while we, as used to the place, followed our silent aims. We learned that it was the Abbé Gregoire; but though I was anxious enough to make up to him, and commence some acquaintance, my friend, out of dislike to the Gauls, would not agree; and we had to content ourselves, occupied at some distance, with noting his manner, and catching his judgments, which he emitted in a loud voice.

We pursued our journey; and as the transition from one river-district into another, was always a chief object with me, the geognost, I could not but remark the sand-stone heights, which now indicated the change from the Elbe to the Weser. Helmstadt lies quite kindly; the sand there, a small river flowing through it, is tamed down by gardens, and other graceful bordering. Whoever does not bring with him the notion of an active German college, will be agreeably surprised to find, in such a position, one of our older establishments for learning, where, on the basis and funds of an ancient monastic institution, professorships of modern sort have been founded; where handsome incomings offer a pleasant abode; and old, spacious edifices give space for a dignified household, considerable libraries, valuable cabinets; and a quiet diligence can work the more actively in literary labour, as the small number of students demands not that haste of communication which, in frequented academies, is apt to confuse us.

The corps of professors was, in all senses, important. I have but to mention the names of Henke, Pott, Lichtenstein, Crell, Brown, and Bredow, that every one may estimate the circle where we travellers now found ourselves. Solid learning, willingness to impart; cheerfulness of intercourse, kept up by eager, studious youth; light mirthfulness, with earnest, well-considered employment; all this worked softly together: wherewith also the women co-operated; the elderly by domestic hospitality, younger wives with courteous grace, daughters in all loveliness; the whole seeming only to belong to one family. The large apartments of antique houses admitted great assemblages, and festivities the best attended.

At one of these, the difference between my friend and me again became manifest. On occasion of a splendid supper-party, two beautifully plaited garlands had been appointed for us strangers: the fair creature that put mine on me I had thanked with a kindly-retained kiss; and in my vanity felt pleasure as I fancied I could read in her eyes, that, so adorned, I did not displease her. Meanwhile, right opposite, the self-willed guest was struggling against his lively patroness with all obstinacy; and if the garland, in such tugging and twisting, did not utterly go to wreck, yet must the poor girl retire somewhat abashed, that she was not able to get quit of it.

Amid so many pleasant things, we might almost have forgotten the object which had brought us hither. However, Beireis himself enlivened

by his presence every feast. Not large, of handsome and agile make, as you still saw him, those legends of his fencing feats might be let pass; an incredibly high-arched brow, quite in disproportion to the under sharp-peaked parts, betokened a man of singular qualities; and, for so advanced an age, he might well boast of an especially brisk and unassumed spirit of activity.

In company, and especially at table, he gave his gallantry this quite peculiar turn—that he unconstrainedly represented himself as whilom adorer of the mothers, as actual wooer of the daughters or nieces; which oft-repeated tale all took in good part; for if no one would make pretence to his hand, fain would many a one have pretended to some share in his testament.

Introduced as we were, he offered us all manner of hospitality. A lodging in his house we declined; but thankfully passed great part of the day with him, looking at his curiosities.

Very much of his earlier property, that still in name and fame maintained itself entire, was in the sorrowfullest case. The Vaucanson Automaton we found altogether paralyzed. In an old garden, sat the Flute-player, in humblest apparel; but he flute-played no longer. Beireis shewed us the original cylinder, whose first simple tune had not satisfied him; and, on the other hand, a second cylinder, which, with aid of organ-builders kept years long in his house, he had undertaken instead thereof. This, however, as the organ-builders went away too soon, could not be completed, nor put in its place; whereby the Flute-player continued dumb as at first. The Duck, all disfeathered, stood there as a skeleton; still ate its oats quite briskly, but digested no longer. With all this, Beireis was nothing discomposed; but talked of these antiquated, half-ruined articles with such contentment and impressive emphasis, as if, since that time, the higher mechanic had produced nothing new of consequence.

In a large hall, devoted to Natural History, the remark also occurred, that whatever preserves itself was in good preservation with him. Thus he shewed us a very small Loadstone that carried a large weight; a genuine Phrenite, from the Cape, of great beauty; and other minerals, in excellent specimens.

But a row of stuffed Birds, standing crowded in the middle of this hall, were crumbling to pieces by moth-eating, so that worms and feathers lay heaped on the very foot-boards. He remarked this too, and declared that it was a stratagem; for all the moths in the house drew hither, and the other apartments were clean of such vermin. In regular series came then the Seven Wonders of Helmstadt to light: the Leberkühn Preparations, as well as Hahn's Arithmetical Mill. Of the former, some truly admirable specimens were pointed out; by the latter, complex sums of various sorts were computed. The Magic Oracle, however, was dumb. Beireis had sworn that this obedient clock, which at his command, while at a distance from it, stood still, or went on, should never again be wound up. An officer to whom, relating such wonders, the lie had been given, was declared to have perished in a duel; since which time the proprietor had firmly determined never more to expose his admirers to such peril, nor drive the unbelieving to such inconsiderate cruelties.

After what has here been stated, some observations may be allowable. Beireis, born in the year 1730, felt himself as a man of talent, capable of far-extending acquirement, and fitted for manifold action. Following the course of his time, he cultivated himself into what we name a *Polyhistor*,



or scientific Man of all-work. His activity he devoted to the healing art; but, with the happiest, all-retaining memory, it seemed to him that he might pretend to be at home in all the faculties, and honourably ascend any professorial chair whatsoever. His subscription in my son's album ran as follows:

GODFREDUS CHRISTOPHORUS BEIREIS,  
Primarius Professor Medicinæ, Chemiæ, Chirurgiæ, Pharmaceutices, Physices,  
Botanices, et reliquæ Historiæ Naturalis.  
Helmstadii, a. d. XVII Augusti, MDCCCV.

From what had been already exhibited, however, it was to be perceived that his Collections—the Natural History portion of them—could have no specific value; that, on the contrary, the class of objects he prized most were mere Curiosities—things that were to excite attention and admiration by the large sums paid for them; in which cases, too, it was not to be forgotten that, in the purchase, kings and kaisers themselves had been outbidden.

But, be this as it might, considerable supplies of cash must have stood at his command; for he had, as was apparent enough, not only watched the right season for such purchases, but also most probably shewn himself more capable of payment than others. The above-named objects he exhibited, indeed, with animation, satisfaction, and a fond minuteness; nevertheless his joy in them seemed to be, in great measure, merely historical. Where he shewed himself in true vivacity, passionate, persuasive, importunate, was in the matter of his Pictures; his newest whim, to which, without the smallest knowledge, he had fearlessly abandoned himself. Incomprehensible was the degree in which he had deceived himself, or sought to deceive us: first of all, in exhibiting certain *curiosa* of this kind. Here was a Christ, at sight of which a Göttingen professor had burst into the bitterest flood of tears; next, a naturally-enough-painted Loaf, on the table of the Disciples at Emaus, at which loaf an English mastiff had barked; another saint-picture, saved by miracle from the fire; and who knows what more of the like.

His method of exhibiting his pictures was singular enough, and seemed partly intentional: they were not hanging on the large, well-lighted walls of his upper story, but stood in his bed-room, built together round the large canopy-bed, against the walls; from which he himself, declining all help, brought them forward, and again carried them back. Some continued in the room, set up round the spectator; narrower and narrower grew the circle he stood in; so that, indeed, the impatience of my road-companion, too hard provoked, suddenly broke out, and occasioned his abrupt retiring.

This to me was actually a relief; for such pains of unreason are more easily endured by oneself, than in company of a skilful friend; where, in the mounting up of indignation, an outbreak from one or the other side is every moment to be dreaded.

And truly it was too high-seasoned this, that Beireis tabled for his guests. He plumed himself most, for example, on the fact of his having, by each of the most famous Masters, three pieces, of the first, the second, and the final style; and for his manner of setting them out, and exhibiting them, all sort of self-government which has been imparted to man could scarcely suffice. The scene was at once ludicrous, injurious, uncivil, and distracted.

The first apprentice-proofs of a Raphael, Titian, Carracci, Correggio,



Dominichino, Guido, and whom not, were no other than feeble things, produced by mediocre artists; sometimes only copied by such. Here, now, each time, he solicited indulgence for such beginnings; but cried up with admiration, in those that followed, the most astonishing marks of progress. Among those ascribed by him to the second epoch, there were not wanting good pictures; but, with the names labelled on them, judging either by manner or by date, they had simply nothing to do. Even so was it with the final class; over which the emptiest phrases, such as pretensions misjudges make use of, flowed pleasantly and plentifully from his mouth.

To prove the genuineness of such and other paintings, he produced the auction-catalogues, and joyed in the printed encomiums of what had fallen to his share. Among these were to be seen genuine, indeed, yet much-restored originals: enough! for this otherwise shrewd and worthy man, Criticism in any shape was but a word without meaning.

However, if through most of the time, your whole stock of patience and restraint were needed, yet at intervals the sight of real master-pieces consoled and rewarded you.

Of the highest value I reckoned Albrecht Dürer's Portrait of himself, painted in 1493, and therefore in his twenty-second year; half the size of life; a breast-piece, leaning on the elbows, both hands given; a purple cap, with short small tassels; the neck, to below the collar-bone, bare; on the shirt, an embroidered hem; the folds of the sleeves bound with peach-red ribbons; blue-grey vesture, decorated with yellow knots, as the handsome youth had right daintily attired himself: in his hand, significantly, a blue-flowery Eryngium, in German named *Mannstreue* (Man's truth); a serious, young face; sprouting hair about the mouth and chin;—the whole beautifully drawn, rich and chaste, harmonious in its parts, of the highest finish, altogether worthy of Dürer, though painted with very thin colours, which in some spots had shrunk a little.

This praiseworthy, quite invaluable picture, which a real lover of art would have framed in gold, and kept in his securest repository, Beireis left lying, as a thin piece of painted board, without frame or protection of any kind. Threatening every moment to split, it was haled forth more carelessly than any other, set up, and again set by; and the pressing sympathy of the guest, intreating for soft treatment and security to such a jewel, was indifferently waved aside: the man seemed, like Hofrath Büttner, to have, in such old-established confusion, a mad pleasure.

Farther, I must mention a spirited, free-painted picture by Reubens; longish, not large, as he loved to choose for such finished sketches. A Stall-woman, sitting in the fullness of a well-plenished herb-stall; cabbage-heads and salad of all kinds, roots, bulbs of all colours and shapes. She is in the act of dealing with a stately Burgeress, whose jocund dignity shews well beside the calmly-importuning manner of the seller, —behind whom a Boy, just about to steal some fruit, is threatened by her Maid with an unexpected blow. On the other side, behind the prosperous Burgeress, you see her Maid carrying a well-plaited Basket, already somewhat provided with market-wares; but she, too, is not idle; she looks after her sweetheart, and seems to answer his lifted finger with a kind glance. Better conceived, and more perfectly executed, few things could be seen; and had not we, in Weimar, determined on discontinuing those yearly Exhibitions of ours, we should have chosen this

subject, as it is here described, for a prize-picture ; to see what artists there were who, still uninfected by the preponderating perversion for gaudiness, felt inclined to direct eye and talent on the rugged freshness of real life.

As regarded the history of art, Beireis, at the dissolution of the monasteries, had obtained some pictures that were important : I viewed them attentively, and marked much in my note-book. Here I find stated, that, except the one first shewn, which might pass for a genuine Byzantic, the rest, without exception, seemed to be of the fifteenth, perhaps of the sixteenth century. For a more accurate estimation, I wanted thorough knowledge ; and for using what knowledge I had, the chronology and nomenclature of our wondrous Collector led me, step by step, out of the course.

For, in a word, as personally, so likewise in possessions, he insisted, once for all, on being unique ; and as that Byzantic piece was ascribed by him to the fourth century, so, farther, he pointed out an uninterrupted series from the fifth, sixth, &c. to the fifteenth, with an assurance and conviction, such that thought died away within one, as is wont to happen, when the palpably untrue is confidentially imparted to us as a thing known to every one—wherein neither the self-deception, nor the shamelessness, in such a degree, seems possible.

Such surveying and considering was pleasantly interrupted by festive entertainments. Here the ancient man continued joyfully to play his youthful part ; he joked with the mothers, as if they at one time had felt a kindness for him ; and with the daughters, as if he meant to offer them his hand. No one answered these speeches and proposals with any displeasure ; even the ablest male personages of the company treated his fooleries with some regard ; and out of all, it became apparent that his house, his natural and artistic treasures, his ready money and sleeping capital, his riches, actual, or exaggerated by bragging, were a lure in the eyes of many ; whence too much respect for his merits seemed to plead excuse for his singularities.

And surely there was none more adroit and dexterous to excite legacy-hunting than he ; nay, it seemed a maxim with him to create for himself hereby a new artificial family, and the *un-pious* piety of a number of individuals.

In his sleeping-room hung the portrait of a young man, of the sort such as you see hundreds, nowise distinguished, neither attractive nor repelling : this he was wont to shew his guests ; lamenting the mischance that this young man, on whom he had spent much, for whom his whole fortune was intended, should have proved false and ungrateful towards him ; so that he had been forced to throw him loose, and was now in vain looking after another, with whom to commence a similar and luckier connexion.

In this statement there was something roguish ; for as each, on looking at a lottery-scheme, draws the head prize for himself, so to each auditor there seemed, at least for the moment, a star of hope to shine forth ; nay, I have known prudent men that allowed this will-o'-wisp, for a considerable time, to lead them hither and thither.

The greater part of the day we used to spend with him ; and at night he regaled us, from Chinese porcelain and silver, with ewe-milk curds and cream (*fetter schafmilch*), which he praised, and pressed on you as a highly nourishing diet. Had you once got some relish for this strange food, it is not to be denied that you liked it well, and could also recommend it as wholesome.

And so we viewed, likewise, his older Collections, for the successful procurement of which historical knowledge itself suffices, without any necessity for taste. The gold Medals of the Roman Emperors, and of their families, he had in utmost completeness got together ; which fact, he strove zealously, by the catalogues of the Paris and Gotha cabinets, to demonstrate, and, at the same time, by various specimens wanting there, to evince his own pre-eminence. But what appeared most admirable in his series was the perfection of the stamps, which all looked as if they had come direct from the mint. This observation he took well ; declaring that he had by degrees changed off the faulty individuals, and so with heavy charge obtained what we saw, and yet had still to praise fortune in the matter.

If now the assiduous possessor brought, out of a neighbouring press, new drawers to view, you felt transported elsewhere both in Time and Place. Beautiful silver medals of the Greek cities lay before us, which, as they had been shut up long enough in damp, confined air, exhibited their well-preserved impressions with a bluish tint. As little next were there wanting, gold rose-nobles, old papal coins, bactrates, questionable satirical stamps, and whatsoever notably singular you could expect in so numerous and old-established a collection.

Neither could it be denied that in this province he was instructed, and a sort of judge ; in earlier years he had published a little Tract, on the methods of distinguishing true from spurious medals. Nevertheless, he seems here, as in other things, to have left himself some space for caprice ; for he asserted obstinately, and triumphing over all medalists, that the golden lysimachs were totally false ; on which ground he treated some fine specimens of that sort, lying there, with open contempt. This, too, like so much else, we left to its course, and took delight with instruction from his really singular treasures.

Along with all these remarkable things, in the intervals of so much time which Beireis devoted to us, ever and anon his medical activity came to light ; now he had just returned from the country, after happily, before day, delivering a peasant's wife ; now perplexed consultations had busied and detained him.

But to explain how he could be ready day and night for such business, and yet contrive to execute it with ever-equal, outward dignity, he turned our attention to his mode of hair-dressing ; he wore longish roll-locks, fastened with pins, close pitched down on his ears. The fore part of the head was decked with a toupee, all firm, sleek, and sufficiently powdered. In this wise, he said, he had his hair dressed every evening ; went to bed with it all fastened up ; and at what hour soever he might be called to a patient, there was he as respectable in appearance as when he came into formal company. And, true it is, you saw him in a clear suit of blue grey, in black stockings, and shoes with large buckles, everywhere the same one time as another.

During such lively conversation, and constant amusement, he had spoke little of purely incredible things ; yet, by and by, he could not forbear bringing out the litany of his legends on us also. As he was one day entertaining us with a specially well-furnished repast, a fine plate of particularly large crab-fish, in a region so brookless and riverless, could not but surprise us ; whereupon he stated, that his fish-basket could never be found empty of such provender ; he owed those creatures so much, regarded the use of them as so wholesome, that he kept them, not only as a savoury dish for honoured guests, but as the most



effective medicine in the extremest cases, ever in a state of readiness. Now, too, he advanced into some mysterious introductions; spoke of entire exhaustion, to which, by uninterrupted, most important, yet also most dangerous labours, he had seen himself reduced; meaning us to understand thereby the painful process of the Highest Science.

In some such condition, now, was he lying senseless, at his last gasp, without hope, when a young, and to him heartily devoted scholar and watcher, driven by an instinct resembling inspiration, had brought to his lord and master a dish of large boiled crabs, and forced him to eat sufficiently of the same; whereupon he was miraculously recalled to life, and so had retained his high veneration for this nutriment.

To believe certain waggish friends, Beireis had farther, on occasion given out, that, by means of the *universale*, he could change select cockchafers into young crabs, which he thenceforth, also by peculiar spagiric food, nourished up to remarkable size. This, as was fair, we took for a legend, devised in the spirit and taste of the old wonder-worker; such as various others that circulated at his expense, and which he, as indeed conjurors and thaumaturgists find their amount in being, was nowise inclined to deny.

Hofrath Bereis's medical repute was well established in the whole district; by the Count Veltheim Family, at Harbke, he was prized as household physician; to which family he declared himself desirous of introducing us. So announced, we made appearance there. Stately office-houses formed, in front of the high old Castle, a spacious court: the Count bid us welcome, and rejoiced to become acquainted, in me, with an old friend of his father's; for with this nobleman the study of mineralogy had for several years united us, only that his chief aim was in applying such knowledge to the illustration of problematical passages in ancient writers; in which undertaking, if you blamed him for too great rashness, the credit of intellectual acumen could not be denied him.

Towards the garden side, the antiquesly-decorated, fine-looking Castle, lay with peculiar beauty. Directly beyond this, you came upon level trim spaces, to which softly-mounting hills, overshadowed with bushes and trees, supervened. Convenient walks then led upwards to cheerful prospects over the neighbouring heights; and the wide circuit of these Estates, especially the flourishing woods thereof, became more and more apparent. The Count's grandfather, some fifty years before, had earnestly occupied himself with forest culture; endeavouring, among other objects, to train the North American trees to our German soil. We were now led into a fine wood of Weymouth pines, strong and high-grown, in whose stately umbrage, as before in the forests of the *Thüringer Wald*, reclining on moss, we refreshed ourselves with a hospitable breakfast, and took pleasure in looking at the special regularity of the planting; for this ancestral forest still indicated the purposed manner in which it had been laid out; the trees, placed in rows, everywhere exhibited themselves in quadrangles. Even so, at every division of the wood, in every new species of trees, the intention of the careful grandfather was discernible. \* \* \*

The best entertainment, the pleasantest society, instructive conversation, wherein the advantages of so large a Property became clearer in detail, especially where so much had been done for the dependent classes,—awakened the silent wish to continue longer; which also a kind, pressing invitation unexpectedly met. But our dear companion, the excellent Wolf,



who here found no entertainment for his tastes, and so the sooner and more keenly was seized with his usual impatience, desired so impetuously to be in Helmstadt again, that we had to resolve on setting forth; yet was there, at our parting, a mutual relation to spring up between us. The kind host presented to my son a beautiful Encrinite from his fossil treasures; and we scarcely counted on being able to return aught equally pleasing, when a certain Forest-problem came in course. In Ettersburg, near Weimar, it was said, in a popular Journal, a species of Box-tree grew, which, in figure and other qualities, visibly resembled the oak. The Count, with inherited taste for forest culture, wanted some prepared twigs, and what else might contribute to the knowledge of this Tree; especially, if possible, some living plants. In time we were so happy as to procure him what he wished, and so fulfil our promise; had the pleasure of sending him living specimens of this ambiguous Tree, and also, in after years, to hear good tidings of their growth.

During our return from Harbke, as in our going thither, the old conjuror, our guide, had much to tell us of his feats. We now learned from his own lips, what had already been communicated by tradition; yet, strictly considered, there was in the legends of this saint a singular monotony. As a boy, young courageous determination; as a scholar, quick self-defence, academic quarrels, mastery of the rapier, scientific skill in riding, and other bodily attainments; courage and dexterity, force and endurance, steadfastness and love of action; all this lay backwards in obscure times: three years of travel remained mysterious; and much else in the narrative, at all events in the examination, vague.

Since, however, the visible result of his history seemed to be an incalculable possession of precious things, an incalculable money wealth, enough of believers, of admirers, could never be wanting to him. These two, Money and Valuables, are a sort of household gods, towards which the many looks with greedy and devout eyes. Is a possession of this kind not inherited, and of plain acquirement, but gained in secrecy, then are all other marvels dimly assented to; the man is left to his fabulous way; for a mass of coined gold and silver lends, even to the untrue, respect and importance; people let the lie pass, while they envy the ready cash.

The possible or probable methods by which Beireis had attained to this property were simply and unanimously pointed out. He was reckoned to have found out a Colour which supplied the place of cochenille; to have communicated to master-brewers better processes of Fermentation than those then in use. Whoever is acquainted with the history of chemistry, will judge whether, in the middle of the last century, recipes of this sort might be gliding about; will know how far they have in recent years become public and universal. Might not Beireis, for example, have been among the first to come upon the improvement of Madder?

With all this, however, we are to consider the moral element in which, and on which he worked: I mean the Time, the specific feeling, the requirement thereof. Communication between the citizens of our world went not on so quick as it now does; as yet, any one dwelling in remote places, like Swedenborg, or in a small university, like Beireis, had still the freest opportunity to shroud himself in mysterious darkness, to evoke spirits, and labour at the philosopher's stone. Have we not, in still later days, seen Cagliostro; how, hastily traversing large spaces, alternately in the south, the north, the west, he could proceed with his

juggleries, and everywhere find proselytes? Is it too much to say, that a certain superstitious Belief in Dæmonic Men will never cease; nay, that in every time it will find itself a habitation, where the problematically True, for which, in theory alone, we have respect, may, in practice, marry itself, with all convenience, to the designedly False?

The agreeable society had kept us longer in Helmstadt than we purposed. Hofrath Beireis had shewn himself, in every sense, kindly and communicative; yet of his main treasure, the Diamond, far from exhibiting it, he had not so much as spoken. No one of the Helmstadt university men had seen it; and an oft-repeated tale, that this invaluable Stone was no longer in its place, served him, as we heard, for an excuse to strangers also. He was wont, it appeared, to state, with a confidential air, that he had caused twelve sealed caskets, perfectly alike, to be made, in one of which the Jewel lay. These twelve caskets he had distributed among distant friends, each of whom fancied himself in possession of the Treasure; while he alone knew who had it. We had reason to fear, therefore, that our inquiry after this wonder of nature would likewise be refused. Happily, however, shortly before our departure, there occurred what follows.

One morning he shewed us, in a volume of *Tournefort's Travels*, the figures of various natural diamonds, which, in the egg shape, with partial transition into the kidney and pap shape, had been found among the treasures of the Orientals. After having well impressed the form on us, he, without further ceremony, brought out, from his right breeches-pocket, the remarkable Production itself. In size like a moderate goose-egg; it was completely clear, transparent, yet without trace of having been polished; on the side you observed a slight hump, a kidney-shaped excrescence, whereby the Stone had a perfect resemblance to those figures.

With his customary staid composure, he then shewed some ambiguous experiments, that were to prove the genuineness of the Diamond; with a little rubbing the Stone attracted paper-clippings; the English file seemed not to harm it; yet he hurried over these tests, and told us the oft-repeated story, how he had tried it under a muffle; and at the glorious spectacle of the rising flame, had quite forgotten to moderate and extinguish the fire, whereby the Stone had, in a few moments, lost above a million crowns in value. Notwithstanding which, he reckoned himself happy that he had seen a fire-work, such as kaisers and kings might long for in vain.

While he held forth loquaciously on this point, I, mindful of chomatic proofs, was holding up the Wonder-egg before my eyes, to view the horizontal window-bars through it: but found the stripes of colour not broader than a rock-crystal would have given them; whereby I might henceforth privily have my doubts whether this world-renowned treasure was quite genuine. And so, by the head rhodomontade of our wondrous friend, may this visit of ours be fitly crowned.

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Such is Goethe's account of Hofrath Beireis, himself a more remarkable Product of Nature and Art, than any item in that Seven-wonder Museum of his. We have learned elsewhere that he departed this life in the year 1809; and, in spite of boiled Crabs, and the *universale*, and all his cunning spagiric food, was snapt up by the Undertaker, and con-

signed to the earth, and, to the past, like a common mortal. His goose-egg Diamond, weighing 6,400 carats, which the Emperor of China had solemnly intrusted to him, which all the kings then extant had not wealth to buy, and which, after all, was but a Madagascar rock-crystal, did not make its appearance among his posthumous effects, and, in all probability, is lost to the universe. Whether Vaucanson's wooden *Duck* got feathers again, and recovered its digestive faculty; whether the *Flute-player*, and the *Shawm-player* (for he, too, lodged with Beireis), had awakened from their unmelodious trance, we know not; the whole three were, with those moth-eaten Birds, and the innumerable other Curiosities, put up to public auction, and thus scattered through the wide world, where, most probably, little remains of them but bones and dust.

Of such a Projector-character, wherein true talent strangely unites itself with empty gasconading; and in the Philosopher-quack are found scientific insight, practical skill, faith, hope, charity, and all gifts and graces, save that of common veracity—we have seen specimens in England, but none in nearly such perfection as this of Beireis; which, therefore, as given in these few touches by a first-rate artist, we have thought right to copy and communicate.

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“FANTASIA” *à-la-HOOD.*

THE project of a protégée of Mr. Hood's, put forth in the new “Comic Annual”—that of turning “Blank Verse into Rhyme”—has excited a considerable quantity of morning, evening, and weekly-journal celebrity. Every shelf of every publisher in the three kingdoms will bear groaning witness to the amount of rhyme in “blank verse” that has been produced in this most poetical of all ages; but to reverse the picture, and to throw a perfume upon *Paradise Lost* by adding a very novel set of rhymes to it, is certainly ingenious, and worthy of the most Johnsonian days of England. Here is a specimen of this new species of poetry, selected from the “Nocturnal Sketch:”—

“Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads;  
And sleepers waking, grumble—‘Drat that cat!’  
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls  
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.”

Another part of the sketch introduces us to some paralytic watchmen, that prow!l

“About the street, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,  
Who, in her nightly jobs, robs fobs.”

Whether this whimsical scheme could be brought to bear with advantage upon any of our great rhymeless poems, we leave it to a committee of taste, of which Mr. Robert Montgomery should be chairman, to decide. How would it apply to the “Seasons?”—

“Come, gentle Spring! ethereal hum-drum, come!”

But we shall not speculate upon the point, particularly as, although it seems difficult, it is easy as lying. We are fearful of diminishing the degree of admiration which it has excited among the critics and coteries, were we to publish the whole thirty thousand lines sent to us by a youth—

ful correspondent ; who vows that, though he is only nine years' old now, he could go on inditing them till he is ninety-nine, without stopping. Posterity, however, will no doubt excuse us for transcribing some five-and-twenty of these triple-toned lines. Our juvenile genius is one of Mr. Murray's errand-boys ; we shall not give his name at present, because, if he were known to be clever, it would be fatal to his character. Aristocratic authors do not like errand-boys to be greater geniuses than themselves ; and we scorn to expose him to the jealousy of Lord Leveson Gower. It will be seen that he fancies himself a sort of poetical Jack-the-giant-killer ; but if, instead of slaying all the living authors, as he proposes, he should slaughter one half of them only, we shall hold it to be some atonement for his presumption.—"What stuff!" he begins,

"What stuff! at such the whole divine Nine pine ;  
 And so, I'm sure it's understood, Hood should.  
 Why, I would rhyme so, till John Jones moans, groans,  
 Frightening to fits Haynes Bayly, gaily daily.  
 Nothing so easy : though the book Hook shook,  
 I'd beat it—nor could Mrs. Bray say nay.  
 I'd crop at once, like flowers, Power's hours,  
 And cloud with deadly stupors, Cooper's troopers.  
 And Scott—yes, while a rod of flames lames James,  
 You'd see before my altar, Walter falter ;  
 Strangling with arms like Biffen's, Wiffen's griffins.  
 Flat at a single stroke I'd floor poor Moore,  
 And maul, with puns like pokers, Croker's jokers ;  
 Then make, with showers of attic salt, Galt halt ;  
 And while I stop with brambles Campbell's rambles,  
 Lo ! death, with one or two small shots, pots Watts.  
 I'd burn (in time all dross goes) Roscoe's Moscows,  
 And shoot, with well-aimed arrows, Barrow's sparrows.  
 Then, quick despatching Delta, helter-skelter,  
 'Midst shouts of "shame," make Mrs. Gore roar more.  
 Driving to deep dishonoured holes Knowles, Bowles,  
 I'd give, like other codgers, Rogers podgers,  
 And put down James and Horace Smith with pith,  
 Scattering, like deer before the dogs, Hogg's fogs.  
 No more you'd hear, when 'neath a slab, Crabbe blab ;  
 Nor heed, amidst my guerdons, Jerdan's burdens.  
 Mistake not, for Trueba's Shebas, Heber's ;  
 I'd make them both, as well as Crowe, go slow ;  
 And knock down topsy-turvey (scurvy !) Hervey.  
 Poems and prose by L. E. L. sell well.  
 But mine should of his kindest milk bilk Dilke,  
 And melt with music's organs Morgan's gorgons.  
 Then would the author of "Tremaine" gain pain,  
 While he, the sire of "The Disowned" (stoned) groaned.  
 Thus leaving to dramatic fools Poole's rules,  
 And making, seven nights a week, Peake squeak ;  
 I'd crush, great trio ! Moreton, Norton, Gorton,  
 And down fame's hill send Croly roley-poley !"



TITHES *versus* RENT.

1. A thinking man soon finds out, that the present difficulties of one portion of the community, and privations of the other, are not owing to circumstances *inseparable from* the age and country in which we live, and the government to which we are subject.

2. A thinking man, that is, if he be not a landed proprietor, soon discards the tenet, that population has in this country exceeded its *natural* maximum; that the time has arrived for pouring out upon unoccupied portions of the globe the superfluous inhabitants of our own; that emigration is our only remedy, or that it can be made a general remedy for the evils, of which we are all sensible.

3. A thinking man sees at a glance, that the wretchedness of the poor, accompanied as it must be by poor laws, and improvidence, and idleness, and moral degradation, and moral insensibility, and vice, is the greatest of those evils which afflict England.

4. A thinking man need not be told, that the condition of the poor of a country depends upon the quantity of employment within their reach, and the quantity of the necessaries of civilized life, which this employment will procure.

5. It is obvious that manufacturing property, though of first-rate importance to a country, adapted, like ours is, to manufacture, is not the property upon which the poor depend for sufficient provision of the necessaries of civilized life.

The manufacturing property of any particular nation is exposed to many accidents in every stage of its condition, between the extremes of the highest prosperity, and utter annihilation. It depends upon such accidents as peace, war, national competition, encouragement, restriction, prohibition, fashion, price of food: it depends upon such accidents as these, whether the demand for any particular manufacture, at any particular juncture, in any particular nation, is so urgent, as to make it worth a capitalist's while to create or continue, extend or contract, the supply, that is, to call the poor into employment, or retain it in employment, paying such wages as will keep the poor in a state of rational contentment with poverty; in a state not obstructive of the moral and intellectual progress of the poor along with, and in proportion to, the like progress of the higher classes.

Manufacturing property is then, in the present state of civilization, at least, in a dependant condition itself; it is subject to all degrees of distress, and finally, annihilation; and cannot therefore be considered as the final resource against the pressure of extreme poverty.

6. The only stable source of production within man's control is the soil. To the soil then the Author of our being and its necessities directs us, whenever the mere contrivances of man shall have failed to furnish the means of subsistence adequate to the support of a moral, as well as an animal nature: *the soil of our own country*, the voice of rational freedom directs us in preference to any other: by the soil of their own country have Englishmen a right to be maintained in soul and spirit, as well as body, as long as that soil is *naturally competent* to such maintenance.

The Author of man's natural rights, and the spirit of his own political rights, both warrant an Englishman in looking to *the soil of his own country* for employment enough to occupy his powers of labour; for

such remuneration of his industry as will maintain the energies of body and mind. When the Englishman is convinced that God made man and woman to be a mutual curse, and not a blessing ; when he believes that God made for Adam one *meet* to be his torment, instead of the object of his love, the instrument of his best earthly happiness ; then, but not till then, let him *make up his mind to the moody, maddening maxims of emasculating Malthus* : when again he sees reason to believe that the soil of England is overcharged with population ; then let him *hearken to the heart-rending exhortations of the inhospitable Horton*.

*The condition then of the poor population of our country is dependant on the quantity of employment provided by the soil, and the quantity of the necessaries of civilized life, which labour in such employment will procure.*

7. This quantity of employment and remuneration being not, at present, nor likely to be for ages to come, restricted by any *natural* causes affecting our country's soil, it follows, that the present distressed state of our labouring classes is attributable to *the artificial condition of landed property* ; that is to say, to some contrivances of our own, by which our petty selfishness, our short-sighted prudence, our presumptuous officiousness, has thrust itself in the way of a wise and benevolent Providence ; has intercepted the communications of its blessings to those who most need them ; has turned aside the majestic and fertilizing streams of its equable and effectual bounty into channels cut in a soil abundantly supplied before ; making that barrenness which was once a garden ; converting that into the rankness of a fungus-forcing-hot-bed, which before yielded, in the full perfection of its nutritive properties, the grain by which the life of man is best preserved in its full animal vigour, its moral and intellectual dignity.

8. Whatever has been contrived by human means, by human means may be altered. There is *absolutely* no limit to the extent to which man may lawfully prosecute the work of altering any, and every thing, which man has ever, or can ever devise. The same right by which man, in time past, called any provision of the social system into existence, remains, unimpaired, to man in time present to modify the details of any such system, to expunge them from the system, to alter the system to any extent, to abolish the system altogether, to create a new system in its stead, either by positive provisions, or by leaving the common good of the community to the common operation of its common intelligence.

The rights of any portion of the community, derived *merely* from the contrivance of any portion of the community, at any period of the community, may be by similar portions of the community at any period confirmed, extended, abridged, abolished. It is the language of fashion, by which we designate the provisions of *mere* human contrivance—rights : reason would name them privileges.

9. We have thus rid ourselves of the bugbear of absolute social rights, excepting such as conscience and reason dictate to us to be the provisions of the only legislator for every age and country, the fountain, head of all legislation, the Legislator of the universe.

We shall find the appellation, privilege, a much more adequate exponent of the ideas suggested to us by mere social provisions, than the appellation right : we shall find, that the substitution of this correct

term will save us from many serious errors of deduction and inference in the process of working out the several rational problems, in which the whole subject of political truth is involved.

10. Attributing, then, the general distress of those who depend upon any sort of employment to the scarcity of such employment, and its inadequate remuneration; inadequate to the reasonable wants of civilized subsistence, after satisfying the unparalleled requisitions of our national and local taxation; assigning, moreover, such scarcity of employment, such insufficient remuneration to labour of all sorts, to the *general monopoly*, arising out of our own perverse contrivances of late years, to heap up capital into enormous masses; bringing home to monopoly in general the whole of the general distress, except that which our enormous debt has a tendency to create; it is clear, that the portion of this distress, most grievous to be borne, most obstructive of the common happiness of the nation, most destructive of the endowments, by which less cultivated humanity is distinguished from the brute creation; the most intolerable for suffering man to bear, the most painful for pitying man to contemplate, is that portion of distress, which is inflicted on us by *monopoly of land*, or, in other terms, "the existing condition of landed property."

11. Monopoly of land is the effect of large capital invested in land, with a view to farther *large* accumulation.

The great inducement to invest capital thus, results from a mere contrivance of man, and the profits of such investment therefore rank under the appellation privilege; this term being understood to imply, "fictitious right, of which we do not take cognizance a priori, communicable by society, and therefore by society revocable also."

The pretence for such a contrivance is the good of the community, which community, as it first called this contrivance into operation for its good, may, beyond all possible doubt, modify or annihilate it for its good also.

12. This privilege, then, of large profits returned to large capital invested in land, may, without the least injustice, as soon as the community think fit, be curtailed, or altogether cancelled.

13. The pretence upon which, in the year 1815, the corn laws were passed, was the good of the country in general, and in particular the advantage of enticing the men of England to attend to the cultivation of the soil, as a means of independent supply for the country during war.

The houses of parliament consisted then, as they do now, mainly of landed proprietors, and landed proprietors being, as all *classes* of men always have been, averse from looking very carefully after arguments, to disprove conclusions favourable to their profit, the following conclusions were promptly arrived at:—

Firstly. That the country would be deprived of the provision of bread, in case of a war, if it did not raise enough corn for its own consumption.

Secondly. That the only way to insure a sufficient supply of home grown corn, was to assimilate the commodity of land to other commodities, in respect of the grain to be derived from its possession by private individuals, thus divesting the accumulative propensities of Englishmen (by which, though to a certain extent unavoidably, they are



not amiably distinguished from other nations), from trade and merchandize to the proprietorship of land.

The great majority of both houses, being by far too delicately jealous of the presumed *peculiar* dignity of the higher classes, to exhibit an open tendency to any of those grovelling and plebeian pursuits, by which vulgar men are wont to satiate the "*auri sacra fames*," were of course delighted at the prospect of indulging the hidden passion of their essentially vulgar souls, unsmutched by contact with the profane herd, amongst whom vulgar money-getters are obliged to struggle for their gains. Nay, more; how must they have exulted in their hearts, in many instances, of course incapacitated from a consciousness of wrong, by the self-deceiving force of extreme temptation; how must they have exulted in the opportunity offered by the profound stupidity of the farmers, the prostrate brutish ignorance of the poor labourers, to enhance their ancestral importance in the estimation of a large division of the people, at the very moment of their dealing humanity a deadly blow! With what avidity must they have seized upon the means thus offered, of disguising their attack on the comforts of middle life, the subsistence of low life, under the chivalrous baronial pretence, *Amor patriæ*!

14. As was to be expected, the selfishness of the corn laws was too gross and palpable to deceive all of those within the doors of parliament, who were even intimately connected by ties of consanguinity, and friendship, and party, with the landed proprietors: it seemed that nothing short of a direct and extensive *personal interest in the profits* of the proposed measure, could invest common sense with sufficient impudence, could work upon it with a charm of deception potent enough, to induce it to convert the comfort and subsistence of *millions* into the wealth and luxury of a few *hundreds*.

Thus we find the late Sir W. Curtis, whose property was not vested in land, and who therefore had, on this subject, a chance of forming a correct opinion—though he was in general a most unhesitating supporter of the ministry—we find this member declaring on the 17th February, 1815, in the House of Commons, that "*rents having in cases doubled, in some trebled during the war, he saw no rate of taxation, no peculiar pressure on the landed interests, to justify the measure.*"

Thus also in the House of Lords, the Marquis of Wellesley, and Lord Grenville, similarly circumstanced with Sir W. Curtis as to landed property, at all events much less interested than most landed proprietors, protested against the corn bill on every account; asserting, that the country did not require it; that the landed interest did not deserve it; that no human interference could prevent our being always supplied from foreign countries; that the measure was being hurried through parliament without waiting for any evidence of fact in its favour, with a most suspicious and disgraceful precipitancy; but most urgently did these comparatively wise, these humane noblemen protest against the measure, because that, of all its directly mischievous consequences, by far the worst was, its "*enchroachment on the condition of the poor.*"

To complete this illustration of the fact, that a disposition to approve of large investments of capital in land, indicates a gross vulgar personal interestedness, however disguised from the offender's conscience, by the extreme force of temptation, to illustrate this fact by one striking example more: Mr. Whitbread, the boisterous asserter of popular



rights, the man so suspected of an unlawful determination to the popular cause, as to be, by the witty author of the *Rejected Addresses*, chosen, along with the Pope, and the Beastly Corsican Fiend, to embody the essence of all that was odious to that courtly journal, the *Morning Post*; this man, impossible though it would seem for impudence to go so far, did actually declare, forgetful of the notorious profits of his own brewery, that "more human misery was caused by overpayment of labourers, than by underpayment;" that "large wages led to idleness, extravagance, and dissipation;" meaning no doubt especially drunkenness, without due encouragement to which, his beer-making would not have been the trade to satisfy so thorough a tradesman as himself.

Whatever Mr. Whitbread may have almost supposed he meant, the writer of this, in common, he presumes, with all men of plain understanding, knows, that he meant to this purport: "I have a large capital invested in land already, and I mean to invest more, as I continue accumulating from my brewery. I know, that if high wages are paid to labourers, the rent will soon be very much lowered indeed, and at last, perhaps, entirely consumed by that greedy and dissipated set of men! I am not such a fool as to care more for the public good than my own, however it answers my purpose in parliament, sometimes to say so. I am therefore for making landlords rich, and will support a 'Corn Bill.'

' Quid non mortalia pectora cogis  
Auri sacra fames! ' "

15. The Corn Bill of 1815, has thus been referred to, not as the origin of *all* the mischief, which has accrued to our country through rent; (this mischief indeed, has been accumulating ever since violence and conquest first succeeded, on a large scale, in overpowering the natural rights of mankind,) but in order to make, if possible, clearer that, which was as clear as light before; to make assurance doubly sure, that there is a grovelling, dirty, vulgar, unrighteous, contemptible spirit of mammon at the foundation of the arguments, by which the exclusive interests of the landed proprietors are upheld.

16. The following is an extract from returns made by farmers in different parts of the kingdom, to inquiries from the Board of Agriculture.

In the year 1790, the demands of rent and tithe on 100 acres of land, were, for £109. 0s. 5½d., in these proportions:

$$\begin{array}{rcl} \text{Rent } £88 & 6 & 3\frac{1}{2} \\ \text{Tithe } 20 & 14 & 1\frac{1}{4} \end{array} \} = £109 \quad 0 \quad 5\frac{1}{4}$$

leaving an amount of profit to rent above tithe, of £67. 12s. 1¾d. Thus, 48 years ago, rent was quadruple that of tithe, and £5. 9s. 8½d. besides, on the cultivation of 100 acres.

In 1803, the corresponding gross amount being £147. 10s. 7¼d. the proportions were,

$$\begin{array}{rcl} \text{Rent } £121 & 2 & 7\frac{1}{2} \\ \text{Tithe } 26 & 8 & 0\frac{1}{4} \end{array} \} = £147 \quad 10 \quad 7\frac{1}{4}$$

leaving an excess in favour of rent, of £94. 14s. 7¾d. Rent was, therefore, at this period also quadruple of tithe, and £15. 10s. 6½d. besides.

Again, in 1813, the amount of the two was £198. 9s. 11d., thus:

$$\begin{array}{rcl} \text{Rent } £161 & 12 & 7\frac{1}{2} \\ \text{Tithe } 36 & 17 & 3\frac{1}{4} \end{array} \} = £198 \quad 9 \quad 11$$

This last amount of rent above tithe, was £124. 15s. 4½d., that is,

£26. 2s. 6½d., more than quadruple. The disproportion since this period has probably encreased rather than diminished in favour of rent. *Tithe, then, has never been nearly so much as a quarter of rent.*

17. But, independently of all calculation, the proof of the enormous profits of landed proprietors is established by the visible addition during the last 40 years, of acres upon acres to different landed properties; all bought with the accumulated profits of rent; besides the heaps of profit from the same source, at present in the funds and other investments. "Field has been laid to field, and house to house, till there is no place left."

18. It is possible that the country can still afford to allow the privilege of rent in a *very reduced degree* from the best land; but it is impossible for ordinary observation not to conclude, that for the worst land none at all, and for the indifferent hardly any at all, ought to be paid.

19. The profits of landed proprietors already realized, exclude rent from the claim of any farther factitious protection whatever. If farmers and labourers can pay any, and be content; let it be paid: if not; let it go, like other property invested for profit is continually going, "to the dogs."

20. The laws of the country make express provision for the payment of tithe. Rent, on the contrary, is left to arrangement between man and man.

21. Rent consists equitably of surplus produce, after all the poor who are able to work, and can get no other employ, have been enabled to earn a comfortable subsistence without help of poor laws: after the small practical capitalist, the farmer, has received the due return to his capital and skill, and industry; after the government dues, amongst which is tithe, in reality nothing but a land tax, have been levied.

22. Whenever the circumstances of a country are such, that all these dues cannot be paid without causing misery to a population, the deduction must first be made, exclusively made, from rent.

23. The capital of the merchant and manufacturer is not protected from annihilation, even. This can never be the landowner's lot, though it would be difficult to shew in what respect he deserves this advantage, more than the manufacturer and the merchant. In fact, since neither ingenuity or trouble is required at his hands, he has in all respects much less claim to consideration than either of them. He cannot, however, and need not be deprived of his great advantage over them, which results from the naturally imperishable condition of the material, in which his property is invested.

24. Let the landed proprietor not presume to crave for rent, then, to the starvation or degradation of his fellow-countrymen. Let him be abundantly thankful for the resources he has still left: let him hug himself for a lucky fellow, that he has the power of betaking himself to that liberal occupation, the active superintendence of the tillage of the earth: let him, if he be a scholar (shame upon him if he be not), take down his Cicero from its shelf, and construe, and endeavour to catch the spirit of that philosophic nobleman's true and eloquent sentence—"Nihil est agricultura melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine libero dignius:" let him only beware of rendering *agricultura* by his favourite term rent: let him not mistake the sense of the word *uberius* for any profit, but that which the "bountiful earth yields to an intelligent, highly educated, learned, philosophic, but assiduous withal, and practical cultivator."

25. Whatever such a man may possess beyond his own powers, aided by domestic servants to superintend, let him assign to cultivators of his own choice. If they are not fairly able to pay him rent in cash, the representative of produce, let him be abundantly thankful that he can get some return in produce.

26. A landed proprietor, thus circumstanced, would be a fit subject for the envy of any king upon earth; a landed proprietor, who would not be satisfied with such a condition, deserves no regard from society to his wants or wishes; a landed proprietor, who would not ten thousand times rather place himself in such a condition, than thrive in any other, by depriving his countrymen of the food, and clothing, and fuel, necessary to make life worth possessing, deserves to be forced to have a lesson of humanity, by bitter experience of the sufferings to which he is so callous.

27. Rent, then, must not be exempted from the accidents to which other *speculations for profit* are exposed. Rent must depend, like all other profits, upon the convenience and ability of the country to afford it. The amount of rent far exceeds that of the land-tax paid to the government for its own use; far exceeds the land-tax paid to the clergy under protection of government and for public purposes. The proprietors of rent are the idlest men in the country; and can, and, as often as not, do spend the rent out of the country. Rent therefore must be forced to supply all that is at present wanted to render our wretched fellow-countrymen independent of charity for their ordinary support. Rent must be reduced, till men are deterred from investing larger capital in land than they can actively manage themselves.

28. Thus will there be employment on the land for myriads of vigorous, high spirited freemen; whereas it is now crawled over and meddled with, rather than duly tilled, by only hundreds of emaciated and degraded slaves. Thus will the vast mass of property, spread amongst the middle ranks, be relieved from the burden of the poor laws, that fruitful, yet at present unavoidable, cause of immorality, imprudence, and misery. Thus will that deadly animosity against property of all sorts, which now animates our suffering fellow-countrymen, be eradicated from their hearts—thus will those who are worst off have reason to be contented with their lot—and thus, as their patience under grinding injustice proves, will they be abundantly contented. Thus will the landowner be rich in such mode and degree as will render his possessions a blessing, not a curse, to the commonwealth. Thus, moreover, will the landowner be withdrawn from the morbid excitement of the Turf and the Hell, to the substantial gratification, yielded by the interchange of a primitive and genuine hospitality amongst his equals, to the harmonizing, the godlike control of a neighbouring population, dependant upon his employ for a free subsistence, while in health and vigour, and upon his charity for relief, when the utmost exertions of lowly industry and prudence have not availed to ward off the stroke of distress. Thus will he become thoroughly acquainted with the wants, and have a genuine feeling for the interests of his fellow-countrymen, and be the fit man to represent and promote those interests in the council of the nation. Thus will he possess so rational, deeply-rooted, and entire influence over his neighbours, that no vulgar demagogue shall have an opportunity of opposing his pretensions.

29. All taxes are, of course, pernicious, in proportion as they press



upon those classes which have least to spare. Taxes tending to enhance the price of food are, *pro tanto*, the worst taxes. Land taxes, of all kinds, ought, therefore, to be commuted as soon as possible. In the mean time, however, it is not to be contradicted, that the real full, legal tithe, can at present, without inconvenience to farmer or labourer, be paid, if all but the rent of the very best land be taken off altogether, and this list be very much reduced.

30. The evil of tithe, as a deduction from profit, is sensibly felt at present, solely and entirely in consequence of the pressure of rent. The evil of tithe, as a bone of contention between parson and farmer, and through the latter the labourer also, can be remedied directly throughout the kingdom, by forcing the landed proprietor himself to pay the full tithe to the parson. It is a monstrous absurdity that this has not been always insisted on. The parson would thus have a very few to quarrel with for his subsistence instead of a great many; and these few would be, on the average, less likely to push their animosity towards him, for demanding his income, to such irrational lengths. At all events, he need not scruple to make them do him justice as men, who very well know that he has a legal and equitable right to back his pretensions, and who can pay him without greater inconvenience than usually attends the discharge of a debt by a wealthy man.

31. The landed proprietor, then, must be forced into cultivation on his own account first; and when the country deems it best for its interests, the clerical tithe-holder must be compelled to cultivate also.

32. Whatever rent continues to be paid at present should be paid in produce alone, thus in justice exonerating the farmer, the smaller industrious capitalist, from the losses incurred by monetary fluctuations, from the necessity of selling his produce at unfavourable junctures, in order to provide cash for the rent day.

33. Until tithe has been commuted for its full value in land, by imperative demands upon proprietors, thus to redeem their property from its legal dues, it would be a manifest injustice to force a parson to buy carts and horses to carry his corn to market. The landed proprietor should, therefore, be obliged to pay the parson in cash until the commutation has been made. The question of tithe has nought in common with that of bishopricks, and pluralities, and luxurious provision for parsons. All such things may be, and, no doubt, are absurd enough, still the public has a right to claim, and surely will not suffer itself to be cajoled out of the full deduction of the tenth from the landed property of the kingdom. Nay more, the parsons may be the most immoral and useless men in the country, which, by the by, they certainly are not, without in the least invalidating their claim to the property which they hold, not under divine authority, nor as successors of apostles, but as men capable of possessing civil rights, and invested with those rights by the laws under which they live.

34. A public right, most indubitably, is that of tithe, and to the most beneficial public purposes may it be, whenever the country chooses, applied. It only needs the public demand for something more than a black-coated, shovel-hatted, on working days, decent-looking; but on Sundays, demure and sanctified, preaching and prayer-reading parson. It only needs the public to require a masculine style of clergyman, instead of the old-womanish, catechetical idol of clerk, and beadles, and sextons, and pew-openers, and Sunday-school children. As soon as



there is a demand for masculine piety, and talents and acquirements in a clergyman, the supply will commence, and rapidly increase. At present, decency and demureness of manner, and tameness of spirit (without which a man will hardly suffer himself to be sufficiently cheated out of), punctuality in attendance on the formalities of church service, sanctified abhorrence of mirth on Sundays, comparative easiness as to mischief and vice on working days. At present, these are the only qualifications absolutely required by public opinion in a clergyman. What right, then, has the public to complain, if the parsons are not so robust as they might be! but only about twenty times as useful as the landed proprietors!

35. With the public is lodged the power of calling forth to its use, through the instrumentality of the provision of tithe, due to the public from the landed proprietors, a class of masculine Christians, and scholars, and philosophers, such as no nation without equal funds at its disposal, ever could possess—a class of men, independent of the ignorant, and puling, and canting pretension to piety, by which men, supported by the voluntary tithe contributions of a Christian society of the present day, must be obstructed in the wish of elevating the moral character of a population—a class of men to whom, as it would be expected of them, the education of the poor might best be entrusted, in the full assurance of the greatest benefit to be derived from their exertions.

36. The attention of the writer of this article was excited, and his spirit roused to defend the poor parsons on grounds, beyond all candid denial, free from exception, by an article on Tithes, in a late number of the Westminster Review. Nothing can be fairer than that the writer of that article should, if he thinks parsons *worse* than devils, deny them that due to which even devils are by fair men considered entitled. It is not perhaps too much, as the article alluded to evinces a coherent and sane mind, to conclude, that the writer has not yet reached this extreme point of error, in judgment, respecting parsons, however disposed, notwithstanding, to hate them, as if he had. The writer of the present article knows very well that hard names are even a worse species of argument than hard blows: their logical insufficiency being the same, while their conclusions are not nearly so convincing. He will not himself resort to such bad arguments while he has better to use, but he cannot help half asserting, that if any fighting parson of the land should take occasion to cast Bully and Sycophant in the teeth of the Westminster Reviewer, he might perhaps be not altogether without justification. Bully, for his ferocious attack upon men comparatively, at this juncture, defenceless; Sycophant, for his gross attempt to curry favour with the landed proprietors, of whom it is impossible he can approve, by suggesting that the property of the parsons shall be sacrificed to that overloaded and greedy class, to make them amends for the necessary abrogation of the corn laws—*Mala mens, malus animus*. The man must have known better. A silly man could not have written the article alluded to. It betrays hatred—savage hatred throughout. He wrote not because he loved the poor; not because he liked the rich; but because, though he cared little for the first, and hated the second, he hated the parsons still more.

## THE OLD YEAR.

BY AN ULTRA-TORY.

A PLAGUE on all Reform, for raising such a storm !  
 It makes the place too warm for any Tory's son ;  
 A plague upon the day when Brougham came in our way,  
 In office with Lord Grey, in the year thirty-one !

The world is in a fury, the people are our jury,  
 We've lions at Old Drury as tame as Mister Bunn ;  
 While Cholera plays its rigs—(I wish the foreign brigs  
 Had brought it to the Whigs in the year thirty-one).

And then there's so much burking, and revolutions working,  
 With secret mischiefs working, which angry fate has spun,  
 I fear that their intentions, as every rascal mentions,  
 Have threatened all our pensions in the year thirty one.

'Neath London Bridge who steers, feels something like my fears,  
 And trembles for the *peers*—Ah me! I have made a pun !  
 But oh ! I mourn our fate—for rich men and the great  
 Were driven from the state in the year thirty-one.

We had a glorious bustle with little Lord John Russell,  
 Expecting in the tustle we surely must have won ;  
 And though but by a fraction we failed in our re-action,  
 They called us all a faction in the year thirty-one.

We sought—who could do less ?—assistance from the press ;  
 That left us in a mess—Courier, Chronicle, and Sun ;  
 And had (oh, deed infernal !) since we smashed the Morning Journal,  
 Scarce a weekly or diurnal in the year thirty-one.

Though we bribed the Morning Post (the John Bull we paid the most),  
 The ministers to roast—yet certain as a gun,  
 The Herald and the Times, and more—too hard for rhymes—  
 Have chronicled our crimes in the year thirty-one.

The people have made merry with corporation sherry,  
 And pelted Londonderry till he was forced to run,  
 Because his elocution defeated revolution,  
 And saved the constitution in the year thirty-one.

They talk about it still, and dare to say they will  
 Have that accursed Bill—and must have that, or none ;  
 While all this troubled nation is one Association,  
 In spite the proclamation, in the year thirty-one.

And no one ever hinders the breaking of our windows,\*  
 They burn our homes to cinders, and think it monstrous fun ;  
 And then, with shouts and groans, the poor Recorder's bones  
 They set with " Bristol stones" in the year thirty-one.

Our boroughs will be lost, I fear it to our cost,  
 Before the coming frost—the fate we cannot shun ;  
 And then, dear brother Tory, farewell to all our glory—  
 We shall not live in story in the year thirty-one.

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\* "Kings are not more imperative then rhymes."

## THE NEW YEAR.

BY A LIBERAL WHIG.

ALL hail, auspicious Year ! the glorious day draws near,  
 When every pensioned Peer corruption must eschew ;  
 The boroughmongering swarm shall bow before the storm,  
 And give us a Reform in the year thirty-two.

Few now of any station deny some reformation  
 Is wanted by the nation (because they're in a stew) ;  
 The Bishops and the Peers grow fainter with their cheers,  
 While thinking of their fears in the year thirty-two.

And some have had discretion, in this the present session,  
 To make a full confession, as honest men should do ;  
 And I have good authority to say that our minority  
 Will turn to a majority in the year thirty-two.

What if the Cholera rages, as so the wight presages  
 Who scribbled all those pages in the Quarterly Review,  
 We'll have a quarantine to keep the King and Queen,  
 And " Constitution " clean, in the year thirty-two.

Our members shall do more than they have done before,  
 Save some, perhaps a score—the ever-active few ;  
 For all must use their speech, while Irving lives to teach  
 Some " unknown tongue " to each in the year thirty-two.

Should I behold the day when Russell, Brougham, and Grey  
 Shall one and all give way before the factious crew,  
 Then shall I look to Peel, in hopes he will reveal  
 Consistency and zeal in the year thirty-two.

When Cumberland talks sense on any good pretence—  
 Newcastle lowers his rents, and takes less than his due ;  
 When Eldon fails to " doubt " what he has been about,  
 The Whigs may then be out in the year thirty-two.

When Cobbett, for a week, shall write, or think, or speak  
 Philosophy or Greek, in Kensington or Kew—  
 Why then his Indian corn he'll leave to Tory scorn,  
 And on the Whigs will fawn in the year thirty-two.

When Hunt shall give his aid to those he has betrayed,  
 And talks less of his maid, his Betty, or his Sue ;  
 And when O'Connell's fiat shall fail to raise a riot,  
 The mobs will then be quiet in the year thirty-two.

When Wilberforce shall shew that blacks are white as snow,  
 And tithes all men shall know are blessings good and true,  
 With Percival at last, before the session's passed,  
 We'll have a general fast in the year thirty-two.

When Hume forgets his score, that two and two make four—  
 When Sibthorpe's not a bore, and Rothschild's not a Jew—  
 When Croker's elocution shall force a dissolution,  
 There'll be a revolution in the year thirty-two.

Give praise to all on earth whose merit is their worth—  
 Crush faction in the birth, like dirt beneath the shoe ;  
 Thus shall man be judged alone by virtues of his own,  
 If prejudice be flown, in the year thirty-two.

Oh ! could I but fulfil the impulse of my will,  
 Education I'd instil in men of every hue ;  
 And then by that decree there should not living be  
 A soul that wasn't free in the year thirty-two.

## UGO FOSCOLO, AND THE ITALIAN POETS.\*

LIKE the Oriental fame of the thousand and one tales, the charm of which strengthened with the recital, there is a sort of fascination clinging around every thing of Italy and her works, that seems to grow with the lapse of time, and hold the heart and the imagination in willing captivity. In how far this pre-eminence of attraction and respect, among surrounding nations, may be founded on reason and truth, or on mere climate and conventional circumstances, would afford scope for some curious speculation ; for assuredly, if we could, it would be right to divest ourselves of hereditary admiration, and all undue love and reverence for objects, not in themselves deserving of our high, enthusiastic regard. If, however, we were to let facts speak, the result, we incline to think, of such inquiry would go far to shew the justice of the peculiar claim which Italy boasts in the eyes of the world, in her history, her literature, and her arts, not only to our love and admiration, but to our unceasing gratitude for pleasures and benefits long conferred. Amidst the splendid ruins of the Grecian and Roman greatness, Italy, the nurse of learning and the arts, like the ark of the Israelites, still preserved the type of intellectual truth and beauty, and continued the links between the master-minds and diviner spirits of the old classic ages, and the periods of civilization, discovery, and refinement, to which they roused mankind, down to the present day. The Muse of Italy was of the first to break into full and majestic song ; her painters first pictured the works and the visions of heaven upon the wondering earth ; her princely scholars raised the first institutions of learning,—science,—art ;—models of all which we now possess ; her philosophers made their discoveries before Bacon wrote ; without her Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, our Chaucer would not have been the same poet ; without her novelists the mighty Shakspeare must elsewhere have sought his sources of magic power,—his Moor and his Juliet would not exist ; Milton combined the majestic vigour and the splendid imagery both of Dante and Tasso ; Dryden, Pope, and all the best and loftiest of our names turned from the classic stores which Italy preserved to us, to drink deeply after boyhood at the scarcely less inspiring fount of Italy's Helicon itself. But among the most gifted of her sons, whose genius spread light and civilization over the modern world, none assuredly hold a higher rank than her poets, standing in equally bold relief with the grand disciples of their sister art,—the Michael Angelos, the Raphaels, and the Titians of their respective times.

Like them they devoted themselves to their cause with an energy of soul that mastered every difficulty ; they entered on their career with a spirit of intellectual gladiatorship, which, in each pursuit and study, ensured them success ; they did not confine their knowledge to one branch of art,—men for all times and all learning, they asserted the rights of intellect ; they made their voice heard and feared ; they walked with princes ; they adorned the camp, the court, and the cabinet, and appeared more like the patrons than the mere fosterers of learning. We might here, indeed, adduce numerous instances in which crowned heads, as in the case of the bold Aretin, yielded obeisance to the power

\* *Lives of the Italian Poets.* By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A. M.R.S.L. Second Edition, with numerous Additions. 3 vols. Edward Bull.



of the pen ; when proud prelates, and princes with all the wealth and beauty of the land, courted the notice of famed poets and painters to prolong their brief and perishable names ; but times and characters are so wofully altered in these matters, that one might fairly, perhaps, be supposed to be giving a sketch of the golden age, or some "author's Paradise" previous to his fall, before the flood.

As regards Italy, however, the dignity, the vigour, and the extensive influence of her literary character as it once existed, will more fully appear, if we turn for a moment from the brighter days of her intellectual supremacy, to observe how even amidst the desolation that has palsied her powers and laid waste her palaces, the genius of her former men still inspires hope in their descendants, a secret vigilance and dread in the oppressor, and bitter hostility to those principles which animate the true poet and the patriot. So sensible was Napoleon of this power of literary opinion, that, on his conquest of Italy, he left no means untried to conciliate the leading literary men of the day ; and it may easily be surmised that from their influence on the political as well as the literary fortunes of their country, the poets of Italy would present a rich and interesting theme for the pen of any biographer, who had a soul to feel and intellect to appreciate the character of their works and of the times in which they flourished.

In this respect, it may justly be observed that among the writers who have recently done so much to illustrate the more important periods of Italian history, and to bring us more intimately acquainted with works of literature and art, few appear to have entered on the task with more sincerity and zeal than the author, the title of whose book is appended to the foregoing observations. It is written in a spirit of candour and truth which reflects credit on his taste and feelings, while, as we shall proceed to shew, it will be found to supply ample sources of information, at once amusing and instructive. We have felt more deeply interested in such of the lives as run to some extent, though not more perhaps, from the characters of the men, than from the manly and engaging style which the writer brings to the discussion of his theme. In presenting the reader with some examples, our veneration for these far-famed poets who gave new impulse to their language and their times, has not been a little enhanced by the agreeable manner in which their distinctive merits have been pointed out. Of the mistress of the celebrated Dante, it may be interesting to give the following particulars—at least curious and touching—from their rarity :—

"But the youth of Dante was the subject of another spell besides that of his richly-endowed and creative intellect. Of those who have immortalized their love in song, none have more intimately united their name and immortality, both as men and poets, with the memory of their mistresses than Dante. When he first saw Beatrice Portinari, he was little more than nine years old, and the details he has himself left respecting this youthful passion, have so much the air of a romance, that they have been frequently passed over with much less attention than they merit. When it is considered how much greater influence his love for Beatrice seems to have had upon his mind than any other circumstance of his life ; how much more present her image is to the reader of the 'Commedia' than any other of the numerous personages it mentions ; how closely, in fact, the names of Dante and Beatrice must remain united so long as Italian literature exists ; we shall not fail to regard every notice that remains of their connection

as of the highest value—not as it may satisfy curiosity, far more particular in such cases than philosophy, about the exactness of trifling facts, but as serving to indicate the tone of feeling and sentiment which characterised the youth of this great man.

“Folco Portinari, the father of Beatrice, was a citizen of distinction, and it was the custom in Florence, at that period, for the better class of the inhabitants to keep the first of May with open house and various kinds of rejoicing. Dante, on the present occasion, happened to be among the guests of Portinari, and the little *Bice*, as her friends called her, who was about the same age as himself, was so gentle and beautiful, that she immediately attracted his regard. In a few years the child-like affection he had conceived for her ripened into a deeper feeling, and wholly occupied his thoughts. To this he attributes the earliest exercise of his muse, and the following sonnet is the first of his printed compositions. It contains an address to all who had any experience in the mysteries of love, and were likely to interpret the meaning of his poetic visions.

“A ciascun’ alma presa, e gentil core,  
Nel cui cospetto vien’ il dir presente  
In ciò che mi riscrivan, suo parvente  
Salute in lor Signor, cioè Amore.  
Gia eran’ quasi ch’ atterzate l’hore  
Del tempo ch’ ogni stella è piu lucente  
Quando m’ apparve amor subitamente  
Cui essenza sembrar, mi dà horrore.  
Allegro mi sembrava Amor’ tenendo,  
Mio cor’ in mano, e nelle braccia havea  
Madonna involta in un drappo dormendo  
Poi la svegliava, e desto cor ardendo  
Lei paventosa humilmente pascea  
Appresso gir’ lo ne vedea piangendo.”

“To every captive soul and gentle heart,  
For whom I sing, what sorrows strange I prove!  
I wish all grace, and may their master, Love,  
Present delight and happy hopes impart.  
Two-thirds of night were spent, but brightly clear  
The stars were shining, when surprised I saw  
Love, whom to worship is my will and law;  
Glad was his aspect, and he seemed to bear  
My own heart in his hand, while on his arms  
Garmented in her many-folded vest,  
Madonna lay, with gentle sleep oppress’d;  
But he awoke her filled with soft alarms,  
And with that burning heart in humble guise  
Did feed her, till in gloom the vision fled my eyes.”

Beatrice died soon after both she and Dante reached their twenty-fifth year:—

“It one day happened that as he was brooding over the recollection of his beloved mistress, he saw, at the window of a neighbouring house, a lady of the most exquisite loveliness. Her eyes were fixed upon his melancholy figure with a look of deep sympathy, and her countenance, pale and expressive, was the counterpart of the image so strongly impressed on his heart. His tears, he says, fell freer as he contemplated this fair resemblance of his Beatrice, and he wrote sonnet after sonnet declaring the consolation he found in the sympathy she rendered his sufferings. At length, however, he perceived that his eyes began to take a greater delight in the graces of the living beauty than was consistent with the devout remembrance of Beatrice. Discovering his danger, he reproached himself in the bitterest manner for what he termed the vileness of his

heart and the vanity of his eyes; and thus expresses himself in one of the sonnets written at the time:—

“ Color d'amore, e di pietà sembianti  
Non preser mai così mirabilmente  
Viso di donna per veder sovente  
Occhi gentili, e dolorosi pianti;  
Come lo vostro qual' hora davanti  
Vedetevi la mia labbia dolenti;  
Si che per voi mi vien così a la mente  
Ch' io temo forte ho lo cor sì schianti  
Io non posso tener gli occhi distrutti,  
Che non riguardin voi molte fiate,  
Per desiderio di pianger ch' egli hanno:  
E voi crescete sì lor voluntate,  
Che de la voglia si consuman tutti;  
Ma lagrimar dinanzi a voi non sanno.”

“ The form of pity and the hue of love,  
Never before did beauteous lady's face,  
From gentle looks and sighs deep sorrows move,  
Take with such perfect and such wondrous grace  
As thine, who late beheld me while I went,  
With looks that only pity did bespeak;  
But now my thoughts, on thee too frequent bent,  
Teach me to fear that with a heart so weak  
My eyes will ever seek thee, and intent  
Rest fondly on thy pale and sadden'd brow—  
Sad with that love of grief which in thee dwells;  
Thus you their wish increase that tears would flow,  
But with that wish my heart so anxious swells,  
That in thy presence, captive held, in vain  
I seek by tears to mitigate its pain.”

What may have added not a little to the great poet's regret for her loss, he is said to have subsequently married a perfect Xantippe, a woman of violent temper, who made sad inroads upon his peace. In describing the public career of Dante, his exile and misfortunes, as in estimating his poetical genius and works, his biographer displays a liberal and enlightened criticism, which marks the scholar and the observer of human life. In the lives of Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, together with the minor luminaries who drew reflected lustre from their brilliant course, we are presented with much interesting and curious detail; and the narrative, we think, increases in interest, as we proceed, while the occasional versions from the original Italian confer an additional spirit upon the work.

These, however, we must pass over for the more anecdotal portions, especially respecting the poets who have lived in our own times—the Alfieris, Pindemontes, and Fosclos, who have resided among us, and whose adventures teem with singularity and interest. We must first notice, however, the curious anecdote told both of Ariosto and Tasso, as illustrating the immense influence exercised by their poetry over the minds of all ranks of their countrymen. It is of Ariosto we here speak:—

“ Being obliged one day to pass over a wild part of the district, the forests of which were known to be the resort of banditti, led by the celebrated chiefs

Dominico Marocco and Filippo Pacchione, he was somewhat disconcerted at seeing his path crossed by a large body of armed men coming out of the woods. As he was attended by only six followers, resistance to an attack he knew would be vain. Neither he nor his party, however, encountered any interruption, till his servant, who had loitered behind, on coming up, was asked by one of the banditti who the gentleman was that had just passed them. Being answered that it was Ariosto the poet, he immediately spurred his horse forward, and, pulling off his hat as he approached him, said that he was Filippo Pacchione, and was come to apologize for having suffered so great a man as Ariosto to pass him unsaluted."

The *Life of Torquato Tasso* is very ably written, and the author decides between the conflicting evidence it offers, with a discriminating and dispassionate judgment. On turning to the additional materials with which the present edition is enriched, we find among the most attractive of the list, the names of Pindemonte, Monti, and Ugo Foscolo; while the whole offers ample scope for the biographer in appealing at once to the sources both of mirth and of tears. But Alfieri is, comparatively, familiar to us, and next to him there is no one that, in force and eccentricity of character, offers so singular a picture as the learned and highly talented Foscolo. Among the anecdotes and adventures which marked his strange and chequered career, we shall select a few such as will throw more light on his genius and character, than volumes of our own observations could do:—

"He arrived in this country under favourable auspices. He was a poet, a scholar, and a liberal; and in each of these characters, there were persons of wealth and influence ready to appreciate his merits. At Holland House he was introduced to all the principal literary men residing in town. Byron, Campbell, Moore, Rogers, and other eminent persons, among whom were the present Lord Chancellor, Sir James Mackintosh, the late Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Hallam, were his frequent associates; and the attention he received from them, is one of the best proofs that could be given of the extent of his acquirements, and of the high character of his mind.

"From the mention I have heard made of him by some of his most intimate friends, he appears not to have lost the slightest portion of his self-confidence by becoming an exile, nor to have felt in the most exalted and intellectual society which this country could afford less independent either as a patriot or man of letters, than when surrounded by his admirers at Milan or Brescia. He was at no time an example of patience in dispute, but when his own character or that of his country was concerned, he lost all consideration for either the rank, or the sex of his opponents. I am told that he was once dining at the table of a distinguished nobleman, when some person present, whose principles were widely opposite to his own, ventured to make remarks which he conceived derogatory to the honour of Italy. He did not conceal his emotion, but replied with all the force of his stentorian eloquence; the spirit of refined society quickly yielded to the indignation of the patriot, and grasping the table-cloth with both his hands, he went on encreasing in energy as he proceeded, till at last, his adversary having made a remark which added more fuel to the flame, he jumped up, and still grasping the table-cloth, drew, to the infinite consternation of the guests, most of the dishes into their laps."

In his estimate both of the life and writings of Foscolo, Mr. Stebbing awards to him, as a writer and as a man, his full and deserved meed of praise, without extenuating his errors. There are some points, indeed, as to which only a closer knowledge of, and a long personal acquaintance with, the man, might have enabled him to decide with greater confidence, and



to have raised his literary character, both in the eyes of his biographer and of the public. These are, the surprising extent of his memory, his erudition, his fluency, rapidity, and power of language, as evinced in conversation, and on public occasions; his really fine eloquence, his consistent patriotism, uncompromising spirit towards the oppressor, and his naturally generous and independent nature. He had many and serious faults, and he paid the heavy penalty of them; he was less an enemy to others than to himself.

Of that peculiar frankness, in his manners, often carried to a degree of rudeness, not a little startling to the prejudices or self-love of those with whom he conversed, and the sudden gusts of passion to which he was so liable, the following are among the not least amusing instances:—

“It may be as well, perhaps, to mention here, that he was not less ready to say what he felt when quietly chatting with his acquaintances, if he chanced not to be in a remarkably forbearing humour, than when provoked to do so on some great occasion. A friend of mine, for whom he in reality felt considerable esteem, happened to be sitting alone with him one day, conversing on a variety of topics, when the discourse took a turn which tempted my friend to dilate at length, and with great gravity, on some point in philosophy. Foscolo listened to him a long while, but at last, without saying a word, he rose, rang the bell for the servant, and on her appearance, quietly told her to request her mistress to come up stairs. The lady obeyed, and he desired, in a supplicatory tone, that she would sit down and talk with his friend, for that he had quite tired him with his absurdities.

“Many instances of his intemperate passion have also been told me by Mr. Redding, and other gentlemen who were in the habit of engaging with him at chess. He was remarkably fond of that game; but such was his rage whenever his adversary made a very successful move, that he would start from his seat, and, gnashing his teeth, pull up his hair in large quantities by the roots. It mattered little where he might be when his anger was thus roused. A gentleman, who was in the habit of playing with him in his own house, has told me, that he always took the precaution of running to the opposite side of the room before he proclaimed check-mate. On the other hand, it is generally known to his acquaintances, that being irritated in a similar manner one evening, when playing at the house of a nobleman, he started up, and, before the whole company, challenged his astonished opponent to a rencontre of a different kind.”

As to the more doubtful points of his character, his admiration of the elegant and the beautiful, and his ambition to be surrounded with whatever denoted the man of taste, influence, and intellectual luxuries, we shall offer a few remarkable passages:—

“Common, however, as the opinion has been, that Foscolo’s Digamma Cottage was the image of an Eastern Haram, it yet admits of being doubted whether the idea had not its sole origin in the encouragement which he himself gave, either from vanity or madness, to these suspicions. After having heard his conduct represented by several persons in a manner which did not allow of my doubting that he was a gross sensualist, I have had the advantage of conversing with other individuals, who, perhaps, had better opportunities of judging correctly respecting his character. Their testimony directly contradicts that before mentioned, and they repel with warmth the accusation that Foscolo was a sensualist. He delighted, say they, in being surrounded with whatever is beautiful, and he sought the fairest attendants that could be found, simply from the pleasure he took in beholding what is lovely. If he sometimes spoke of them, or to them, in a tone which scarcely became him as a master, it was only in conformity with his usual mode of expressing himself when elated; and his particu-

larity about their dress and appearance is accounted for in the same way. He would never suffer any servant to enter his presence, without having paid due attention to her dress, and it was his most especial direction that no person of the kind should ever appear before him in black stockings. Again, say the same individuals to me, Foscolo had the habits of a sensualist in nothing but appearance. He was remarkable for moderation in his appetites; his diet was of the simplest and most sparing kind, and he scarcely ever drank more than two glasses, or two glasses and a half of wine. Add to this, he always expressed himself with warmth against gross indulgences of every kind, and few will be inclined to believe, after reading the events of his life, that Foscolo could be guilty of flagrant hypocrisy.

"But however doubtful it may be whether the accusation above alluded to be correct, no doubt exists of his imprudence in respect to all his pecuniary affairs. At the period of which we are speaking he was in tolerable employment; he wrote for the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, and the encouragement given to his excellent essays on Petrarch, served to increase simultaneously his means and his expectations. So extensive were his designs, that he found constant employment for some young men of ability to translate or improve his language, and it was with one of these, Mr. Graham, that he was guilty of the folly of fighting a duel on account of his favourite servant. But a casual observer might have supposed that he was rapidly advancing in fortune. The establishment he kept up was one which would have swallowed up a revenue far greater than that which he could ever hope to command, had all his designs been completed and crowned with success. His debts, consequently, were always on the increase, and as a large part of his upholsterers' bills remained unpaid, he was soon involved in difficulties which rendered ruin inevitable. To accelerate the approaches of distress, his mind was at times too much oppressed with anxiety to allow of its free action, and thus the great wheel of the machine on which his whole subsistence depended, soon grew unfit for use."

When the misfortunes of his latter career began to gather darker around him, the more marked and dangerous features of this extraordinary being's temperament were more fully and strangely developed:—

"At length an execution was placed on his premises, and he then appears to have resigned himself to despair. A gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, received a message from him late one evening, intimating the circumstance, and fully expressive of the misery of the writer. The call was promptly attended to, but on the gentleman's arrival at the cottage, he was informed that Foscolo had retired to his apartment. He hastened to the room, and gaining admission with some difficulty, he discovered on the table, near which the poet was seated, a little dagger, which Foscolo always carried in his bosom, but only displayed on great occasions. After a slight inquiry, therefore, into the cause of his present distress, he settled the demand of the person who had placed the execution in the house, and Foscolo was once more at ease.

"I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. S. C. Hall, who went to reside with him, about this time, as his secretary, for the knowledge of many particulars which respect the state of his mind under these distressing circumstances. He now began, it seems, to experience the most terrible fits of despondency: 'He would sometimes ask me to pass the evening with him,' says the gentleman above named, 'but in the midst of our conversation he would cease speaking, and sit for a couple of hours wrapped in the most gloomy silence.' This, however, was not the only sign which he gave of the miserable state of his thoughts. Mr. Hall, who lived in the small house next the Digamma Cottage, and which Foscolo retained in his hands, was startled by seeing him enter his apartment one afternoon, with a worse than ordinary gloom upon his brow. 'Mr. Hall,' he began, 'I am come to see you for the last time. In two hours I shall be no more. When I was still a youth, Mr. Hall, I was numbered among the great men of my country; I was even called the first of poets, when there was no hair

upon my chin. Alfieri Monti, and the rest, all either feared or envied me; and I went on distinguishing myself, till even Buonaparte himself trembled before me. And now what am I? A poor, miserable exile! My countrymen abuse me because I do not help them; and here I am myself without friends, and without one shilling in my pocket! I must sacrifice either my honour, or my life; and I will therefore die!' Having said this, he left Mr. Hall to his uncomfortable ruminations; but the next morning he made him another visit, and laughed and chatted as if he had no recollection whatever of the part he had acted the preceding afternoon.

"On another occasion, however, he addressed him in a similar manner: 'I will die!' said he, 'for I am a stranger, and have no friends.'—'But, surely, Sir,' was the answer, 'a stranger may have friends.'—'Friends!' he exclaimed, 'I have learnt that there is no meaning in the word. I assure you, I called on the editor of the ———, to learn if there had been any thing about me in the newspapers; for everybody seems leagued against me, and leaving nothing undone to plague me. I assure you I do not think I will live after next Saturday, unless there be some change.'"

The description of Foscolo, in his last moments, is at once touching and eloquent, and the estimate of his character is given in a manly and impartial manner. The following particulars are interesting, and display the proud, independent, and resentful spirit of the man, in a remarkable degree, so long as nature could assert her power:—

"The letter he had written to Capo D'Istrias remained unanswered till the tenth of October. On the morning of that day the president went to Turnham-green, but, on his arriving at Foscolo's house, he learned that he was then too near his end to be disturbed. Deeply affected at this intelligence, he sent in his name to the Canon Riego, and one or two other gentlemen who were present, and was admitted. He approached the side of Foscolo's bed with a friendly and commiserating air; but the attention was met with a look of recognition which implied more of reproach than thankfulness; and the dying man turned himself in his bed, as if wishing to hold no farther communion with his visitor. Death rapidly approached after this, but without making any alteration in the tranquillity, or rather, perhaps, in the indifference with which he had always expressed himself ready to meet it. At length it came, and, according to the account of one who was with him at the time, he underwent the last pang with as much composure as he would have drunk a glass of wine, and left the world as if he were glad to bid it farewell.

"Thus ended the career of one of the most distinguished men that modern Italy has produced. The personal character of Foscolo has been submitted to severe criticism, and, like that of most men of his disposition, it has met with little mercy. His natural candour was sufficient of itself to create him enemies in the world; but this candour, so noble in itself, wherever found, was unfortunately leavened with an asperity which too often gave to his honourable love of independence the appearance of pride and angry passion. He was thus always obnoxious to the weak and the ignorant, frequently to the calm and temperate, and occasionally to those who were in every way worthy of his respect, and who would have shewn him every kind of honour, but for his impatient and overbearing disposition. While he thus created a host of opponents by the mere faults of his temper, he added largely to their number by the imprudence of his conduct. Men of genius ought not, perhaps, to be judged of in the same way as the mass of human beings, whose actions are under the influence of different motives. Some allowance, perhaps, ought to be made for the indiscretions, not for the vices, of those, whose prudence even is derived from considerations with which that of mankind in general has little to do; but if the world ought to be thus charitable towards men of genius, men of genius ought to exercise equal charity towards the world, and not to be angry if they who have only the common



maxims of plain sense and prudence to guide their decisions, blame every departure from such guides with pertinacious severity. Thus the course which Foscolo followed could not fail of generating suspicions as to his integrity. Those who were best able to judge of him, who knew his real feelings and sentiments, acquit him of many charges; but the acquittal of a few high-minded and thinking men has seldom sufficient influence with less elevated minds to make them forego their suspicions. Looking at Foscolo without any wish to praise him for virtues which he did not possess, much less to accuse him of faults which did not tarnish his character, he may be fairly described as an ardent lover of public truth, a determined but rational partisan of freedom; as constant and devoted in his patriotism; temperate in his habits, and full of boldness and magnanimity whenever called upon to defend the cause of the oppressed. But, on the other hand, pride, with the less dignified vice of vanity, tinctured many of his best actions; he was prodigal of his means when it was his duty to exercise a provident parsimony; the good effects of his temperance and other virtues were counteracted by a weak and unjust indulgence in improper and useless expenses, and they were not unfrequently, I fear, sacrificed entirely for the gratification of some dark and latent passion.

"The splendour of his character was thus much tarnished; but, after all, let us hope that it was only the brightness of the surface that suffered; truth, if it be loved, lives in the very centre of the heart; patriotism and independence are of the man's self; and the vanity and imprudence of Foscolo never led him either to contradict his principles or to betray his country.

"As a poet and a scholar, Foscolo will always occupy an eminent station among the writers of this century. The *Sepolchri*, the *Hymn to the Graces*, and some of his minor pieces, are eminently beautiful; but the *Letters of Ortis* surpass all his other works, both in eloquence of language, and grandeur of sentiment. His tragedies abound in noble thoughts, but as dramas they are deficient in many of the characteristics necessary to the popularity of such compositions.

"I have but to add, that this great, but equally unfortunate and eccentric man, lies buried in Chiswick churchyard. Mr. Hudson Gurney kindly directed a stone to be placed over his grave; but it has long been covered with the grass and weeds, which indicate forgetfulness."

In justice to the accurate and laborious investigations, which it is evident the author of these *Lives of the Italian Poets* must have made, and to the really entertaining matter with which they abound, it will give us pleasure to hear that Mr. Stebbing has devoted his time to a continuation of the subject. The literature of Italy furnishes many other names almost of equal celebrity with those already enumerated, and want of space alone has doubtless prevented their insertion. We refer our readers to a very sufficient apology in Vol. I., for the omission of the lives of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci.



## THE PROCRASTINATOR.

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“Time—only regarded in Music and Dancing.”

*Cunningham's Fashionable World Displayed.*

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PROCRASTINATION may be unfortunately considered as the predominant habit of many of the inhabitants of all countries under the sun; but as it is one of the national characteristics of our sister land—“the green and *flourishing* island,” I trust the warm-hearted inhabitants of that verdant country will forgive me for presenting an Irish procrastinator, as *the procrastinator, par excellence*. The portrait will be recognized by some, who can doubtless even now remember the original; but the principle must be admitted by all who have been acquainted with Irish habits during the past century. A more active spirit is now, I believe, alive amongst them; and, in a very few years, this, and other sketches of a similar character, will be looked upon as the records of a past race. Let us hope, however, that their virtues will survive their vices, and that they may never be numbered among the more cold-blooded nations of Europe.

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“Thunder an’ ages! Molly Maggs, Katty Purcel, Tim Cleary! sure ye won’t answer, if I bawled myself black in the face, and skinned my throat for ye’r sakes. Mistress Molly Maggs! oh! its yourself that’s the pathron of a housekeeper,” continued the old steward, sarcastically, at the same time elevating his candlestick, that was simply a scooped raw potatoe, and contained nothing more distinguished than a farthing candle, which he held, so that its flickerings fell upon sundry dilapidated chairs, where the moth and the worm securely revelled amid destruction. Shaking his grey head, he repeated, as he passed from the anti-chamber into the great hall—“It’s ye’rself that’s the pathron of a housekeeper, Molly Machree! to see the dirty dust upon thim illigant chairs. Katty Purcel! sure, thin, you’re a beautiful housemaid. Tim—Timmy Cleary; I’d take an even bet he’s as drunk as Moses at this blessed minute—I’ll just ring the ‘larum bell; och, bother! here’s the string broke, and sorra a word it ‘ill spake. Bat Beetle—ah, there ye are, Batty, my boy, run agra, run, and tell every one o’ them that here’s a letter we should have got ten days ago, only ‘cause of the delay; and mather’s married—to a foreigner for any thing I know—an’ he an’ the new misthress ‘ill be here to-night, as sure as ye’r name’s Bat—that’s a gay gossoon! well, ye’r a nimble boy, I’ll say that for ye, it’s a sin and a shame to put such feet as your’s into brogues at all.”

Bat’s intelligence was, as might well be supposed, of an alarming nature. Soon the passage leading to the great hall echoed a scuffling and shuffling of bare or slip-shod feet, and presently the members of the kitchen household of Castle Mount Doyne crowded around the eccentric, but faithful old steward, Morty Mac Murragh.

“Och, ye’r come, are ye!” he exclaimed, without heeding their vociferous demands for news—“ye’r come, and a purty figure ye’ll cut before the foreign lady. You, Mistress Maggs, as housekeeper, with a blue bed-gown, and—but I don’t want so say any thing offensive—

only it 'ill take ye a month o' Sundays to hinder the clothes from falling off, if ye walk ever so easy; and you, Katty, though y'er a clean skinned girl, ye might as well be a negre, for any thing I could tell, by this blessed light, to the differ. Tim—Tim—there's no use in life in my setting myself as a pathron to ye—ye'r a sinner, Tim—I'd say nothing to ye'r taking a *mornin'*, or two or three dacently stiff tumblers after dinner, or may be a sup to keep the could out o' ye'r stomach of a winter's night, but to be always drink—drink—drinking, like a frog or a fish! Tim, I'm ashamed of ye, I am, indeed. The Lord look down upon ye, ye poor sinner. Go to bed."

Tim did not seem at all inclined to obey the old man's directions; but he stumbled as far as the door, and holding by it, maintained a tolerably erect position; while "Mister Morty," as he was called, scolded, directed, and re-directed the ill assorted servants, who had been deemed sufficient to keep the dwelling of Castle Mount Doyne from damp and decay. At last they ran off in different directions to make some—they hardly knew what—preparation; but the housekeeper paused in the middle of the hall, turned to the all-important steward, and inquired—"What time was it the mather fixed did you say, Mister Morty?"

"His honour says that he'll be surely here by Thursday, that's the Thursday that's past."

"Dear me! then he'll hardly come to-night. Bless his sweet face! When he was a boy, we always gave him a week's law; and it 'tisn't the fashion of the family to mend as they grow older."

"Something strikes me they'll be here to-night, any way," replied the old man; "and I must insist on all being ready."

"Very well," rejoined the housekeeper, "you need not be so high about it, Mister Morty, I've lived a'most as long as ye'rself in the family, counting my mother into the time, which is all one; and though it is not natural to like a young mistress over the head, yet I'm sure my heart bates double joy at the thought o' seeing the baby I've so often nursed on my knee, a married man." She then departed, and, although persisting in her belief that her master would not arrive that night, *because* it was too near the time he had appointed, thought there could be no harm in "making herself dacent;" and having quickly accomplished her toilet, she dispatched Bat to the nearest cottage to say, that "mather was coming home that night with a new illigant wife, and that they must all come to help her to get ready;" then Bat had to post on to "Corney Phelan's, general dealer," for candles and salt, a quire of brown paper, some nails, and whatever "bits o' boards" he could spare, to make glass of, to mend the broken "windys, 'cause the lady was tender maybe, and might catch could;" besides, he was commissioned to bring twine, and butter, and pepper, and a score of things, the most necessary portion of which he, of course, forgot, and, in his zeal, rendered the other half ineffective, particularly by suffering the untied paper-bag of salt to fall into a stream, and mixing the rusty nails with the flour.

All was confusion at the castle; Tim had contrived to get on an antiquated tarnished livery; and Morty, who, to do him justice, was the pattern of neatness—*Irish* neatness, at all events—was arrayed as befitted what he considered his elevated rank in the establishment. Some poultry were sacrificed, "to make spatch cocks in a minute;" and if a great deal

was not accomplished, there was, nevertheless, a greater bustle than if ten times as much had been actually done.

The night waned on—it was clear, cold, and frosty; the candles approached the sockets of the rich old silver candelabres, that stood in solitary dignity at either corner of the dining-chamber, contrasting strangely in their brightness with the worn damask, which was still agitated by the north winds blustering through the broken panes, that Morty had not yet stopped up, though he toiled, and hammered, and pasted, with indefatigable industry. At the opposite end of the room rose a huge black marble chimney-piece, and, from beneath its distended arch, a fire, of mingled wood and turf, threw the dense and towering mass into strong shade; as it gloomed heavily over the blazing embers, a little imagination might induce the belief that it was a deep cavern, in whose interior sheltered a burning crater—so hot, and darkly red streamed the fire from within. There was a strange blending of poverty and profusion in the garniture of the table—the plate was rich, the linen poor, all that belonged to the olden time told of prosperity—but it was the prosperity of the past century; all that was modern was mean, and shewed that the careful eye and hand of a mistress had been long wanting. To be sure, the abode of a bachelor, even in modern times, is comfortless enough. Tables, and chairs, and carpets, and curtains, there certainly are, but that is all—none of those little elegancies, those sweet and tasteful solacers of existence, those *Penates* of household life, which vary and embellish domestic—did I say *domestic*?—poor, miserable mortals! I should have remembered all you can know of that sweet word is its sound—its *feeling* is far from ye; though ye be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, yet are there none to whom you can praise, even the beauty and fragrance of a flower, with the consciousness that *one* heart echoes not only your words, but your feelings.

One would have thought that Morty had some undefined notion of the sort, and of the necessity there was “to make things more comfortable” when a lady was expected, by his wandering from place to place, now wafering a slip of brown paper on a “slit” in the window-frame, then casting an eye for the twentieth time over the table, to see that, according to his ideas of propriety, nothing was wanting. He had drawn two arm-chairs under the shadow of the chimney, and placed a small inlaid table, that had belonged to his former mistress, between them, thinking, to repeat his muttered phrase, “that it would be handy for master’s tumbler, out of the coud,” and again repaired to the window, to reduce an obstinate board to obedience, which the wind had blown into open rebellion. When he had at length succeeded, he seated himself on the expansive window-seat, which overlooked the court-yard; and presently he saw, distinctly, in the moonlight, the figure of his master’s old nurse, Milly Eldred, creeping along the wall, and stooping every now and then to cull some particular flower or plant that struck her fancy. His former lady was a native of Scotland, and much discontent had been expressed by the dwellers in Castle Mount Doyne at her importing a Scottish nurse to attend on the only child she ever had. Notwithstanding this, Milly remained at the castle; and in her age and feebleness was paid much attention. It might be more from fear than love, for divers things were whispered relative to her skill in various ways, which blanched many a rosy cheek in the adjoining village. She was, in



truth, very old—mid-way in her dotage, and cankered in her temper ; these—added to the advantages which a Scotch education gives over an Irish one—rendered her an object of respect and mistrust. She soon passed from Morty's sight, and while he was yet wondering what she could be gathering at that hour, the old creature entered the dining-room, with an almost noiseless step. Her clean white apron was nearly filled with grass and tangled weeds ; and her eye, still clear and blue, had in it more of light than it usually possessed. "Said ye na'," she commenced, "said ye na', Morty, that a bonny bride was coming hame this bra' winter's night ; and did ye na' think to pu' the flowers to mak' her welcome ; ken ye na' the song ?

' The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,  
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer,  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.' "

"Whisht with ye'r ballads, agra !" interrupted the steward ; "it's ill in such an ould crathur as you to be tuning up love songs—it's like sunbeams sparkling on skulls and cross bones, Lord save us ! So be off to ye'r prayers, Milly, honey. Sure there are no flowers now going at all, machree !" The sibyl heeded him not ; but seating herself in one of the arm-chairs near the fire, continued chaunting snatches of old ballads, and apparently arranging the offering she deemed it right to make to her nursling's bride. Morty had just determined upon a gentle method of dislodging her, when the clatter of horses, and the sound of carriage-wheels, called him and the other domestics to the steps of Castle Mount Doyne.

Mr. Mount Doyne had experienced no mischance on his journey until he arrived nearly at the termination of his own avenue. Morty, we have already seen, did not deserve to be numbered amongst unfaithful stewards ; but yet, "somehow," it never occurred to him that the old trees, which had been felled for fire-wood, could impede the progress of his master's carriage, although they had fallen directly across the road, where, of course, after the Irish fashion, they would remain to be used when wanted by the servants—or indeed the neighbours, and neighbours' *childer*, who might feel inclined to cut them up for the purpose ; over these trees, nevertheless, the carriage upset, and Mr. Doyne, in no very gentle temper, carried his young and lovely wife, almost in a state of insensibility, into the hall, where she again ran the risk of her life, and narrowly escaped suffocation from the smell of burnt feathers and whisky.

"Blessings upon her sweet face ;" "Long life and prosperity to the both—sure they're a beautiful pair ;" "Long may they live to reign over us ;" "May their bed be made soft in heaven yet, I pray God ;" "May they never know sin or sorrow ;" "May God's fresh blessing be about them," were a few of the warm and affectionate salutations which awaited Mr. Mount Doyne and his bride ; and from many glad hearts and cheerful voices did the wishes proceed ; night though it was, all the peasantry, who had heard the rumour of his arrival, had crowded down to the hall, in anticipation of seeing "the young masther." But where was Milly Eldred ?

When Mrs. Doyne was completely restored, her husband led her into the dining-room ; there the old nurse met them, and flinging her



long withered arms round "her darling's neck," mingled tears and smiles of affection and imbecility together.

"I ha' naething to gie ye'r bonny bride," she exclaimed, looking at the young and fair creature, who, surrounded by so wild-looking a group, shewed more surpassing in her loveliness; "naething but these wild flowers, that I pu'd in the night dew. See, here is

'A buddin' rose, when Phæbus peeps in view,  
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou.'"

The bride took the gift, but her eyes were fixed on the donor.

"The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there."

Again she accepted the flower, without looking at it.

"The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,  
And the diamond draps o' dew, shall be her een sae clear."

Her small white hand was extended for the third time, when she shrieked, and the leaves quivered in her fingers.

"Roses—lilies—woodbines, Milly," exclaimed Mount Doyne, angrily; "why here is nought but wormwood, rue, and nettles."

"Heck, Sirs!" replied the nurse, "if the Lord has turned my winsome flo'ers into sic like, his will be done." She folded her arms on her breast, and noiselessly withdrew.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And that odd, wild woman was really your nurse, Charles," said Mrs. Mount Doyne the next morning; "I trust, my love, you are not infected by her madness; I hope you will not give me the rue and nettles instead of the happiness you so often promised."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the lover-husband; and then he swore after the most approved fashion, and truly with real sincerity of purpose, to devote his existence—his fortune—his time, to promote her happiness;—and she believed him!

\* \* \* \* \*

Six months passed as rapidly as if only six weeks had elapsed, and though Caroline loved her husband as much as ever, she had discovered his besetting sin. "My love," said the lady, "there is no possibility of crossing the court-yard, the weeds are so rampant, and the stones, that tumble from the castle parapet, so numerous, that I cannot now pick my steps to the little flower-garden, which your only effective servant, Old Morty Mac Murragh, keeps in such nice order for my gratification."

"Well, faith, it is too bad, and I will, indeed, send to the workmen who are engaged clamping turf, to clear the rubbish away."

"And as you have masons in this part of the world, let them be employed to take down or secure those battlements—they are positively dangerous in their present state."

"Certainly, my love."

"Yes, you say '*certainly*'—but of any thing being done there is no certainty."

"I declare that I will see to it."

"Now?"

"How can I attend to it now—don't you see I'm not shaved?"

"But you ought to be—let me ring for Morty, and he will heed

your directions: forgive me, but you seem strangely infatuated by a habit of procrastinating."

"Why, yes, but I can't help it—it's a family failing. But what's the matter with your cheek—it is dreadfully swollen?"

"Only the tooth-ache."

"How could you possibly get the tooth-ache?"

"Rather, how could I avoid it? there is not, I do believe, an entire pane of glass in the castle."

"My dearest love, I am distressed beyond all measure—and as soon as I am dressed—*presently*—I'll send a man and horse off to Ballytrane for glazier, mason, and every tradesman, who can by any possibility be wanted to set every thing in order."

He went so far with this resolve as to ring for his valet, but instead of the valet came his withered nurse, bearing in her arms Fido, his favourite dog, in the agonies of death.

"Good heavens, Milly—how came this?"

"The pair beast went into Mad Ronald's stall, and the animal as ye see, jist kict the life out o' him!" The uncomplaining but suffering dog crawled to his master's feet, and looked piteously in his face.

"My poor Fido—my faithful old friend;" murmured Mount Doyne, kindly, while he examined injuries which he saw it would be in vain to attempt to heal; "but how is this—I always understood that Ronald was kept in a separate stable—his vicious tricks are known of old?"

"Heck, ye may say that! but what's to hinder any livin' thing from ganging into his stall—the door has no hinges, ye ken, and winna stay shut?"

"It is a cruel case," said Mount Doyne, "that amongst the household nothing of the sort is attended to."

"My bairn, my bairn," replied the crone, "ye attend to naething y'er ain sell; and the house ainly follows y'er example."

"My poor Fido!" continued his master, "I never past that stable-door, without *intending*—"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the nurse, laying her skinny finger on her lip; heard ye ne'er that 'Hell is paved wi' good intentions?' y'er winsome wife is aye too young; she canna be expected to ken the care o' sich matters; but for her sake, e'en more than y'er ain, see, an' act ere it be ow'r late. The gloaming is o'er ye now, but beware o' the night."

Mount Doyne heard little and heeded less the old woman's advice, for he was witnessing, without the power of alleviating, the dying agonies of his poor favourite; his gentle wife shared in his feelings, and when Fido's expiring effort was to lick the fair hand which had so often caressed and ministered to its wants, she turned silently away, unwilling that even her husband should witness the emotion which she could not suppress.

More than four years had passed into the gulph of time. On the whole, matters, at Castle Mount Doyne, were rather worse than better. To those acquainted with how things were managed in what were most falsely termed "good old establishments," in the sister country, a true picture of coarse, yet lavish expenditure, has been often presented—a house filled with guests, from the garret to the kitchen—some of them, it is true, of high and honourable distinction—but the majority consisting of poor and idle relatives, too proud to work—but not too proud

to partake of the "bit and the sup," and the cast-off raiment of those who had it to bestow. "His honour, God bless him, 'ill never miss it," was echoed in the kitchen and acted upon in the parlour. And, as from hour to hour—from day to day—from week to week—and from month to month—the amiable, but indolent, Mount Doyne, put off every thing where investigation was concerned, he was, it may easily be believed, in as fair a way to be ruined as any gentleman could possibly desire. He *knew* that his agent was any thing but an honest man; and yet his habits prevented his looking into accounts, where fraud could have been detected by the simplest school-boy—he felt that he was surrounded by a nest of sycophants who slandered the very bread they consumed, and daily resolved that "*on the morrow*" he would get rid "of some Tom this, or Jack that, or Paddy the other," who was preying upon him, without drawing a veil even over his mal-practices. But no "*morrow*" ever dawns on a genuine procrastinator. His wife's delicacy of constitution could ill support the noisy company and late hours of an Irish house at the period of our story, and she shrank from what she could not save, into a somewhat solitary turret of the rack-rent castle; she had now also the duties of a mother to perform, and felt a sweet and holy tranquillity in watching her lovely infant, in whom a mother's fondness daily discovered increased beauty.

"You do not smile as cheerfully to-night as usual, darling," said Mount Doyne, at the same time pressing his wife to his bosom, and parting her golden curls on a brow that might rival the snow in its mountain purity; "and yet I never saw our little Charles look so beautiful."

"He is beautiful," she replied, "to you I may surely say so; I can almost see the blood circulating on his cheek as it presses the soft down pillow, and those blue veins, marbling his noble brow, which is so like your's, dearest; and now as he lays, his cherub lips just parted, look at his small teeth, shining like pearls encased in richest coral. My blessed boy," she continued with all the earnestness of truth, "I often think, when I behold you thus, that God will take back to himself so fair, so bright a creature!"

"Silly, silly girl—and can such folly make you sad to-night? for shame."

"It is not that exactly: I have had a letter from Dublin—and that situation is gone."

"D—n it!" muttered Mount Doyne, bitterly.

"Had your application been sent in one day sooner, you might have had it—and you know—"

"Hold your tongue," he interrupted, angrily; "I know I am a most unlucky fellow. Who could have imagined it would have been snapt up in that way? but I suppose you will set *that* down also to my procrastination, as you call it."

His wife made no reply, but busied herself in adjusting some portion of the drapery of her child's couch. Again he spoke—

"It is a greater disappointment than you dream of; and one I can ill bear—for to confess the truth my rent-roll has become unprofitable, and I cannot exactly tell how to lessen my expenditure."

"If the latter is necessary, nothing is more easy. Why, out of the twenty servants employed, five only are effective."

"I could not turn off the old servants and leave them to starve."



"God forbid you should leave them to starve—pension them off, *that* is the best, the only way."

"Easily said. How could I pension them off, when I find it impossible to command ready money to pay even the tradesmen?"

"Pray, when does Mr. Sheffield Shuffleton mean to take his departure?"

"When I can pay him fifteen hundred good English pounds, value received."

"My dear, Mr. Shuffleton, his servant, and two horses, have been here during the last five months—he has made good interest at all events."

"You women pretend to know every thing. What was I to do; he came for his money—I had it not to give—so of course I asked him to remain, which, don't you see, has been a great accommodation to me."

Mrs. Mount Doyne shook her head. "You forget the immense additional expenditure it has occasioned—he is what you call a regular five bottle man."

"Indeed, Caroline, it shocks me to see the note you take of such matters—there is something dreadfully mean in observing what people eat and drink."

"I would not have my husband mean—I would only have him just," she replied, with much firmness. "I would have him calculate his income, and live within it; I would have him discard an agent whom he knows to be worthless and dishonest—"

"Stop—in mercy stop!" exclaimed Mount Doyne, in a tone of sad but earnest entreaty; "would to Heaven I could do so!—but that man has me within a charmed circle, which seems hourly closing. I am so dreadfully in his power—I have suffered him to get hold on my property, bit by bit, in exchange for paltry sums lent from time to time to supply present necessities, and which, after all, were useless. If I had only obtained this situation, I should then have had an excuse for living part of the year, at all events, away from this destroying gulph."

His gentle wife uttered no reproach—no aggravating word escaped her lips. She might have told how frequently, and how earnestly, she had implored him to use his influence for that very object—and how he had procrastinated. She might have said how constantly her energies had been exerted to urge and save the being she so loved, not only from others, but from himself; but though she reproached not, she advised—implored—entreated, that, cost what it would, he would shake off that one slothful, destroying principle, and stand forth—even if poor—independent; enjoying the glorious privilege which, of all the Almighty's gifts, is the most valuable. Then she pointed to their sleeping child: she appealed to his feelings as a father, whether he could bear the reflection—if ever it should come—of seeing that dear one want—of being the means of bringing a creature into the world, endowed with beauty—enriched by a living spirit—hallowed by the finest affections the human heart is capable of feeling—born as the inheritor of name and fortune—and yet despoiled, degraded in the scale of society, by the carelessness of the being appointed by nature as his protector.

Mount Doyne was touched—convinced—promised—declared—and—persisted in his old habits.

Exactly a month after the above conversation occurred, there was deep and bitter mourning in the castle of Mount Doyne. The bloom-



ing, healthy infant—the joy of his mother's heart—the pride of his father's eyes—was a blurred, a disfigured corpse—a thing that it was offensive to look upon, and loathsome to approach. Yet *one* sat by his little cot; and though the apartment, in conformity with the *ouître*, yet affectionate custom of the country, was crowded by the retainers of the family, and the peasants of the neighbouring villages and hills—yet *she* heeded them not—but, ever and anon, would wipe its discoloured lips, where her kisses had often dwelt with all the fervour and tenderness of a mother's love—then pressing the little hands between her own, she would rest her burning brow upon the simple pall, and pray for the relief of tears. They put him in his coffin—yet *still*, *she* was by its side. Then, when the deep wail and the cry arose, “lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning,” and the father entered to take the last look of what he, too, had dearly loved, the feelings of the wife were overwhelmed by those of the mother; and she bitterly reproached him, as the cause of her boy's death. “Did you not promise, day after day, that the surgeon should come to inoculate him? But he is dead—and I have now no child!”

This lesson, it may well be supposed, sank deeper into Mount Doyne's heart than any other; but he said it *came too late*. It might be so for him—though my belief is, that, in worldly as well as in spiritual things, there is hope, even at the eleventh hour—nay, more than hope—certainty, if the mind so will it. It was well said by Napoleon, that “*impossible* is the adjective of fools.” Nothing weds us so closely to immortality as habitual firmness. A resolved man can be, if it so pleases him, another Alexander.

“You might well give me rue, and wormwood, and nettles, Milly, as a wedding dowry,” murmured the lady of Castle Mount Doyne, one bleak December night, as the old nurse was fanning with her apron the uncertain blaze of a wood fire in her solitary chamber. “How the noise below distracts my poor head!—they have seized every thing.”

“Auld Morty told me that master might have got off the sheriff's sale—only somehow he forgot to sign something.—But eh! sure it was the way of the family, they say. It is not sae in my ain country.”

The lady smiled—but with such sadness, one would rather she had wept.

“Keep a good heart, lady-dear,” said the old steward, kindly; “master's friends will never desert him—tisn't in an Irish heart to look could on the unfortunate. Och! they know too much of that same to think easy of it. Sure it's himself that has the grand friends in Dublin. Why not!—an' he of such an ould, ancient family—and the sheriff and all the people's gone now?”

“Taste a morsel of this, Misthress, honey,” chimed in our former acquaintance, Molly Maggs; “it's as nate a hare as iver was snared. Bat Beetle caught it a purpose for ye—knowing I had the thrue Frinch way o' dressin' it; he thought it nourishin'-like, and that it might rise ye'r heart.”

“Thru for ye, Mistress Maggs,” said Morty, as he followed the housekeeper out of the room; “and it 'ill go hard if I can't find a drop o' the rale sort (wine I mean) to keep the life in the craythur—though the devil of an agent thought he swept the cellar, as well as every thing else, clane out.”

"My bitter curse light on him with the light of heaven, every hour he sees it!" responded the housekeeper; "it was a pity the mather wasn't more sharper-like; I only hope *she'll* last till he comes back."

"Oh! the doctor, God bless him, said she might hould for a week yet; and he was to be back to-morrow."

The woman smiled.—"Morty, ye'r as bad as a *natural*. Who ever thought of heedin' what the poor mather said as to that. What did he ever know in regard of time, except that it past, bad luck to it, like a thief as it is, and, by the same token, took every thing along with it.—There's one comfort left. If the things are all cleared out, the people are cleared too; there's none stayed out of the housefull, that gathered when there was full and plenty for them;—but, Morty, ye'r a knowledgeable man, and have read a dale o' doctor's books in ye'r time; did ye ever find if there was much in the differ betwixt the heart of a poor, and the heart of a rich body—I mean in the size?"

"I can't say I ever did," answered Morty, after a pause.

"Well, then, upon my soul, that's quarer still," observed the housekeeper. "I wonder if the priest could tell what makes the differ in people, if it isn't the size of the heart?"

"Where's the good o' botherin' ye'rself with the like o' that, in ye'r ould age, woman a-live? Don't go to ask the priest any sich questions; it would be like wantin' to pick the confessions out o' him; so be easy."

"Well, God help us! we live in a dark world, where all is wonderful;" and thus, having unknowingly echoed the sentiment of our best philosophers, Molly accompanied Morty in search of the cordial-wine, for "the misthress," whom they, at all events, had not deserted in her adversity.

The same evening, on a soiled sheet of coarse letter paper, by the light of a miserable candle, Mrs. Mount Doyne wrote to her husband.

"Charles—first and last object of my earnest love—come to me, for *I am dying*. You said you would return by to-morrow; yet I fear—*forgive me, dearest—but I do fear you may procrastinate, and that you may not be here to receive my last breath, and with it my parting blessing*. I have also, my husband, to request your forgiveness for *having often perhaps given you pain, though I meant it for your own good*. Once—and bitter is the remembrance—once I was cruel; it was when our child lay dead; then, indeed, I was unkind—and unkind to you, too—to you who loved me so dearly. I will not attempt to refer to the past—it is past for *us*; but for *you*, in this world there is a future, though *not for me*. Let me, therefore, conjure you, by every beloved and holy tie, to——"

The unhappy lady did not finish the sentence; and the letter was dispatched, a few hours after it was written, with a postscript from the faithful Morty, stating that his poor mistress had expired a few moments after the pen had dropped from her hand.

Some weeks after this, an advertisement appeared in the county papers, announcing the sale of the estate of Castle Mount Doyne; and on the very day when the purchase was concluded, and the estate of his ancestors passed into the hands of strangers, Mount Doyne left his native country for ever.

Some said he entered into foreign service; and this idea was confirmed by a French officer's stating that there was a brave Irish gentleman in his regiment, who was universally beloved, and would have been respected but for a prevailing indulgence in a habit of indecision, which induced him to "put off" every thing that could be delayed, and that eventually blighted his prospects. He described him as being singularly handsome, but of a melancholy aspect—deficient in energy every where but in the battle-field. He was never in time on parade; and the officers used to distinguish him as the "*late* Lieutenant Doyne." The termination of his career was at least characteristic. He was rallied by his comrades, the night before an anticipated battle, on his well-known failing.

"I will be in time for once," he replied gravely, "for procrastination has cost me already too much." He *was* in time, and he was the first man who fell. "You see," he said to a companion in arms, "that I have gained my death by being in time. I speak sincerely; death is a *gain* to me—for there is nothing I would live for." A miniature was found on his bosom, evidently the counterpart of the portrait of a female that had been sold among the decorations of Castle Mount Doyne.

II.

#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

**COBBETT AND THE SCOTCH.**—Antipathies, like comparisons, are "oderous," but they are wearing themselves out very fast; and we may yet live to see the day when prejudices of all kinds shall be unfashionable. Fifteen years of peace works wonders. A quarter of a century ago the French were, in the eyes of every enlightened man in England, a "beggary race of frog-eaters;" now they are our "lively and illustrious neighbours." Having captured their metropolis, and fixed the god of their idolatry upon a pedestal at St. Helena, we exalt the whole nation to the skies; just as the victor at a game of chess vows that his antagonist, though beaten, is one of the best players in the world. We affect liberality till we actually feel it. If we were to pretend to love even the Dutch, no doubt we should succeed in becoming excessively attached after a time. If it be advisable to begin, like Mrs. Malaprop, "with a little aversion," surely a good deal must be infinitely better. Meanwhile personal antipathies flourish here and there very perseveringly in spite of useful-knowledge societies and the march of reason. We heard somebody the other night, discussing the conduct of one of our popular writers, exclaim, with true English feeling—"But what can you expect from a *foreigner*?"—"Foreigner!" shouted fifty voices. "Well, a *Scotchman*, it's all the same."

Cobbett, however, is decidedly the best "hater" of his day. He is the great high-priest of them all. His prejudices amount to prodigies; his antipathies take place of all his other attractions. They are generally harmless, and always amusing. To say that Cobbett has no honesty, is nonsense; no man living is so honest in his hatred, while it lasts. The great Dr. Gulliver Johnson shrinks upon this ground into a Lilliputian Boswell beside him. We wish somebody would make a collection of his bitterest and most brilliant essays in this way. Think of that simple, straightforward, and truly descriptive epithet of his, applied to the



Quakers—when he called them, “unbaptized, buttonless blackguards.” It is perfect alike in antipathy and alliteration. It may be a question which Cobbett detests most thoroughly—potatoes or the political economists. Some people content themselves with a dash of dislike, or at most, a spice or so of scorn and contempt upon such matters; but Cobbett’s is direct, downright, undeniable, and unmitigated hatred; and whether it be the practice of ruining kingdoms on the part of a minister, or of drinking tea on the part of the people, it is the same to him; his hatred never wants words to work with—his thunder always rolls as astoundingly as if we had never heard it before—and he seems to be in no more danger of exhausting his stores of abuse than Sir William Jones, who could have given the lie in fifty languages, at least. But perhaps the Scotch may claim the honour of having monopolized the larger portion of his detestation—as the story we have to tell will shew.

Cobbett, it seems, the other day was called upon to attend some meeting in the city; and the time not admitting of a journey to Kensington to prepare, he went to a shop in one of the courts in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street to be shaved. Not perceiving the name of Mac-something over the door, he only discovered by the northern accent in which he was requested to be seated, that he was patronizing a Scotchman. It was too late, however, to retract, and he sat down, not over-disposed to listen to the chit-chat of the operator, who, ignorant of the person of his customer, entered at once into some moral reflections upon the Bristol burnings. In the heat of his enthusiasm, he happened to stumble upon the terms, “low rabble.” At this the politician started up, of course at the risk of his life, and for a moment looked as if he meant to apply the razor that had just been at his own throat, to that of the operator. “How dare you,” he exclaimed, in a tone admirably proportioned to the fury of his look, “how dare you—a selfish soap-suddy Scotchman—a fellow that lives here by sufferance, and takes the bread out of the mouth of the honest British artisan—how dare you in my presence apply such a term as ‘rabble’ to the people of England?” The operator, all alarm and apology, hinted nevertheless, upon the strength of the weapon with which he was so formidably armed, that he had as good a right to the bread he ate as an English barber; and that among other things, he had suffered for his country. “Your country! What country? you don’t call *that* a country! But pray let us hear how you have suffered for your country.”—“Why, I happened to be aboard a Berwick smack when she was taken prisoner by a French privateer, and I remained in a French prison for seven years.”—“So much the better,” said Cobbett, as he resumed his seat and rubbed his hands, apparently quite appeased. “So much the better; *we saved seven years of your keep.*”

**THE HORROR-HUNTERS.**—Nothing is so contagious as crime. Murder stalks like *Banquo*, with an issue that stretches to “the crack o’ doom.” Iniquity has always its imitators; and the more atrocious the iniquity, the more assiduous is the spirit of imitation. We can scarcely call to mind any deed above the usual grade of villany, that has not been followed by another upon the same plan, a new edition, with explanatory notes. Whenever a genius in crime breaks through the barriers of custom in such matters, and goes out of the beaten track of horrors, he



creates a sort of school, and may boast of his disciples in infamy. The public assists this disposition on the part of the criminals, by inventing cases of guilt before they are committed. Burkings, if we are to judge by report, have been for the last six weeks as plenty as blackberries. Every lady of fifty-five within the bills of mortality has a peculiar case of burking to her own share, which she "knows to be a fact" at least ten times a day, and which she repeats with an emphasis, that intimates she not only fears it to be false, but wishes it to be true. This morbid and miserable appetite for horrors confines hundreds to their firesides, nursing their imagination to keep it warm, until some stray visitor happens to drop in, to sup off the horrors that are so hospitably served up. On other minds it acts in another way; by suggesting the purchase of an inch or two of the rope with which any conspicuous culprit is hanged; by leading men—and boys as practised in the theory of crime as men—nay, even women, to the scene of blood, to cut, by way of "remembrance," a twig from the hedge where the knife that murdered Weare was found; to chop off a fragment of the Red Barn, to be turned into toothpicks, tobacco-stoppers, and toys for the amusement of infancy; or to rush to the well in Nova Scotia Gardens, as if it were some new and anti-cholera chalybeate, to drink, we are told, (at the cost of three-pence,) a glass of the water in which Bishop stifled his victims. This is the climax of the disgusting and the despicable; and the water-drinkers far transcend in degradation the lovers of rum, that were said to have emptied the vessel in which the remains of Nelson were preserved; or the admirers of poetry, who contended so earnestly for a phial-full of the spirit in which Byron was brought to England. But they all belong to the same class, and one species of diseased curiosity leads to another. We once saw a ludicrous example of the feeling on board a steam-boat. An accident had happened to some part of the machinery that caused momentary danger, but it ended simply in a few splinters of wood being scattered about. From these, one of the passengers picked out the largest and most picturesque he could find; and with this rare memento under his arm, he strutted up and down the vessel for several hours, evidently not knowing what to do with it, and balancing his delight with his inconvenience in the most grotesque style imaginable. This at first sight appears as harmless as it is stupid; but the same collector of curiosities would no doubt have given one of his hands, and the whole contents of his museum, for the piece of Thurtell's skin, that some experimentalizer took the trouble to have tanned.

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**FASTING IN HIGH LIFE.**—It appears to us that, notwithstanding the ten thousand eventful topics of the month, the speechmakers must be deplorably at a loss for subjects to debate about, and the world itself more than ever in want of something to do, when meetings are called to petition the bench of Bishops for a General Fast. A prayer to this effect has been preferred to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the inhabitants of Camberwell; and we are the more surprised at the fast-fever breaking out in such a quarter, because Camberwell has been for a century past the retreat of every common-councilman that can, by any contrivance or extortion, indulge in the luxury of what is called a country-house. We could not therefore have anticipated such a petition from them; but even if the whole court of aldermen should, by some subyer-

sion of the laws of aldermanic nature, second the solicitation, aided moreover by Mr. Perceval's powers of persuasion, we think there is little chance of the Bishops being prevailed upon to sanction an ordinance that would inevitably be fatal to their own comforts for at least four-and-twenty hours. If by any chance, however, they should conceive a temporary fondness for fasting, and determine upon giving their appetites a holiday, it can make but very little difference to the nation. The fast is already a general one. All that is wanted is, a particular fast, exclusively for aristocratic abstinence. If the Lords choose to go without their dinners for a day, a resolution which, at all events would be very acceptable to their cooks and butlers, we can of course have no objection to it. Or if they should think fit to extend the fasting-period to a fortnight, our gratitude would be in proportion. Hunger would sharpen their legislative ideas amazingly; and a fourteen days' appetite would tend to give them a much clearer insight into the state of the country, than any penetration to be derived from a daily indulgence in turbot and truffles.

**BURKINGS AT BOSTON.**—Burking, like the cholera, will no doubt make the tour of the globe. The new world is at all events determined not to be behind the old, either in its attacks or its antidotes; in the last particular it has surpassed us—as the following story, which, coming, we believe, from a Boston paper, is of course to be credited, will abundantly testify.

It appears that burking has been for some time flourishing in the back settlements, and has excited alarm from one end of the continent to the other. On its first breaking out in Boston, a "Burking-Antidote and Pitch-Plaster Abolition Society" was formed, the members of which paraded the streets at night, not like Demosthenes, with pebbles, but with *detonating balls* in their mouths. As was anticipated, an attack was in due time made upon one of them; and the result was, as may also be anticipated, that at the moment the plaster was applied to the mouth of the member, with the force requisite for its adherence in any case—to say nothing of the extra force necessary to be employed, in order to stop effectually the mouth of a Bostonian—an explosion took place, that prevented the perpetrator from carrying his unpleasant design into complete effect, not simply by throwing him backwards at the first shock—which was the utmost that the scientific men in Boston had calculated upon—but by hurling him to a distance quite impossible to calculate, as he had not been heard of up to the hour when the first edition went to press. However, the paragraph, we are assured, concludes by stating, that the editor had stopped the press to say, that the body of the delinquent had just been picked up, in a sadly mutilated state at New York.

We regret the discovery of this important fact in science, inasmuch as it will, as a matter of course, be acted upon in England; and will thus shut out all hopes of Mr. Hunt's mouth being stopped for the next quarter of a century.

**PAGANINI AND THE SURGEONS.**—Exhibitions of pleasure are not a hundredth part so attractive, in the eyes of an enlightened community, as exhibitions of pain. The dramatic theatres, in spite of lions on the stage, and lures in the lobbies, can scarcely muster audiences above half

as numerous as the actors; the anatomical theatres on the other hand are daily crowded to a degree of inconvenience, that threatens to put an end to the operations of surgical science altogether. The contortions of Gouffé or Grimaldi never excited half the sensation produced by the contortions of sufferers in the schools of surgery. A spectacle was, it seems, to have taken place the other day at St. Bartholomew's hospital; but the crowd was so unprecedented and impenetrable, that neither the patient nor the surgeon, aided by a strong escort of pupils, not deficient, it is to be supposed, in the art of elbowing, were able to obtain admittance; and the operation was actually postponed in consequence. On a future day they were more fortunate—probably the Horse-guards were called out—to check, in some degree, the rush of surgeons and sight-hunters; and the operation was eventually performed. The case was one of extreme difficulty—the removal of an extraordinary tumour on the cheek of a female, which had been occasioned by a blow, and which presented a spectacle sufficiently frightful to account for the inconvenient anxiety manifested to witness it. Mr. Earle, by the skill and success of his operation, seems to have deserved the thanks and the praises he received. But the most distressing circumstance attending the postponement of the exhibition on the day first appointed was, that Signor Paganini was deprived of an opportunity that had been afforded him, for the gratification of his curiosity, by an “*eminent surgeon*,” to whom, it seems, he had expressed an anxious wish to witness some “*terrible operation*.” We all remember the anecdote of the painter of the Crucifixion, who flourished when art and legislature were young, and who nailed his sitter by the hands and feet to the wainscot, in order to work out his notions of agony as naturally and as vividly as possible; and we remember, too, that when the great violin-prodigy first made his appearance, some poetical describer insinuated, that his instrument looked like a wild beast, which he was managing and manœuvring with, in a style that was very likely to break the heart of M. Martin, as well as those of the professors. But with all these flourishes on the part of the fiddle-stick flatterers, we were not quite prepared to see Paganini entering himself as a sort of amateur-pupil at St. Bartholomew's. Can it be that he is going to give us a set of hospital-harmonies on his re-appearance? to describe upon a single string all the various grades of surgical sublimity, from the first incision to the sewing-up? No doubt the “*terrible operation*” is to be the subject of a concert; and we shall be treated next season, to the delightful derangement of our nerves, with a perfectly novel set of fac-similes of the agonies of an amputation, and the blessings of a bandage. The patients will of course feel greatly relieved by having their moans set to music. A cancer could scarcely fail of suggesting some exquisite cadences, and a dislocation would be attended with the most delightful result. His great triumph would be to send his auditors away, as if every bone within them was breaking. He broke their hearts last season, and he must now do something more for his money.

When he shall have gone through all other discordancies, we would recommend him to try an imitation of the uproar of Babel, or Bedlam, or the House of Commons, when a sinecure is brought up for slaughter. There is no fear about his failing. After these, he may tune his violin to some “*Translations from the Unknown Tongue*,” which we are actively preparing for him.



**CRIME ENCOURAGED BY LAW.**—The conviction of the murderers of the Italian boy, and the frightful disclosures that followed it, are among the events of the past month that ought to sink most deeply into the public mind. Every member of society, in parliament and out of parliament, must now feel convinced that the moment has arrived, when all false prejudices and absurd ideas of delicacy must be given up; and that some immediate legislative enactment must be passed, to crush, not in its bud, but in its full growth and maturity, a crime at which human nature shudders to think what it is capable of, and to which history, blotted as it is with blood, scarcely offers a parallel.

Of the succession of revolting pictures presented in the course of the investigation, from the commencement to the close, that of the execution was not the least hideous. If punishment by death can be justified in any case, unquestionably it is this: yet surely even here the awful penalty is at least sufficient to satisfy the sternest, and the most uncompassionating lover of justice, without shocking humanity by the most unnatural of all spectacles—a criminal yelled and hooted into eternity. We are not romantic enough to expect refinement from people who make a holiday as often as an execution takes place, and who take their station at midnight, in order to view the ceremony to perfection eight hours after; but in an age like this, we cannot hear without disgust and detestation that so many thousands could be found (one-fourth of them females) to hoot the miserable beings upon the very threshold of death—to cheer and wave their hats as the drop fell—and to yell their disappointment when, by the removal of a portion of the apparatus, it was understood that one of the culprits had been found undeserving of the dreadful fate to which his fellows were doomed. The idea of justice never entered into any one mind in the multitude; the only feeling was, that a respite was a drawback upon their delight, and that to diminish the number of victims was to diminish their enjoyment. The only view in which this indiscriminating malignity can be excused is, that they regarded the criminals as fiends, who had outraged human nature to a degree that rendered justice powerless, and atonement impossible; and they were incapable of reflecting that the murderers had been previously “resurrectionists”—that they were men who had not plunged at once into the deepest depth of crime, but that they had been led on, through the loopholes which the law had left them, to the commission of a deed which, in their eyes, was only another grade in guilt—from plundering the grave, to destroying life—from stealing bodies, to stifling them. The law has itself to blame for the outrage, in throwing out lures for its commission. If the purposes of science had been provided for, as every enlightened state but our own has provided for them, this last and foulest stain upon humanity would have been spared. There are fifty ways in which, without much debate, a parliament alive to the necessity of doing something, might make such a provision.

**HOLYWELL STREET AND THE “TIMES.”**—In our speculations two or three months ago, concerning the various courts and crevices of the metropolis into which the Cholera on its first landing in London would, in all probability, creep for shelter, it occurred to us that Holywell-street in the Strand was percisely the retreat upon which the monster



might most readily fasten his fangs; and it was suggested to us by one of the most practical reformers connected with this journal, that a convenient mode of obviating this calamity would be, to brick-up the obnoxious avenue at one end, and fire it at the other. The proposition created a "considerable sensation at the time;" and after many morning and evening papers had aided the publicity of the scheme by extracting the passage, the "*Times*" as a matter of course (the "greatest" is generally "behind") took it up. Not satisfied however with leaving the sublimity of the conception to speak for itself, the editor appended a moral to it in the form of a query, saying (we only answer for the spirit, not the letter, of the observation)—"But is the writer aware of the illegality and the danger of such a remedy?" (!!!) Now whether we are aware of this or not, we are perfectly aware that the "*Times*" has no more notion of a joke than Adam had of Almack's, and that it would be quite as much bewildered by a whimsicality of any description, as an Esquimaux would be by the *Edinburgh Review*. Its own occasional attempts at something which it mistakes for a sort of pleasantry induce this conviction. It has about as much humour as a hippopotamus. Its laugh is as if St. Paul's bell were to be tolled to the tune of "I'm the boy for bewitching 'em." It takes its wit as the king in *Hamlet* takes his wine, amidst the flourishing of trumpets and the firing of cannon; the very devils that carry the articles to the printer turn blue by anticipation. "Give me," the editor seems to say, after the manner of the Dane,

"——— Give me a joke!

And let the *Ledger* to the *Herald* speak,  
The *Herald* to the *Chronicle* without,  
The *Chronicle* to the *Post*, the *Post* to all—  
Now the "*Times*" feels waggish!"

And had we felt waggish when we suggested the Holywell-street explosion, we should have known, from frequent experience, that the "*Times*" could not by any earthly or editorial possibility have entered into the humour of the scheme; but having thrown out the hint in a spirit of seriousness and sincerity, we cannot but think that the cold water thus thrown upon the suggested fire is the result of pure malice; and that the "*Times*" is angry that so patriotic and original a plan should have originated in any source but itself.

As an evidence that we can be as serious upon occasion as the "leading journal," in its drowsiest fits of solemnity, we have now to announce that the plan, after mature consideration (though contrary we own to counsel's opinion—that is Sir. C. Wetherell's, who hates fires), has been adopted by the parish of St. Clement Danes, and that a proper number of barrels of gunpowder are now on their road to the Strand. Mr. Rothschild has sent fifty pounds in aid of the subscription, and the Jews generally are following his example, as they consider the event the first step to their emancipation. All proper precautions have been taken; the sharp three-cornered stones with which the passage was paved (and which were so loose as to excite an apprehension that they might be thrown up in the explosion, to the danger of the windows at the west end), have been removed within these few days, and others carefully rammed down, as any gentleman who chooses to trust himself in Holywell-street will perceive. So that the only inconvenience to be apprehended, upon a lighted "*Times*" being applied to the train, is,

the consternation that will be created ten miles round the metropolis, at the sight of a multitudinous wardrobe, a collection of at least a fifty masquerade-power, hurled a few miles into the air—a supernatural assemblage of coats and continuations, supposed of course to be inhabited, cutting capers among the clouds, as if they were so many studies for Cruikshank. Or it might so fall out, that somebody walking in Pall Mall may have his hat removed by the shock, at the very instant that another drops upon his head—the same perhaps that he had given to a poor relation or a servant a twelvemonth before. These are trifles compared with the important advantages that will result from the ignition, which is at all events fixed to take place in the course of the year—between the first of April and the fifth of November. But this cannot be done without money. Anybody passing through the Strand may perceive that the inhabitants at the east end of Holywell-street are decorating their houses—of course to increase their terms with the parish. Subscriptions however will be received by the churchwardens, and as the “Times” chooses to be sulky, at the office of this journal.

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**ACTORS AND AUDIENCES.**—Straws indicate the course of the times. At the theatres, formerly, every despicable clap-trap was caught up; every sentiment that expressed the most rooted hatred to every thing foreign, and as bigoted and narrow-minded an idolatry of every thing English, awakened a spirit that made even the boxes applaud in the “still small voice” of court-refinement and politeness. It is curious to see with what a different spirit these same sentiments are received now; and with what an opposite feeling to that which existed in the days of devoted attachment to despotism, “God save the King,” is called for. The performers too, Mrs. Wood and Braham may be mentioned as instances, catching up the impulse of the audience, sing it with an enthusiasm that rises far above mere professional habit, and gives truth to every tone. In the days of illumination and loyalty, when nautical dramas were as popular as King William himself has made them, any symptom of a mutiny among the ship’s crew would have thrown every apprentice in the pit into a phrenzy of patriotic indignation. But a very different spectacle took place the other evening at the Surrey, on the performance of Mr. Jerrold’s drama, called “The Mutiny at the Nore.” The ship’s company are ranged on the stage, and the mover of the mutiny invites his fellows to cross over to his side; the consequence of course is, that the officers are left by themselves—with the exception of one solitary servant of his “king and country,” who only crosses half way and hesitates as to what he shall do. At this the mutineers hiss and execrate; and to the utter confusion of the actor, who had thus to balance between his country and his comrades, the audience hissed too—with a vociferation that rendered the stage hisses inaudible. This disapprobation touched upon a tender key, and for a moment seemed to turn his assumed hesitation into reality; but there was no alternative—he was obliged to make his decision in favour of “his king and country,” and he retreated to the aristocratic side of the dock amidst a ten-fold shower of hisses—a martyr to his anti-mutinous principles.

Mr. Jerrold has been fortunate in exciting the sympathies of the audience in favour of his nautical heroes; it is not long ago that, as Mr. T. P. Cooke was undergoing the customary ceremony of condemnation in *Black Eyed Susan*, at Plymouth, some half dozen tars clambered from

the gallery, over boxes, pit, and orchestra upon the stage, beat off the actor-admiral and his train with three huzzas, and would have carried off Mr. Cooke in triumph, if he had not solicited their polite and generous indulgence, on the ground of his having a previous engagement to dance a hornpipe between the pieces. These two nautical dramas have several very exciting qualities, to account for the inconvenient degree of interest thus taken in them; that, lately performing at the Surrey, the "Mutiny of the Nore," is greatly aided in its effect by the energy and feeling with which the hero is performed by Mr. Elton, an actor of high promise and superior attainments.

**THE CHOLERA.**—The cholera is now generally understood to be non-contagious. The anti-contagionists have gained an important point; of the hundred and one writers on this subject, it would be as well if the cholera had taken a few, ere they had inflicted such "drugged potions" as their pamphlets on the "reading public." The opinion is in favour of an unrestricted intercourse, and if any doubt has lingered in the mind of the fearful, it must be removed by the late publication of the French physician, Antomarchi. The accounts he gives of the details of his practice at the Warsaw military hospitals, and of the experiments there, are, though revolting in the highest degree, completely conclusive as to the fact, that fear from personal contact with the cholera-patient is perfectly groundless.

This assurance divests the disease of half its malignity. To know that assistance can be rendered to the afflicted without personal risk, at least from them, will be the means of creating confidence on one side, and on the other, of leaving the dictates of humanity to work their way unchecked by personal consideration. It would be frightful to think of the condition of the poor, if the disease were to extend itself throughout our island—when the labours of medical men and attendants will be devoted principally to the richer class—if the horror of infection from personal contact were likewise added to the calamity. But in the case of cholera every one can attend on his neighbour, and little medical aid is required. Care in restoring the checked circulation of the blood is the first and most important point; and numberless cheap and portable baths are now manufactured for the purpose, which may be bought or borrowed at a few minutes' notice.

We are not, however, of the class of alarmists. The disease amongst us, we are inclined to believe, is but a mitigated Eastern cholera, after all; and when we recollect the time it has been amongst us, and the very slow progress it has made; when we see from various accounts the extreme unhealthiness of the present season,—the numbers fallen victims to our own epidemic, the "typhus;" the small-pox and measles raging in a most unprecedented manner in many parts of the country,—we are not a little sceptical as to the fact of the cholera ever reaching London. It is a little novelty for the faculty, and makes them of importance; it has made the fortunes of sundry venders of drugs, who have feed sundry Sangrados for their recommendation, *et voila tout!*

When the novelty has subsided, and with it the excitement, and with it the fees, then, *adieu cholera*. At least let us hope so.

In the meanwhile his Majesty's lieges are beginning to recover from their panic. Stomach-aches are beginning to be treated in the usual way again. Cajeput is not flown to with such avidity as it was a month



since. It is discovered not to be the panacea it was supposed. People are beginning to be reconciled to colds and coughs, without treating them as forerunners of the arch-enemy. In one respect the panic has even been of some service, though of brief duration. Sundry skins, some covered with fine garments and others with rags, have felt the application of soap and water, which they never have felt before; and drunkenness was in some degree diminished. The panic subsiding, a *re-action* has taken place. These innovations on the *constitution* have been rejected as unwholesome; cleanliness is voted a bore; and sobriety only fit for Whigs and political Unionists. If the abstinence from gin had continued much longer, it was said to be the intention of Messrs. Hodges, Deady, and Booth, to get up a petition to Parliament, amongst the venders of the metropolis, stating their losses and prospect of ruin,—not “blue ruin,”—and praying for the abolition of “cholera.”

On the contrary, Mr. Green, of Marlborough-street, has made his fortune by his baths. He has likewise raised for himself a reputation likely to live longer than the smoke of his furnaces. By the help of one of Captain Jekyll's vapour baths, he has put the Duke of Wellington into a perspiration, who was never in one before. To make a “perspiring hero” of the great captain is no minor feat.

PRIVILEGES OF THE PEERAGE.—A great event often ends in an anti-climax. Some “delicate affairs” go off with an explosion—others with a mere flash in the pan. Here is the Londonderry affair evaporated before our eyes—melted into thin air—sent on its journey to oblivion, without so much as a public subscription, or an address of condolence to either party. By the “Londonderry affair,” we mean the now barely-to-be-alluded-to matter between the noble and the nurse, which by shewing how fifty pounds can weigh down a marquis into the mire of a common-law court, settled the question which had so long agitated the world, whether peers were made of the same clay as other people. Some of the delicious details of the story we have forgotten, and there is little chance now of our memory being refreshed on the subject—for the affair is compromised; the marquis has paid, if we can trust the newspapers, “a handsome compensation for the assault,” together with an incredible sum incurred in costs, and other expences incident to aristocratic indulgences. Now we dislike curiosity, on this side detestation, as much as any man; we scorn and abhor impertinent inquiries; but we should so like to know the amount of the “compensation” that was conceived to be necessary in this case; and should feel obliged to any one who would enlighten us as to the exact cost of a “handsome compensation,” with a comparative estimate of the expence of a good-looking compensation, and an ugly compensation. But it is really important that the country should know; because the matter becomes serious, when nurses may be assaulted by noblemen at a certain sum per head. It opens a door of attack upon old women, that may lead to frightful consequences—and nobody can say where they may end. Of course the terms will vary in proportion to the age and condition of the party to be assaulted;—the sex also may make some difference—but still it would only stand an item higher in the expence, and consequently at a certain price, prodigious no doubt, various illustrious members of the legislature may have whips as well as witticisms applied to them; and we shall have Mr. —, Sir —, and the Earl of —, walking



home some night from Westminster, with an ugly cut and a handsome compensation a-piece. Our allusion to this affair will, we are sure, be forgiven, when it is thus seen to arise from anxiety for our legislators; for those who may come within the class of persons privileged to be assaulted upon reasonable terms—and for those also, whom Providence and Mr. Pitt has blessed with affluence, to a degree that places all purchasable pleasures within their reach.

**WAVERLEY AND WERTER UNITED.**—It was our intention to have said six words upon the characteristic and affecting note which Sir Walter Scott has appended to his new, and as he informs us, his “last” tales; but the subject has already been treated of in a style of pathos so far above the reach of ordinary eloquence, that, though it exceeds our own comment in length as well as in depth, we cannot resist the inclination to extract it entire.

*The Last of the Waverleys.*—THE “*last*” Tales of “the Author of Waverley!” “Can such things be?” and not “overcome us like a summer cloud?” for it is only “like a summer cloud” that any thing is capable of overcoming us now, in these days of fearful excitement, and feverish and incessant longing and looking forth for that which, like the school-boy’s “to-morrow,” will never come. Can it be that we have lived to witness the “Rise and Fall” (for there has been no “Decline”) of the greatest, the brightest, and the most beneficent genius that has blessed and beautified the intellectual world since Shakspeare? Can it be that He of the Hundred Volumes! whose pages enshrine more of wisdom, and virtue, and moral truth, and intellectual beauty—more of deep philosophy and divine charity—more of that perfect knowledge of human life which grows alone out of perfect love—more of all these, and of a thousand other beneficent things, than are to be found in the writings of any other mortal—Shakspeare alone excepted; can it be that He—the glory of our literature—the star of our country—the genius of our age—the admiration of the civilized world;—can it be that He is passing from among us, into the category of things that *were*, and that, in another week, or month, or year, *fuil!* is all that we shall have to say or feel concerning him? Even now, as we write, “his place knoweth him not.” The concluding note of his new work—(they who can read it without tears of mingled sorrow and affection, know not what it is to joy or to sorrow—to hope or to fear—or to feel any intellectual emotion, whether of pain or of pleasure, that does not spring from the *blank circle* of self)—the concluding note of his new work is dated “Abbotsford!!!” But the hand which penned it is divided from that spot (one of the most romantic, and to him, doubtless, the most beloved, of its creations) by seas and foreign lands, and strangers and hirelings are tending the wants, and it may be, smoothing the sick-bed pillow, or holding the suffering head, of him over whose pages the whole English community will be *hanging* for the next month, in pleased and grateful admiration.

The thought recalls us from our sombre reverie—we open the living pages of the work, the first sight of which has called forth these melancholy reflections—the “summer cloud” that overcame us *has* passed away—and all is sunshine and hope once more. He will recover—he will come back to us, renovated in heart and hope, if it be only to receive the homage of our admiration for this new token of his mighty claims upon our gratitude and affection. Nay, he cannot, he must not die! Why have we not my uncle Toby at our elbow, to exclaim for us, “by G—d, he *shall* not die!”

This is the perfection of the Pocket Handkerchief School. No words can do justice to it, and we are obliged therefore to resort to a simpler mode of expressing our admiration—as follows:—

Oh!!!!!!  
Or, as Mr. Irving justly observes, “Cjziw krfdembhpxoi tkavqklmsk!”

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

ROMANCE AND REALITY. A NOVEL, IN 3 VOLS., BY L. E. L.

THESE three initials stand upon the title-page like the weird-sisters, promising magic and marvels; but here the resemblance ends, for though they keep it to the ear, or rather to the eye, they have not broken it to the hope. *Romance and Reality* is not exactly what we had pictured to ourselves upon its first announcement; for we could not have expected, even from the impassioned and deep-thoughted writer, that has filled our magazines and memories with what Fallstaff calls "fancies and good nights," for the last half-dozen years, a work of such stirring and varied power as this which we have just perused. But it is precisely the production which all who are disposed to do justice to her genius, will be most glad to see; and which those who, having little love for poetry of any kind, have none at all for her's, because they never drank of that deep spring of feeling from which it takes its rise, and can, consequently, relish only that species of verse which is generally tried, not on the feelings, but on the fingers—will criticise with ten-fold acrimony. It would, however, task the ingenuity of envy and ill-will in this enlightened age to prove much in disparagement of *Romance and Reality*, or to shew any convincing cause why it should not rank as one of the most striking and original works of the day. It may be proved to be in parts very carelessly written—that its periods are sometimes ill-turned—that there are occasional repetitions of the same sentiment and the same quotation, or even that the sentiment is false, and the quotation inaccurate; it might be possible to pick out a few passages that look too much like fine writing, and remind us of the poet of whom it is said—

"That not knowing what he was thinking,  
He wrote a soft song about love."

But put all these unpardonable violations of the laws of perfection into one scale, and put any two pages either of the romance or the reality of the work—the knowledge of the heart or the knowledge of society—the moral painting or the sketching of manners, into another, and who will say that the defects weigh much more than a feather against the solid gold of the opposing scale? We say, solid gold, not for the sake of the metaphor, but for the meaning; no language can be too direct and expressive, and no praise too earnest and entire, when we consider the character of the best, and by far the largest portion of these volumes. They have all the glow and freshness of youth, with the depth and earnestness of maturity. They are full of thoughts, some casual and random ones, some fanciful, some profound—but all poured forth with a profusion that, though it may detract for a moment from their effect, is certainly no argument against their value. Truth is not the less true because the writer utters it sometimes as if she scarcely cared whether it were so or not; or instead of stopping to analyze or explain an idea, hurries on to the next, and leaves the reader to make what he chooses of it. Many of the best things in "*Romance and Reality*" seem to have been set down in this careless and uninquiring spirit. If the writer had thought much about them, there are a few, perhaps, that she would not have written at all; but there are fifty that no form of words could have conveyed more expressively; and as many more, that she could not have excelled in any sense, if she had pondered and puzzled for a twelvemonth. These aphorisms are of all shades and colours; we pass at once from the grave to the gay, without any common-place preface or apology; the spirit of the scene, whether it be a Spanish solitude or a saloon at St. James's, takes full possession of us; whatever the subject—from the characters or no-characters of common-life, to the gallery of literary likenesses at the Athenæum, and from these again to the delineation of female nature in all its simplicity, as in Emily—and in all its nobleness, as in Beatrice—we are alike under the mastery of a spell, and the heart yields itself to a power that can either "call up its sunshine or bring down its showers." Notwithstanding the spirit and

variety, the brilliant dialogue, the innumerable sketches of character, the lights and shadows of life, "the logic, and the wisdom, and the wit," that constitute a charm of which we scarcely grow weary for an instant throughout the whole of the first and second volumes, it is in the third that the reader must look for evidence of L. E. L.'s decided and undeniable power as a novelist of a high order. In the other parts of her work she has shewn us what she can do with individual scenes and separate groupings: in the last she enters upon a new course, and displays her capability of conceiving, combining, and working-out her incidents, with a skill that few living writers possess. This is in itself a tale of deeply-imaginative power—a picture finely composed and exquisitely coloured. Of the characters, we object only to the Higg's family—a group portrayed with little of the fine taste and ability observable in the other portraits; and of the opinions, we can find particular fault merely with one or two passing observations unfavourable to the more enlightened and liberal characteristics of the age. Women are timid and averse to great national advances; we are afraid that more than one-half of them are Tories at heart.

Upon glancing at what we have written, we must confess it to be but a meagre description of "Romance and Reality;" but we have no space either for analysis or extract—and fortunately both are superfluous; for the work will be read by every body, whether realists or romancers.

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF WOBURN AND ITS ABBEY, &c. BY J. D. PARRY, M.A.

We need not inform our readers that the beautiful Abbey of Woburn has been the seat of the illustrious house of Russell since the year 1547, when the grant was made to Lord John Russell, afterwards Earl of Bedford, by Edward VI., its princely revenues having attracted the rapacious monastic plunderers in the reign of his predecessor. The Russells are one of England's historic families, and their name alone would throw an interest around Woburn even had they not made such an extensive repertory of the most beautiful specimens of art. Flattering, however, as the subject may be, we do not understand Mr. Parry's dread of exposing his inability for such a simple task as that of giving a short notice of the ancient abbey; a list of revenue, &c.; a rapid genealogical view of the Russell family, and lastly a catalogue of the pictures and statues contained in the Duke of Bedford's princely collection. We must however own, in justice to Mr. Parry, that his work includes a very comprehensive variety of objects, viz., from Woburn Abbey and its noble tenants, to the dairy and pig-stye; from Homer and the tale of Psyche (*vide* p. 263), to a dissertation on the "superior consideration formerly enjoyed by that useful animal of the class Mammalia, genus *Bellua*, species *sus*, now recognized by that unharmonious and unhonoured monosyllabic cognomina of *Hog* or *Pig*." It would be ungrateful to Mr. P., to complain of the lavish profusion with which he showers his classic and antiquarian research on us, and we dare say, many of his numerous subscribers, will be amused even with long remarks of pigs, for the elucidation of whose domestic policy, Domsday Book, Homer, Walter Scott, &c., are laid under contribution. The catalogue of the contents of the noble picture and sculpture galleries are, to us, not the least tempting portion of the work. Some of our readers may be pleased to read the origin of this illustrious house, thus told by Mr. Parry:—

"The earliest records of this family extend back to the long period of eight hundred years, when they were settled in Neustria or Normandy, in which country they are described as being the younger branches of the Barons of *Briquebec*, who were potent Seigneurs; and this part of the family possessed the fiefs of *Barneville* and *Rosell*, or *Rosel*, near the bay of the same name, in the Bailiwick of Coutances. Two years before the Norman Invasion of England, a Hugh de Rosel gave in aid of the foundation of the Abbey of Caen, certain lands in Granville and Grocei. He accompanied the Conqueror to England, and was rewarded with possessions in Dorsetshire; the principal of which were Kingston, afterwards called Kingston-Russell, and Berwick, the latter of which is still in the possession of the family.



Kingston was held of the Crown by grand serjeantry, for the service of presenting 'a cup of beer to the king on the four principal feasts of the year;' as appears by a record of the thirteenth century."

—  
 ROSCOE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE  
 CRUIKSHANK.

WE take shame to ourselves for having so long neglected to notice, in a degree somewhat proportioned to its merit, the re-edited and re-embellished series of novels known by the above title. We will, however, now atone for our neglect, as amply as our circumscribed limits will permit, by impressing upon the public a correct idea of that excellence, which in these times forms the only true claim to patronage. The object of the publishers is, to present the best works of the best authors—of the class of novelists—edited and embellished in a style scarcely to be surpassed. How this object has been attained we will proceed to shew. Mr. Roscoe has brought to the performance of his share of the labour, a mind thoroughly imbued with elegant literature, and a taste which has been perfected under the auspices of a great master. That Mr. Thomas Roscoe has made the best use of his talent and judgment is evident from the mode in which the prefatory biographies of Defoe, Smollet, and Fielding are executed. In that of Defoe, there is displayed a thorough knowledge of the cramped and disagreeable politics of that period; at the same time, he does not lose sight of those minute events in Defoe's life which tended more than any other to develope character and mind. It would afford us much pleasure did our space permit us to give an epitome of this biography; for, at this distance of time, when party animosity has ceased, and when the most striking points of Defoe's character come under fair and impartial criticism, we cannot but concede to him a high grade amongst the spirits of his day. Not the least remarkable of the circumstances attendant on Defoe's life is the fact, which we gather from a comparison of dates, that he had nearly arrived at the age of sixty, a period when the minds of ordinary men seem hastening to decay, ere he produced that work, on the merits of which his name has stood, and will continue to stand, the test of numberless literary cycles. The lives of Smollet and Fielding are executed in a style which does not derogate from the praise accorded to that of Defoe; and if the preceding volumes are equally good with their predecessors, which we have no reason to doubt, we shall have to congratulate the public upon the possession of an invaluable store of light literature, which is seldom offered to them in so cheap and commodious a form. With respect to the embellishments, if we were disposed to be brief and emphatic, or if we were inclined to sum up their excellence, in the concise and eloquent phrases which are so much in vogue in various reviewing circles, we should say, according to the most approved fashion, "This book ought to be on every lady's table"—"No gentleman's library can be complete without this work"—"Every one must possess himself of this bijou of literature"—no matter whether furtively or otherwise; but two words will suit our purpose best—"George Cruikshank." We doubt whether any person, who is able to receive impressions through the medium of sight, could for one moment dispute the power of Cruikshank over that rebellious membrane of cachinnation, or control his mirth within seemly bounds, in turning over the contents of a portfolio which at this moment lies open before us. It was our destiny to acquire early in the career of that gifted and original artist an intense taste for his productions, and the result of which is, that we are now in possession of a never-failing cure for the "blue devils" and the "spleen." Amongst our collection we find two or three illustrations to *Peregrine Pickle*, viz. the "Dinner of the Ancients"—the "Duel at Antwerp"—and the "Discomfiture of the Physicians by the Gouty Colonel of Bath." These may be said, without any exaggeration, to embody the conception in the text as perfectly as the author could have desired; and the illustrations to the volumes before us are, in that respect, no way inferior, although, in one or two instances, the selection of subjects might have been made more hap-

pily. Those which pleased us most are in *Peregrine Pickle*—"Trunnison's leap over the Waggon"—the "Painter's escape from the Bastile"—the "Thin black Hairs"—and the "Tailors presenting arms to the Bailiffs." In *Humphrey Clinker*, the drowsy nonchalance of Clinker, compared with the consternation in Tabitha's eyes, which are peeping over her fan at an exhibition which Winifred is evidently glancing at with the greatest satisfaction, is admirable; so is the humour of the plate, at page 208, where Humphrey, having seized old Bramble's ear, is making for the shore, with his reprisal at sea. In *Tom Jones*, the illustrations are equally good; but those where Cruikshank, however, has been most happy, are the discovery of Philosopher Square pent up in the closet, the face and position of the affrighted sentinel, and the detection of Partridge's amour with the gipsy.

CHOZAR AND SELA; OR THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS; AND OTHER POEMS, BY JAMES FLETCHER, TRIN. COLL. CAM., AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF POLAND." SECOND EDITION.

An extremely interesting little volume, that will be appreciated by every lover of poetry. The best compliment we can pay the author is to quote a short specimen:—

" SONNET.

"The sculptured stone may never bear my name,  
To draw forth liquid sorrow from the eye  
Of after time, and live embalmed by fame,  
An endless life of grateful memory.  
Ah! no: such hope in me were far too high;  
For if the glow of genius ever came  
Firing my soul with heavenly ecstasy,  
It was unseen as the sepulchral flame,  
That never flashed upon the face of day,  
But 'midst devouring darkness pass'd away.  
The few beloved, howe'er, who read my mind  
To them unveiled, 'mid many faults could find  
Something to love, and till their hearts decay,  
My memory fresh will live in love enshrined."

THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND—FAMILY LIBRARY, No. 26. BY THE REV. J. BLUNT.

Mr. Blunt's work on the Pentateuch, in which he ably applied the mode of argument of the *Horæ Paulinæ*, to prove the authenticity of the books of Moses, has already introduced him to the public in the character of an ingenious advocate of the sacred cause in which he is enlisted. We remember listening, with much interest, to the course of sermons he delivered on that subject, at the University Church, Cambridge, and came to the perusal of the present work with the more avidity. Reform of any kind is always an interesting theme, and more particularly so now, when the public mind is bent on the amelioration of long-standing abuses. A popular and candid History of the Protestant Secession from the Church of Rome (Bishop Burnet is too diffuse), is an almost essential addition to the library of every English family; and we hoped that Mr. Blunt had furnished us with such a work; of this, however, we are by no means certain. Meretricious and unseemly appendages began to disfigure the church of Christ almost from its very foundation. Manicheans, Arians, Iconoclasts, and Tyrophagists, all set to work on the pillars or friezes of the Christian temple, when they came fresh from the hands of their divine architect. What then must have been the accumulation of abuses in fifteen centuries of barbarism? and what a herculean task to remove them! Such is the noble work which a History of the Reformation describes. But while recounting the abuses and follies which the Protestant abolished, the candid historian should not forget to men-

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tion those which he introduced. While the Protestant ridicules the popes for their assumption of infallibility, let him turn to the Acts of Parliament of Edward the Sixth, and he will there see an equally gross assumption, that the Catechism, Liturgy, &c. were written by the Holy Ghost, which none must doubt, "under penalty of the king's displeasure." While he makes our blood curdle with the recital of the Catholic burnings of Mary, let him add the similar persecutions of the Arians, &c. in the time of the Protestant Elizabeth; while he complains of the intolerance of the Romanist, let him read, as a commentary on it, the Act of a Protestant Parliament, which obliged all persons to attend Protestant churches under penalty of a pecuniary mulct of £200 a month.\* All this, and much more, Mr. Blunt glosses over. These are, indeed, sad errors, though only of omission; but we can see the leaven of something worse working in the heart, and influencing the head which dictated this book, that "the more enlightened generation, as it *has been called*" (and is; in pity to Mr. Blunt's ignorance of such fact, arising from his seclusion in St. John's, we inform him it is), will not be easily blinded to. If the want of provision for the clergy is the main defect Mr. Blunt finds in the Reformation, after his investigation of this History (*vide* p. 321, &c.), we would advise him to look again at the revenues of our ecclesiastical princes; and, if he could, without offence to those to whom he looks for promotion, to recommend a little more equal distribution, and a little less hostile, and repugnant method of gathering them. We doubt whether the great mass of the respectable clergy would not be abundantly grateful for it, and well satisfied with the proceeds. We would, likewise, advise Mr. Blunt to return to the perusal of Milton's tract on Reformation, and read, mark, learn, and digest it. The time will come, we trust, when all traders and money-changers will be driven out of Christ's temple; and, finally, when it will be placed altogether on a different footing. We hope that the next time Mr. Blunt talks of "an abused press," he will not shield himself under the protection of a *double entendre*.

THE LAST OF THE SOPHIS, A POEM, BY C. F. HENNINGSSEN, A MINOR.

Were a bill passed to abate the severity of our critical laws, Mr. Henningsen, we fear, would be but too happy to take the benefit of the act, notwithstanding his attempts to meet our demands. He presents us, indeed, with a Persico-Tartar Tale, and introduces us to the last of the Persian Sophis and Nadir Shah; but, although he adds to the already long list of that savage's crimes, by making him the mysterious ravisher of the prince's betrothed bride, our conceptions of a readable poem are not satisfied. Mr. Henningsen, however, endeavours to make up the deficiency in the notes, in which he informs us, that a mosque is a Mahometan church (considerate instructor!) that the road to the Moslem heaven was over a "strait and narrow" bridge, &c. We are told, also, that the author is a minor; but we certainly think, Master Henningsen, that we might have learnt that fact as readily from the Roman type of the poem, as the Old English letters in the title-page. Mr. Henningsen will, perhaps, in his next edition, add to his favours by explaining the following lines:—

"——— When deep oblivion dwells  
O'er soul and sense, the heart may steal  
An hour, a single hour's repeal  
From sorrows it is doomed to feel,  
Yet why so soon, that passing dream,  
That momentary Lethe's stream?  
And why so sudden must they break,  
And we to wayward fate awake?  
To wish, perhaps, to sleep for ever,  
On what should e'er have been, or never!"

\* 23 Elizabeth, c. 1, s. 5, &c.



" — The wave rolled clear and still.—P. 8.

We should also like to see Mr. Henningsen's theory of "*falling thunder*"—p. 40.

We will not, however, be severe judges, but for such lines as these :—

" For there, by abyss' fearful side—p. 32, &c.

We sentence the culprit to learn two columns of Walker's Dictionary, daily, for the next two years ; for the following,

" He little drinks, and eateth less," &c.

to be kept on short commons once a week ; and, finally, to refrain from appearing before the public during our judicial pleasure.

A TREATISE ON PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, ITS PREVENTION, AND REMEDY.  
BY JOHN MURRAY, F.S.A., &c.—SECOND EDITION.

Mr. Murray believes he has discovered two new remedies for consumption ; and he here fairly and honestly tells us what they are. He evidently writes in earnest ; and is entitled to praise for his sincerity, and respect for his good intentions. His first remedy is the Chlorate of Potash, taken internally. His second, and principal means of cure, consists in inhaling the fumes of Nitrous acid Gas, properly diluted. With regard to the salt of Potash, he proposes it as new only in its application to the cure of consumption : it having been before recommended by Chaussier ; but the "inhaling" he claims as peculiarly his own— or, to use his own odd phraseology—" in the vapour of nitric and nitrous acid, we stand alone." The value of Mr. Murray's recommendations, we, of course, have no means of ascertaining, and we rather think that medical men themselves are, in general, not much better off. The trial of any new remedy, to be conclusive, should be instituted at the same time, on a number of patients similarly affected and similarly circumstanced. These conditions are found in our great hospitals alone, and to them we naturally turn for information. We regret to say our inquiries on such matters have been singularly unfortunate ; and Dublin, " the silent sister," is the only place whose " hospital reports" rescue her from the disgrace of neglected opportunities, and the shame of indifference to the cause of science and humanity. We can thus sympathize with Mr. Murray when he complains of the general disposition to ridicule without inquiry, and condemnation without trial. He must, however, be aware that such is the usual reception awarded to any thing new ; and that we may judge of the vigour of the sapling, by the rough usage it has borne without breaking. Mr. Murray's preliminary observations are too diffuse. They are clever and entertaining ; but not " ad rem." When looking for the remedies which he declares to be the exclusive objects of his work, we thought he had lost himself in his own erudition ; for it was not till the 144th page we found what we were in search of. Should the success of Mr. Murray's plans call for another edition of his work, we think he might speak rather more confidently than he does in the following paragraph relating to Laennec. " Its author," speaking of his work, " fell a victim to the very disease he had endeavoured to substantiate, &c., now mingles with his kindred elements. *This is generally the fate of the good and great.*"

THE CHAMELEON, A COLLECTION OF TALES, SONGS, &c.

The Chameleon has selected from its extensive wardrobe a pretty sky-blue vest for its *début*, which, however, we fear, for the sake of the admirers of the "outward book," will soon *change*. We understand that this little *mélange* comes not only from the shop, but from the pen of a bibliopole, who, we should have presumed, in pity to the starving printers, had issued the present sheets to keep them moving, were we not informed, in the first article, that he has been long "seeking a name." Some of the prose sketches contain a flippant smartness, which will be pleasing to many, and a snack of reading, which proves that the author's study has not been confined to the labels and title-pages of his

books. But although he tells us his lute once wrought its spell on a sweet lady (vide p. 97), we must confess that we have been proof against its influence. We are also led to infer that the author has known as much of substantial as "ideal beauty," but we should deeply lament his singular and unhappy fate, were he to "exhale," in "a pure embrace," as he hints in page 75. We know not how "the sweet lady" received such confessions as this—

"Aye! then the haunts of mirthless din  
I seek, and vex the night with riot,  
Or drench with wine the flame within,  
And mortgage years of future quiet"—p. 89.

But let us say it is his *nater*—

"Quench'd did I say? The snow-showers fall  
On Hecla's ever-burning crater:  
It thunders when they meet—but all  
Their chill dims not that torch of *Nature*!"—p. 88.

The Chameleon has a long tongue, as all chameleons have, and we hope our fair friends (and we trust they are not a few), will allow him to chat away by their Christmas fire-sides, while they smile at his poetical errors, particularly as he says—

"No: I'll no more essay to sing."—p. 320.

#### HISTOIRE DES CAMPAGNES DE HOHENLINDEN ET DE MARENGO. PAR M. DE BULOW.

This book must become the manual of every student of the stratagetic art, and the passe-temps of every old campaigner. Bulow, an officer in the Prussian service, is well known to most military men as the author of "Spirit of the System of Modern War," and many other excellent works connected with the profession of arms. The present volume is a valuable analysis of Napoleon's tactics in the tremendous campaign of 1800. The author measures out the field of Marengo, and walks calmly over the plain of Hohenlinden, with the practised eye of an experienced soldier. But the chief interest of the present translation is, that it contains a running commentary on the text by no other than the great general himself—Napoleon. These notes are furnished by Major Emmett, who, during his stay at St. Helena, lent it to Count Montholon for the emperor's perusal. It was returned with the numerous annotations by Napoleon's own hand. We shall not enter into an examination of the work; students of the art of war, we refer to the book itself; the ladies, idlers, and all men of peace, we send to read Campbell's soul-stirring lyric of Hohenlinden.

#### MENTAL RECREATIONS, OR SELECT MAXIMS; ANCIENT AND MODERN, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

"The head and front of the offending" of "Mental Recreations," are the frontispiece, in which we are introduced to an *angel* of the *feminine* gender, *en sark*, with a cat-o'-nine tails in one hand and a crown in the other, apparently saying—

"Here they are both neat and handy,  
Which hand will you have?"

And we are led to infer from a note to the introduction, that this emblem is of the compiler's composition. We augur, however, from the sweet smile of this female seraph, that in performing the boatswain's office, she would be as lenient to the backs of her culprits as honest Sancho was to his own. Tearing away our eyes from the pretty angel and her *jellisk*, we turn to the Select Maxims. The great names appended to most of these are guarantees of their excellence, but besides these Mr. B. presents us with many of his own, some of which are rather *piquants*. Like for instance—

"The man who prides himself on his ancestry without personal merit, may be ludicrously, though justly, compared to a potatoe plant—the best part of which is underground."—page 12.

Some, however, might be spared; for instance, the remark we remember reading in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "A pigmy on the shoulders of a giant can see farther than the giant himself;" contains all the matter of Mr. B.'s eighteen lines on Councils.—page 44.

Against the principle of a few we must enter our protest—such as that on friends.—page 104.

Mr. B.'s theory of thought without language we do not understand.—p. 170.

With these exceptions, we may safely recommend the work for the literary feasts of our friends, as a nice dish of the tit-bits of wisdom.

#### THE PIRATE OF BOFINE, A NOVEL. 3 VOLS.

We shall proceed upon a somewhat novel plan in our notice of this production. We have frequently felt, on perusing an interesting book, an extreme desire to quote the whole of it; and as our *Pirate* here is really an interesting person of his order, we have experienced the inclination in this instance. An extract, three volumes in length, would however puzzle our printer exceedingly; we shall therefore proceed upon the shorter, but scarcely less satisfactory plan, of quoting the first and last paragraph of each volume.

Vol. I. First paragraph.—"It was in the year 1528, that a Spanish family resided on the largest of the Arran Islands, situated in the bay of Galway in Ireland."

Last paragraph.—"The Neapolitans finding resistance useless, opened their gates to the Spaniards."

Vol. II. First paragraph.—"The night was dark and stormy—the rain fell in torrents, while at intervals vivid flashes of lightning served to guide a cavalier," &c.

Last paragraph.—"This, Florian swallowed; and feeling himself faint and sleepy, he threw himself upon his couch, and was soon buried in slumber."

Vol. III. First paragraph.—"With hurried steps, and glances impatiently cast seaward, Barroso paced the platform before his castle."

Last paragraph.—"While Felix and Blanche happy in each other, still sought to make others so, by the exercise of those virtues which alone lead to happiness in this world, and a glorious hereafter."

We are sure that the reader will not fail to derive as much information from these extracts, as from a perusal of the story. We might in addition quote some forty or fifty lines of stars \* \* \* \*, with which the narrative is liberally sprinkled, without being in the least degree broken. But we prefer selecting a passage from Shakspeare which we find at the commencement of the work, given in a style that renders it completely original:—

"The neighing steed and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all  
The quality, pride, pomp, and  
Circumstance of glorious war."

We confidently recommend the *Pirate of Bopeep*—Bofine we mean—to all readers of romance.

#### THE HISTORY OF POLAND FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME. By J. FLETCHER, ESQ., TRIN. COLL. CAM. WITH A NARRATIVE OF RECENT EVENTS COMMUNICATED BY THE POLISH ENVOY. SECOND EDITION, GREATLY ENLARGED.

Confined at this time within the sphere of interest for our own political arrangements, it seems as if we could scarcely steal a moment from them even to lament over the unworthy fate of the brave Poles. How different would have been our feelings had that unfortunate country been the caterer even



to our most trivial follies or pampered tastes! Had the ladies been deprived of a choice importation of ribbons or gloves, we should have had a whole army of Amazons to enlist in their cause, or had we been obliged to take our tea for a week without sugar, or our fish without sauce, in consequence of their oppression, how we should be now animated with sympathy for their wrongs and detestation for their tyrants! Are our feelings isolated from the rest of our fellow-men, as well as our country? How shall we appear at the bar of history in future years when our sons and grandsons shall inquire where was England when Poland fell? But bear up manfully against fortune, ye brave Polish exiles; can the throne of the Czar, framed of such numerous and incongruous materials, cemented with blood, and bound with chains, stand for ever? Can the nations of Europe always harden their hearts? we trust not—future generations will blush at the supineness and callosity of their forefathers, and Poland may yet be free. We are, however, happy to find from a second edition of Mr. Fletcher's work being called for, that there are still some hundreds who feel an interest for the fate of this gallant nation. We recommend all who have been lukewarm in the cause to peruse the history, where they will learn what noble fellows they have suffered to be trampled on by numbers. The intrinsic interest of the Polish annals is not as the too many ignorantly suppose, of temporary duration; they present one of the most singular *studies* of policy and government that the world ever furnished, which such men as Milton,\* Rousseau, and Voltaire, have turned their attention to. We should also recommend all who wish to take a just view of the more recent Polish History, not to follow such guides as the reviewer who has stated his presumption that "the more immediate statements may be suspected of partiality, on account of their avowed source." But unfortunately for the reviewer, Orginski, the author whose "*voluminous*" work he alludes to, cannot be suspected of partiality, at least to the Polish patriots, by any person who has read his four volumes and supplement. The additional matter of the present edition will be found to contain much interesting information. The work altogether evinces talent of no common order. It is highly creditable to Mr. Fletcher as an author and as a man, and we again dismiss the volume with our good wishes.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.—FOURTH AND LAST SERIES.

As we suppose that most of our readers have already perused "the new Waverley Novel," we need not give any lengthened analysis of the interesting fictions which are included in this Fourth and last Series of the Tales of my Landlord. The four volumes contain two romances, one is entitled "Count Robert of Paris," and the other "Castle Dangerous." We think the preface the most interesting portion of the volumes. The description of Paul Pattison arriving at the house of our old friend Jedediah Cleishbotham, must remind every one of some poor scholar whom he may have seen at some period or other of his life, exactly answering to the masterly delineation of Sir Walter Scott, who, by the way, has closely followed Juvenal in his description of this particular subject, and with such excellence, that he has, in fact, almost surpassed the great Roman satirist.

The scene of Count Robert of Paris is laid at Constantinople, on the shores of the "many-billowed Hellespont." The plot is confined to a conspiracy against the life of the reigning emperor, Alexius Comnenus; its development and total failure, together with an account of the second Crusade, may be said to constitute the tale. The great beauty in all Sir Walter Scott's novels consist in their entire harmony of parts—like a time-piece, each portion being indispensable to the whole—together with a faithful and sometimes exquisite delineation of character. In the tale of Count Robert we do not recognize the first charac-

\* The connection between England and Poland during the Commonwealth was very intimate, and the interest which Milton felt for the latter country is evinced in his brief History of Moscovia (in which the singular history of Borin is fully related), and his translation of Tobieski's proclamation.

teristic of Sir Walter so clearly, and the second cannot be said to be so strongly marked as in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, and many others of that class. We do not feel that sympathy in the success and misfortune of individuals, however high their rank, without the charm of locality. And thus Hereward is the character whom we chiefly admire, and in whose fate we take the greatest interest, simply because he is a Briton. But in all of Sir Walter Scott's novels, however uninteresting they may be, which is but seldom the case, there are always certain redeeming parts which abundantly reward the perusal. Thus for instance in Count Robert of Paris, at the beginning of the first volume, the description of Hereward sleeping under the grand gate of Constantinople, and his attempted assassination by the Milesian; his interview with his commander, Achilles Tatius; the character of Agelastes, the ambitious philosopher, the grand mover of the conspiracy, who hides pride under the garb of humility; the haughty and proud Cæsar Nicephorus Briennius, together with the Emperor Alexius, who penetrates through their designs with (what we now call) the cunning of a Greek. We may likewise refer to Count Robert and the *ourang-outang*, who takes no inconsiderable part in the story, as among the best of the portraits. In the lady of Count Robert of Paris, a perfect Amazon, and in her servant, Batha, we recognize the pencil of Sir Walter Scott. But though beautiful passages abound in great profusion, yet, comparing the tale with some of its predecessors, we must say, "*sequiturque patrem haud passibus æquis.*"

Castle Dangerous transports us from Constantinople to the strong-holds of the Douglas family in Scotland. In the war between England and Scotland, to establish the independence of the latter, Sir John De Walton said that he would hold the Douglas Castle for a year and a day against the Scottish power. Augusta de Berkely, the heiress of a large estate, promised her hand in marriage to him if he succeeded in the attempt. Sir John De Walton eventually marries the Lady of Berkely, although the Earl of Douglas recovered his own castle before the year and the day had elapsed. There are the adventures of Augusta, who travels into Scotland, impatient of the various contradictory rumours which are brought of the fate of her lover—there is the quarrel between John De Walton and the knight, second in command at the castle, Sir Aymer de Valence—there is the story of Sister Ursula, and others of equal spirit and excellence. To our historical readers we need not say, that some of the leading incidents are directly in opposition to historical facts.

At the commencement of the fourth volume there is a description of what are called the pleasures of the chase; a few lines will suffice to show the spirit of the passage:—

"If indeed one species of exercise can be pointed out as more universally exhilarating and engrossing than others, it is certainly that of the chase. The poor over-laboured drudge, who has served out his day of life, and wearied all his energies in the service of his fellow-mortals—he who has been for many years the slave of agriculturists or (still worse) of manufacturers—engaged in raising a single peck of corn from year to year, or in the monotonous labours of the desk—can hardly remain dead to the general happiness when the chase sweeps past him with hound and horn, and for a moment feels all the exultation of the proudest cavalier who partakes the amusement."

And if our sturdy and independent husbandmen, once the pride and boast of England, the same class who drew their cloth-yard shaft at Agincourt, and who dealt their deadly volleys at Waterloo, are now the "slaves" of agriculture, who but Sir Walter Scott, and such as he, has made them so? The happiness, independence, and honour, of millions of their fellow-countrymen would they sacrifice, rather than curtail by one inch their robes of pride, or pluck one strawberry-leaf from their jewelled coronets. We should feel more honest pride in being a tiller of the earth—"over-laboured drudge" though he now be—an occupation which sages and warriors have ennobled, than in "sweeping," even with the sounding concomitants of "hound and horn," after the most stinking fox that ever was cubbed!

Sir Walter Scott intimates "that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public." And he concludes the whole so beautifully, that we cannot help quoting his words:—"The public has claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of *Waverley* has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronizing friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

We hope it will *not* be the last time we shall see Sir Walter as a novelist or poet. In no other character can he appear to such advantage, and in no other can we so conscientiously award him the following tribute—

"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

NEWTON FORSTER, OR THE MERCHANT'S SERVICE, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE KING'S OWN. 3 vols.

The present has been called a novel-writing age; by which we presume is meant, an age that produces a vast number of novels: but in point of fact it is no such thing; for nineteenthths of the three-volumed works that require us to add another wing to our libraries once a year, are no more novels than pantomimes are epic poems; or to use a figure more to Captain Marryat's taste, than steam-boats are seventy-fours. Still we have no more objection to works of this order, and Newton Forster is one of the best of them, than we have to pantomimes and steam-boats; but another name should be invented for them. They should be called Kaleidoscopes or Cosmoramas in three volumes; where we pass without any note of preparation from Moscow to Madras, and from St. Paul's to the Pyramids. The idea of a novel leads us to expect, not a succession of splendid pictures, linked together, as in Stanfield's Diorama, by the branch of a tree, or a few feet of London fog; but *one* picture—a plot in short, where the events are not stray-children of the inventor's fancy, but incidents lawfully-begotten of each other, all journeying on like pilgrims by different roads, but meeting in the end at a Mecca, in the shape of a moral. We may with justice say however of Captain Marryat, that his pilgrims ramble along quite as pleasantly as Peter Pindar's traveller, who was wise enough to "boil" the peas upon which so many novel-heroes hobble; and this illustration by the way, reminds us of another from the same source, that Newton Forster is a sort of razor, not meant "to shave," but—"to sell."

If there were no other points of interest in these volumes, the opinions and observations scattered through them, touching the merchant's service, and other subjects upon which the knowledge and character of the author give him a right to speak boldly, would alone recommend them to us. He is at no time more impressive than when he casts anchor to tell us the why and wherefore, and to deliver himself of his sentiments. His experience supplies him with safe ground, and his earnestness makes him eloquent. It is in this earnestness that his great power lies; he writes with firm nerves—or as an Irish reviewer might say, with his fist doubled. His descriptions of events and persons thus acquire a directness that gives them peculiar force, and leads him to depend more upon the strength than the skill of his blow. His sea pictures are made up of the old materials; his shipwreck in the work before us, is full of the old phrases, such as "forked lightning," "angry surge," "redoubled fury," and "huge monsters of the deep,"—yet so far from being common-place, it is one of the most vigorous descriptions to be met with any where; and might go far to ruin the navy by deterring youngsters, in these circulating-library days, from aspiring to be mariners and midshipmen. He has a large amount of melo-dramatic tact besides; as is indicated in various points of this scene, in his battles and a hundred others. Above all, he has great knowledge of character in various grades of life, and very little ill-feeling to induce him to distort his pictures, and to hold



up one class of men at the expense of another. A voyage to India, for the hero gets into more services than one, offers a tempting opportunity for sketching character, and it is done with great shrewdness and humour. The effect would be vastly heightened by the introduction of a few delicate touches in place of a few coarse ones, but the reader will find all very pleasant as it is. Among the defects of the *King's Own*, it seems, is the absence of a marriage at the end of it. Captain Marryat has terminated the career of Newton Forster more pleasantly, by winding-up his wanderings with a wedding—so that in one respect at least the work has some resemblance to a novel.

#### HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL, FOR 1832.

Mr. Hood must be happy beyond all living example, for he is not only a master of the opposite arts of pun and pathos, but the world is so inconsistent with itself, as to be willing to acknowledge it. He is the Garrick of literature—the *Hamlet* and *Abel Drugger* of book-making. Having scarcely completed our glance at his "*Aram*," we are called off by his "*Annual*"—from deep feeling to high fun. We must be careful in what we say of the "*Comic*;" because we are so grateful for a broad grin, that our eyes are frequently closed to defects in proportion as our mouth is extended by drolleries. As far as we have been able to see his faults this year, they are these; a gradual "decline and fall" of humour in his cuts—a less immediate and irresistible attack upon our fun-faculties—and a disposition (which we have had all along to complain of) to turn painful incidents into very indifferent jokes. He seizes upon every thing that falls in his way; and trusts to his own unrivalled tact, to make what is mere dross pass current, in particular circles, for gold. But then there is no lack of the true ore in other parts; he has some fancies in this volume—first-rate and never to be forgotten (as the newspapers observe when a duke dies). The *Pugsley Papers* are at the head of them; and the Plan for writing Blank Verse in Rhyme, the Letter to an Old Sportsman, the Domestic Didactics, and the Ode to Mr. Hume, are not low down on the list. A dozen journals have had the advantage of us, or we could quote twice that number of pages that would make even the Reform Bill Minority laugh—which we should hold to be the criterion of comicality.

#### REVIEW OF MUSIC.

1. *The Overture to Fra Diavolo*.—2. *I don't object, Duet, sung by Miss Cawse and Mr. Penson*.—3. *On yonder rock reclining, sung by Miss Romer*.—4. *The Gondolier, sung by Mr. Braham*.—5. *Vainly, alas! show'dst soothe the pains, by Mr. Wilson*.—6. *Oh! hour of joy, by Miss Romer*.—7. *Young Agnes, beautiful flower, by Mr. Braham*.—8. *I'm thine, I'm thine, by Mr. Wilson*. The whole composed by Auber, and arranged by Rophino Lacey. Chappell.

Of the overture we cannot say much in praise. It is little more than a *melange* of the principle *motivi* of the opera, and although they are all very pretty in their situations in the piece, they sound rather meagre when worked into an overture; not that we object to the leading subjects of operas being introduced into their overtures, on the contrary, we love *Der Frieschutz* and *Oberon*, and they do most certainly contain the principal subjects of their operas; but they are so naturally interwoven and worked up, that the effect is wholly different. The only part of it we relished was the latter movement in 6-8 time, and which accompanies the Carabiniers in many parts of the opera. Its effect is truly military.

No. 2 is, on referring to the title-page, called "*The Matrimonial Duet*." According to this nonnomenclature, No. 5 should be called "*The desponding Brigadier's Song*," and No. 6, "*The Song of the Young Lady just going to be married*." But the duet, itself, makes up for the absurdity of the title-page. "It

is lively, stirring, and piquant; the en-harmonic modulations at the beginning of page 2 are beautiful, and carry us into the opening subject again in a most agreeable manner.

No. 3 is the most striking air of the opera, and Auber has founded the whole character of the music throughout, upon the singular tonic harmonies which begin the symphony, and recur in the latter part of the song. The idea is at once original and simple in construction.

No. 4 has no pretensions, and but little merit. It is one of the ten thousand French airs we constantly hear ground upon the organs at Paris.

Nos. 5 and 6 belong to the same class as No. 4, and if we are not mistaken, we have heard No. 6 many years ago. The first four bars, at all events, we can swear to.

No. 7 opens with a pretty sequence of 6ths, which gives an original turn to an otherwise common-place melody. In one or two places the words are badly accented, which render the song difficult to be sung in tune.

No. 8 is the worst song in the opera, and can only bear listening to at all with the French words. The translation completely destroys the character intended by the composer, in the latter part particularly.

The words are—but the reader shall give an opinion—

“ ‘I’m thine,’ she oft would say,  
 ‘For ever thine,’—  
 ‘Other’s love may fade away,  
 But never mine.’  
 Yet she now leaves my heart to grieve  
 And break with woe;  
 I scarce her falsehood can believe  
 I lov’d her so.”

Loved her how? The concerted music, which is probably not published, is by far the best of the opera. The second act contains some descriptive music, and the instrumentation throughout is excellent. Auber has certainly established a new school of music in Paris—a mixture of French and Italian—but nervous and spirited. We cannot but admire him; for while he writes for popularity, he never loses sight of design and construction in his works, and in *Fra Diavolo*, particularly, he associates particular characters with particular passages. Thus the singular harmonies in No. 3 accompany the Brigand chief throughout the opera. The arrangement and adaptation of this opera is very creditable to Mr. Rophino Lacey; for it is no very easy matter to arrange an opera, the principal part of which is performed in music, and to give all the spirit of the original in a translated form.

*Ecco quel fiero istante. An Arietta, composed by Henry Smart. Cramer & Co.*

The words of this song are selected from one of Metastasio’s operas, and adapted by Mr. Smart very happily. The melody is flowing, and the harmonies chosen with taste. At bar 2, line 2, page 3, the words “ti sovverrai” might have been better accentuated, but it is a very trifling fault.

*Under the Walnut Tree. A Ballad; the Words and Music by George Linley, Esq. Chappel.*

The Walnut Tree is a barren affair. It shews neither the blossoms of genius nor the fruits of study. When its short season is past, not the kindest spring can ever revive it.

*Not go to Town this Spring, Papa. A Dialogue, the Words by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq. Chappel.*

This dialogue can scarcely come under the head of Musical Criticisms. Its principal attraction is the words, which are tacked upon a spurious sort of melody.

*The Emmethaler Shepherd. A Swiss Song, arranged with an accompaniment for the Piano, by F. Stockhausen, the words by I. A. Wade, Esq. Chappel.*

For the arrangement of this song we can say nothing; any boy who has just learnt his table of Intervals could do as well, and if he had any natural taste, much better. The words are very chaste, and the air itself, with the exception of the latter part (which we suspect does not belong to the original), is as fresh as the mountain on which it is often breathed. In the last bar but one of page 1 in the melody, there is a passage peculiar to the Swiss music. It is from the 5th note of the scale to the sharp 4th, then to the 2d, &c.; the reason why this 4th is so often made use of in Swiss songs is, that in the scale of the Alp horn the 4th is naturally sharp, which accident has very much increased the peculiar character of the Swiss music.

*Goethe's Song of Mignon, "Know'st thou the Land;" the Music by Beethoven. Wessel and Co.*

There is in this, as well as in all the works of Beethoven, something totally different from every other writer. He, alone, sought for treasures in the mine of his own genius, and he found them; all composers had their models to work upon. Haydn formed his style upon the Bach's Emanuel, Bach in particular; Mozart upon Haydn; Weber upon Beethoven; but on whose style was Beethoven formed? The chief peculiarity of this song is in the rythm. The second phrase contains but three bars, and the fourth, two. There is then a ritornello of two bars, and a coda on the words, "Know'st thou the land," which rises in a sweet, but interrogatory manner. Then follows a 6-8 movement, which will remind the hearer of part of his *Adelaide*, though the time is not the same. By all who have studied the music of Beethoven this song will be admired.

*When we two parted. Written by Lord Byron, and composed by C. Rudolphus. Wessel and Co.*

We see no reason why a law should not be instituted to punish musical robbers as well as house-breakers. The crime of the one is quite as great as the other. The melody of "When we two parted" is, with the alteration of a note here and there, no other than "Love's Ritornella," the song of the Brigand. The accompaniment of the one might almost be played to the other, and the number of phrases is also the same. This is a most unblushing robbery. But, perhaps, Mr. Rudolphus, like the man in the "Forty Thieves," thought there was no harm in stealing from robbers; for Mr. T. Cooke ought not to lay claim to "Gentle Zitella." We have seen it, with a trifling alteration, bearing the name of Dominico Corri; and the words have gone the rounds of nearly all the composers in Great Britain. So much for novelty.

*Deux Petites Polonaises, pour le Piano-forte. Composé par J. P. Pixis. Wessel et Co.*

If these Polonaises are intended for the learner they are bad; for they contain octaves and full chords throughout, and require a masculine hand to perform them properly, and that, well done, no effect will be produced. Of course they are not intended for the musician.

1. *Deux Danses Autrichiennes pour le Piano-forte.*—2. *A March, performed by the Prague Minstrels.*—3. *The Farewell of Raoul Concy. All composed and arranged by Ignace Moschelles. Wessel and Co.*

No. 1 are merely arrangements, and all that can be said of them is, that they are cleverly done, with a link here and there which serves to hang the subject upon, and which renders them very like rondini. They are good things for beginners.

No. 2 is spirited enough; but requires a military band to give any thing like effect to it.

No. 3 is a song by Blangini, with an accompaniment for the piano, by Moschelles. This air was introduced at the first concert Moschelles gave in



this country, in a *Fantasia* for several instruments and a voice. It was sung by Mademoiselle Cinti, with some delightful variations, and produced a novel effect. This is but the *Romaunt*, extracted from the *Fantasia*, but it is very charming. It is too well known to need criticism.

*Four Rondinos for the Piano-forte, composed by Charles M'Korkell.*

*Wessel and Co.*

The above little rondos are very creditable to Mr. M'Korkell. There is but little difficulty and much elegance in them. Although they cannot boast of originality of passages, progression, or harmonies, still the author has happily availed himself of his reading of Hummel and Moschelles, and made an agreeable melange. In No. 2 there is a nice bit of melody, well sustained by good harmonies. No. 4 is the best; but we would advise Mr. M'Korkell to correct a little oversight in the 6th and 7th bars of the introduction.

*Hilarité, Palacca Brillante, for the Piano-forte, composed by C. M. Von Weber.*

*Wessel and Co.*

We never see the name of the ill-fated Weber but we blush for our countrymen—we mean that portion of them who call themselves amateurs—we blush for them that they should have allowed him to remain in London without attention or patronage; that they should have suffered him to announce only a single concert,—which they did not patronise. Never shall we forget his consternation upon entering the orchestre, and seeing but few, very few benches in the room occupied. He was then very ill; but the hope that this concert would have produced a little annuity for his family buoyed him up. His cruel disappointment hastened his end. How differently was Rossini treated here. The nobility and the wealthy thronged to his concerts; gold was showered upon him; he basked in the favour of the great. The name of Rossini was on every tongue—he was the idol of the drawing-room and the boudoir. Was it because he was presuming and superficial? There can be but one opinion. Weber was modest, unassuming, and profound; therefore the great would have nothing to do with him. He met with the fate of genius: he lived neglected, and he died in poverty! But our veneration for his name, even engraven upon a title-page, has power to touch our feelings, and has led us into a longer digression than some of our readers will thank us for.

We are not over-fond of polaccas. There is something mawkish and commonplace in their style usually; but the one before us is so unlike all other pieces of that class, that we cannot but marvel at the ingenuity of the composer in avoiding so successfully the oft-trodden path, and admire it as a composition. The opening, which is bold and joyous, strongly reminds us of a passage in the overture to *Oberon*, and immediately afterwards a cadence from the chorus of Turks, in the second act of the same opera. There are, however, some awkward skips which require a wide hand to perform cleverly. A *cantabile tenuto* follows, containing a charmingly sustained melody, with a portion of its accompaniment *marziale*, which gives it a singular but agreeable effect. It increases and seems to tell a story—the advance of a troop—the return of a soldier—and the “hilarité” follows with the same stirring spirit as at the opening. There are then some brilliant gambols, and the conclusion is military. We feel pleasure in complimenting Mr. Wessel upon the correctness and neatness of the engraving, and getting up of the whole of the above pieces.

*The Swiss Soldier. A Scena, composed by David Lee. A. Lee and Lee.*

There is nothing new in this song. The movement with which it begins is an evident imitation of the march and solo in the latter part of *La Gazza Ladra*. Something good might have been made of the words, which have an effect about them. The latter part of the “Fairest Flower” is likewise introduced. We excuse Mr. D. Lee for stealing from his brother, but let him, in the name of heaven, not extend his plagiarism beyond his family.

*The Gascon Vesper Bells. Composed by David Lee. A. Lee and Lee.*

This is a pretty little song, but outrageously like Moore's “Hark! the vesper bell is ringing.” By the way, how absurd it is of the music-sellers to have engraved upon songs that never have become popular, 4th, 5th, or 6th edition; we never heard of this song, yet there is the 7th edition modestly stuck upon it.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Mr. J. G. S. Lucas has designed and engraved a companion Print to his Samson carrying off the Gates of Gaza: entitled, the Destruction of the Cities of the Plain.

A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters to 1830; by J. B. B. Clarke, M.A., Vol. II.

The Offices of the Holy Spirit: Four Sermons, by the Rev. Charles Simeon.

Sermons, by the late Rev. Edward Payson, D.D., Pastor of the Second Church in Portland, in the United States.

An Essay on the Rights of Hindoos over Ancestral Property, according to the Law of Bengal; by Rajah Rammohun Roy.

Remarks on East India Affairs; comprising the Evidence to the Committee of the House of Commons on the Judicial and Revenue Systems of India; with Suggestions for the future Government of the Country; by Rammohun Roy.

Who can They be? or, a Description of a Singular Race of Aborigines, inhabiting the Summits of the Neilgherry Hills, or Blue Mountains of Coimbatore; by Captain H. Harkness, of the Madras Army.

India; or, Facts submitted to illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants; by Robert Rickards, Esq., Part IV.

Six Weeks' Tour in Switzerland and France, giving an accurate Account of the different routes, and affording every necessary information for the guidance of future Travellers; by the Rev. William Liddiard.

The Records of a Good Man's Life; by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, Author of "May You Like it."

Summer Thoughts and Rambles; a Collection of Tales, Facts, and Legends; by Henry Glassford Bell.

The Double Trial; or, the Consequences of an Irish Clearing: a Tale of the present Day; by the Rev. C. Lucas.

Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle for 1831.

A Numismatic Manual; or, Guide to the Study of Ancient and Modern Coins, with Plates from the Originals; by John Y. Akerman.

Kidd's Guide to the "Lions" of London; or, the Stranger's Directory.

Saturday Evening, by the Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm."

Essays; Moral, Political, and Literary, selected from the Quarterly Review.

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Ten Sermons upon the Nature and Effects of Faith; by the Rev. James Thomas O'Brien.

The Mosses, and the rest of the Cryptogamia; forming the Fifth Volume of the British Flora of the late Sir J. E. Smith; by Dr. Hooker.

## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoirs of Hampden, his Party and Times. By Lord Nugent. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

The Life of Frederick the Second, King of Prussia. By Lord Dover. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

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History and Description of Woburn, and its Abbey, &c. By J. D. Parry. 7s. 6d.

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Kane's Elements of Practical Pharmacy. 8s. 6d.

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## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE present, as we observed of the previous month, seldom affords much novelty of agricultural report. On the approach of Spring, the plot will thicken. There has been too much rain during the month, for our heavy lands, already water-logged and sodden; but on the whole, it has been a mild and favourable autumn for the operations of the season, which, to use a common phrase, are on a full average of forwardness. As to the light and thirsty soils, they continue to enjoy in full measure the benefits conferred upon them during the three or four past years. The early sown wheats are doubtless too forward, and in some danger of exhaustion from their rampant luxuriance; and that which is still more to be apprehended and regretted, their almost equal sharers in the soil, the weeds, are also too generally a most magnificent crop. The short time which the seed has required for germination has occasioned the least possible loss. From the excitement of so much watering, joined with the mildness of the weather, with almost constant South-westerly winds, the grasses, both natural and artificial, have obviously outrun their strength, and been deprived of a great portion of their nutritious power; and the vetches and winter beans, are so prematurely forward, that they must suffer universally, in the event of a severe frost. The quantity of the sainfoin seed in the S. W. counties makes some amends for deficient quantity. Trefoil was short in the straw, but the quantity of seed considerable, and where it escaped damage from the rains, the sample good: this we fear is more than can be said generally of the clover and the other grass seeds. In Scotland, perhaps generally, some portion of the wheat sowing will be deferred to the commencement of the new year, latter December being there deemed the worst seed season: yet there remains a strong objection to this practice, in the possible case of a continuous frost. The late wheat crop in Scotland is said to be excellent in quality, but defective in quantity both of corn and straw; the demand for wheat at market ready. Their barley crop was unusually extensive, from so much failing wheat having been ploughed up, and the land resown with barley. This grain is not so generally discoloured in the North as with us, and the weight superior, amounting to 58 lbs. per imperial bushel, in the best samples. The grain being sold by weight, the growers are said to derive a considerable advantage in that respect, by their superior method of winnowing. Hay and straw sell at a high price. The Scots, more fortunate than their brethren of the South, in wheat and barley, are far less so with their other crops. Their oats, a principal article, are very deficient, quantity and quality—pulse unproductive—potatoes an inferior crop, not well secured—turnips materially injured in the first instance by mildew, subsequently by frost. Many farmers at a late fair sold their turnips at a high price to the drovers, who were unable to dispose of their store cattle. One drover, who had 500 head of cattle, disposed of them at 2l. a head less than he had been previously offered. Fat stock of the best quality, being very scarce, rendered high prices.

Throughout England and Wales the deficient character of the wheat crop with few very favourable exceptions, is too fully and experimentally confirmed; and the dullness in sale and late decline of price, must be attributed as well to the unusual quantities thrashed for market, as to importation, and it is prospectively ominous that many parts of the country are left almost bare of wheat, whether in the hands of the farmers or millers. Oats are deemed the most productive crop of the year; beans and peas a failure. That nutritious article, the Swedish turnip, is generally a satisfactory crop, the bulbs remarkably large; and mangold has proved somewhat beyond expectation in quantity; where housed dry, of good quality.

The market prices and demand for store cattle have rather declined since last month; not so perhaps for fat stock, in some measure, on account of the graziers holding back their beasts on a speculation of superior Christmas prices, in which they suffered considerable disappointment. Sheep have not lately been so quick of sale, but they have suffered no depreciation, obviously from the considerable diminution of the national flock by the rot, which, from the constant moisture of the atmosphere, is unfortunately recommencing on certain unfavourable soils. Pigs gradually advancing. The late demand for milch cows brought many to market and reduced the price. A singular and pleasing account has reached us from some of the dairy counties, that from the vast quantity and full bite of

grass, notwithstanding its supposed deterioration in nutritive quality from super-abundant moisture, the cows are rendering a full spring supply of milk, and the butter wearing the beautiful and inviting yellow hue of May. Our horse markets have not varied in character for years—always plenty of ordinary quality, yet not so depressed in price as in former times. The really useful and those of high qualification, no where abundant, or to be obtained under a very high price. Promising and hunting like horses, masters of weight, producing 2 or 300l. *plus*. Racers at a higher figure than was ever before sported in England, and never before was there a more ordinary stock of that class bred. Wool in demand, and has reached the clip or July price, with the appearance of an advance. Hops are stationary, the duty, as we anticipated, having reached a higher figure than generally expected. Many of the farmers of low and wet soils, withdrew their live stock to the home stall, on the commencement of the present month. The abundance of out-door provisions has left the most ample stock of fodder and roots known in any year, for winter supply; but it is to be feared, many farmers do not possess the means of providing live stock for its consumption. As yet, however, the national demand has been fully supplied.

The 33d anniversary of the great Smithfield cattle show has lately passed, our annual attendance on which, has never yet failed. As usual, the space was filled, up stairs and below, to its utmost capacity. Assuredly, there were no symptoms of farming and grazing depression visible at this show. All the animals most *scientifically* fattened. Lord Althorp, equally ready to promote the improvement both of two and four legged live stock, gave his attendance and assistance, on the day before the meeting.

*Smithfield*.—Beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.—Veal, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.—Pork, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 4d.—Retail price, 10d. to 1s.—Rough fat, 2s. 10d.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 46s. to 78s.—Barley, 25s. to 40s.—Oats, 20s. to 30s.—The London, 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 40s. to 80s.—Clover ditto, 50s. to 110s.—Straw, 24s. 3d. to 36s.

*Coal Exchange*—Coals, in the Pool, 24s. 3d. to 32s. 6d.

*Middlesex, December 23rd.*

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ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.—We owe to an able and much respected friend, and indeed to our friends generally, for doubtless it has concerned many of them, an apology for a strange mistake that crept into our last number. We were somewhat abruptly admonished of our error by a note from a correspondent, intreating us to use our interest with Messrs Jennings and Co. of the Poultry, to obtain for him the editorship of the Landscape Annual, vacant by the lamented decease of Mr. Thomas Roscoe. We were struck dumb with sorrow and surprise at such intelligence, having on the previous evening seen him in his usual health and cheerfulness. Deeming it a duty to offer consolation to his afflicted widow, with a heavy heart we repaired to her residence, where instead of a closed house and all the other signs of mourning, we found his family at dinner, with as few signs of wailing, as might be expected from those who possessed light hearts and ample appetites. The affair was quickly explained—The writer of our biographical notices had unwittingly substituted the name of Thomas Roscoe, for that of his father, the late William Roscoe, Esq. of Liverpool, (whose portrait embellishes this number,) an error which had created premature hopes in our aspiring correspondent. We have had some difficulty in pacifying Messrs. Jennings, who talked seriously of an action for damages, about to be suffered by the "Landscape Annual." Mr. Roscoe has only requested this public apology, and indemnification of certain sums paid for the postage of letters arriving daily from all parts of the country condoling with Mrs. Roscoe on her bereavement. The house, as the playbills say, was "crowded to excess" for some days, with visitors offering consolation and advice; and Mr. Roscoe's friends and relatives at Liverpool, had already purchased mourning before the mistake was rectified.

# F E B R U A R Y, 1832.

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## TO "OUR CRITICS."

WE owe many obligations to our contemporaries, daily and weekly, metropolitan and provincial; and we are always glad to acknowledge them. But the sweets we are thus grateful for, cannot be supposed to render us insensible to the bitters which are now and then, inadvertently no doubt, administered to us. In short, we have a grievance to complain of:—it is this; that a few of our friends occasionally do us the honour to quote from our pages, without the slightest mention of the source from whence the extract is derived. *The Globe* (and there is no journal, morning, evening, or weekly, that we respect more) flattered us exceedingly by burthening one of its columns with three passages from our last number; but unluckily the effect of this kindness was a little diminished by the omission of the title of the work from which they were taken. This, however, is not so bad as the treatment we have met with at the hands of three provincial journalists, who (each of them) carefully selected the most brilliant paragraphs of the whole number, and placed them to the credit of the "*New Monthly Magazine*!" We have too much respect for the talents and liberal spirit of the editors of that journal, to suffer any little frivolity of our own to be attributed to them; and we are not merely willing, but anxious, to bear the odium of any extract that may be made from our pages. But, after all, the obligations acknowledged at the commencement of this paragraph, far outweigh any causes of complaint that even the ingenuity of discontent could devise.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Those of our correspondents who have favoured us with their addresses will hear from us before the 5th of the month; all others will find their communications at the publisher's after that day.

Articles intended for insertion in the ensuing number must be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

It is requested that *all* communications may be addressed "*To the Editor*" only, and forwarded to Messrs. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane. It is scarcely necessary to say that no *unpaid* letter can be received.

The writers of poems, and other short pieces, are requested to keep copies of them.

H. BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.